

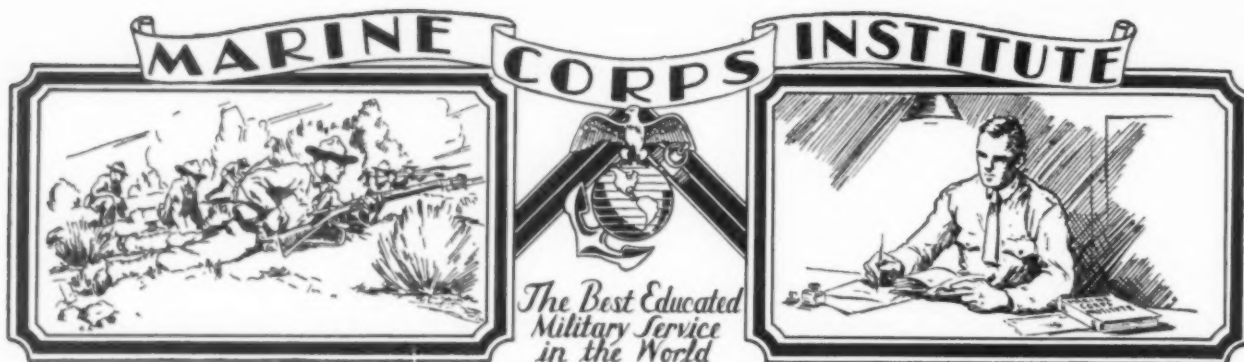
THE LEATHERNECK

April, 1935

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The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

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Cover Designed by THE LATE A. T. MANOOKIAN

The Spirit of Loyalty

WHAT the policy is to the Service, the motive is to a man. In fixing on our plans and purposes let us go deep into motives so that we may know exactly what we want to do and that time may be worthy of a life and work. If we do not we shall soon tire and turn to a know-nothing.

It is the tiring and changing that wastes so much of our time and energy, two things we cannot waste unless we are prepared to want.

The thing on which you spend your leisure time is generally the thing that is making the most demands upon your real thought, time, energy and money. Are you really interested in your work? Do you think you have any particular aptitude for it? Do you get any fun out of the deed? Get at the vital desire back of any effort? Perhaps you have gone into it because you think you can make money easier at that than you can at anything else. Do you spend any extra money for books or papers which help you to know more about your work? In other words, are you loyal to the spirit of exclusiveness which makes a

pursuit a domain of interest, or work just making a living at it? Only suspicions are given the man who can leave his work behind him; who is not interested in anything that is said or done or thought about the thing to which he has given his productive energies and his time.

A great author, a master gardener of tendencies, once suggested that a man ask himself: "What kind of people do I like?" "Do I like people who have more brains than I? If so, I am making for my own efficiency because no man likes people who have more brains, more ability, more capacity, who knows more than he who is not on the right road to developing more brains, ability and knowledge."

Let a man ask himself if he is industrious from a desire to do the things that he knows are worth while or is he industrious simply to impress somebody he thinks it will pay to impress? Does he possess any self-respect? Can he forget himself for a single moment in a desire to do something for somebody else? Or does he do things only for people from the meanest of motives, that he may impress those people with a sense of obligation with the idea that they may be of service to him? Does he have a regard for appearance from a high sense of wanting to do the thing that will show him in the best light? Is he polite? Is he honest? Is he punctual? Is he reticent? Let each one thus go down into the very well springs of his character and find out just what is there. All these tendencies and all these questions, all these motives or impulses, which may be weak in themselves and taken apart may not be the guiding influence that makes a man succeed or fail, are a good deal like the sticks in the fable, which bend to give; and to a human personality become the strong motives or impulses and characteristics that lie in the rut of success or failure.

Army Day

ACH year the sixth day of April is set aside as a mark of tribute to the Soldier of the United States Army. Just as October 27 is named Navy Day, and November 10 is celebrated as the birthday of the Marine Corps, so is April 6 called Army Day.

It is a fitting date on which to honor the U. S. Army, for on April 6, 1917, this country declared war on the Central Powers.

Soldiers and Marines have frequently served together, and each service has always maintained a high regard for the other. Twenty-one years ago this month Marines and Soldiers were together in Mexico. It was a handful of hardy infantrymen who braved the Philippine jungles to search for the lost Marines of Samar in 1900. The two arms fought side by side before the mud walls of Tientsin in the Boxer days. Together they stormed Mexico City in 1847. They shared the common hardships of the World War from Belleau Wood to the Argonne. They served together in several joint expeditions of the Civil War; and Marines were attached to Army units in the pacification of the Philippines. The more recent disturbances in China found Soldiers and Marines once more side by side. Last month the Major General Commandant recommended that these soldiers who served with the Marines be permitted to accept the Yangtze Medal, to which the War Department agreed.

On April 6 we join the nation in honoring our army, the finest in the world.

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PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



28th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. J. Kuhar and Cpl. W. C. Hulburt (See page 30)



Fourth Marines and Hongkong Rugby Teams (See page 44)



A Peiping Parade, Showing the Ice P'eng in the Left Foreground, and the Newly Erected Johnson Hall in the Background. (See page 37)



Jack Lynch
He reports to St. Louis Champs
(See page 42)

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FROM FILIPINOS TO BOXERS IN 1900

JAMES BEVAN

ON OCTOBER 8th, 1899, the Marines stationed at Cavite received their baptism of fire at the battle of Novaleta, Philippine Islands, under the command of Colonel "Bill" Elliott. We lost about twenty men but succeeded in capturing the town and driving the Filipinos from their position. The taking of Novaleta ended the fighting on the south line. At that time the Marines were armed with the Lee straight pull, a poor rifle for hard service in mud and water.

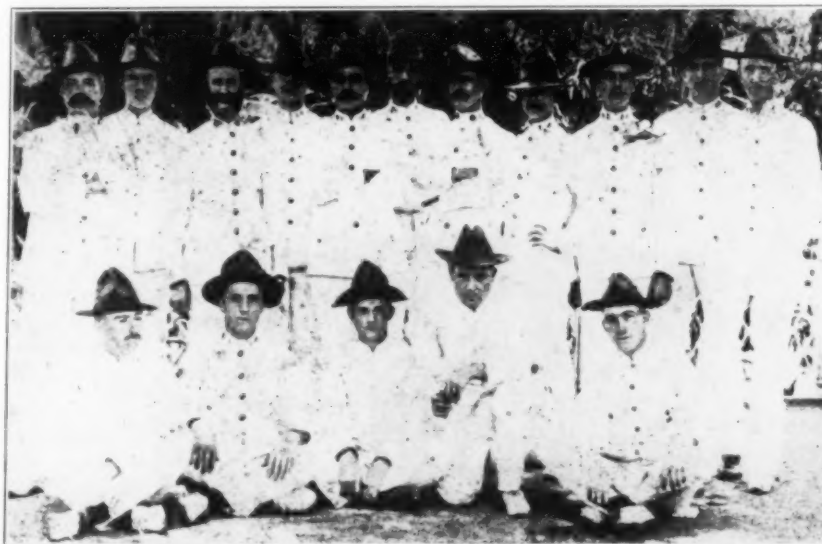
After the fight, Colonel Elliott assembled us under a great mango tree and ordered Private Greenburg to lead the singing of America. The mango tree spread its branches far and wide and almost the entire battalion found shelter under it.

D Company, 2nd Battalion, occupied outpost Dalihican, Philippine Islands, from December 8th, 1899, to March, 1900. The outpost was established about four or five miles out on the shore of the bay near

Novaleta. Our base was Cavite Navy Yard. We lived in nipa shacks on the shore of the bay, doing scout patrol and outpost duty at night. Between our camp and Cavite was a dense wooded area with some of the tallest and thickest bamboo I have ever seen. The distance which we traveled when going to Cavite on Liberty was about four miles over a good wagon trail. The monkeys and parrots entertained us with their chatter over head in the coconut palms and beetle nut trees whenever we made the trip.

After doing our tour of duty at the outpost, we were transferred to the Navy Yard. The two battalions were scattered: some at the outpost, others in the town of Cavite, some at Olongapo, Philippine Islands, while the remainder occupied the Spanish quarters in the Navy Yard.

On the 2nd of October, 1899, a few days before the battle of Novaleta, I was one of a small detachment sent on an expedition up the Orani River. The river empties in-



MARINE OFFICERS, CHINA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, 1900

Sitting, left to right: Capt. Charles G. Long, Lt. Smedley D. Butler, Lt. George C. Reid, Lt. George Van Orden and Lt. Robert H. Dunlap. Standing: Maj. William F. Spicer, Capt. Austin R. Davis, Col. Percival C. Pope, Lt. Henry Leonard, Capt. Henry C. Haines, Capt. H. O. Bissett, Maj. Charles L. McCawley, Lt. Charles S. Hill, Lt. George C. Thorpe, Lt. Gilson, and Capt. Ben H. Fuller.

to Manila Bay about ten or fifteen miles from Cavite. A small gunboat had been captured from us by the Filipinos at the town of Orani. The crew had been killed and the boat sunk in shallow water. Dewey had captured several very small boats from the Spanish and our Navy used them for scouting. We had for our ship of war an old mud scow. We placed a three-inch piece aboard, lashing it down to ring bolts in the deck to prevent its jumping overboard when fired. A navy tug took us in tow and in due time we came to the town. Opening fire with the field piece, we shelled the village and as there was no answering fire from the Filipinos, we stood by until diving equipment arrived from Cavite, when the navy men raised the small boat which we towed back to Cavite. For a long time afterwards we heard a lot about the "Marine Corps Man of War," the mud scow with one three-inch field piece for its main battery.

About this time we had a change of officers. When we left the States in August, 1899, Captain Borden was Captain of D Company, 2nd Battalion, but now we had Capt. C. G. Long and as Lieutenants, Dunlap and McCreary. Colonel Meade was in command of the regiment, Major Waller, 1st Battalion; Major Moses, 2nd Battalion. Smedley D. Butler, the boy Captain (19 years old), was in command of A Company, 1st Battalion. Among the other officers not connected with my company, I remember Porter, Wise, Shaw, Davis, Harding, Fuller, Neville, Cochrane, Biddle, Bassett, Dickens and Bearss. "Hiking Hiram." There were many others whose names have slipped my memory.

Back to Cavite again. After our outpost experience routine duty seemed very tame and we were looking forward eagerly for new worlds to conquer. It wasn't long in coming, for we began to hear rumors of trouble in

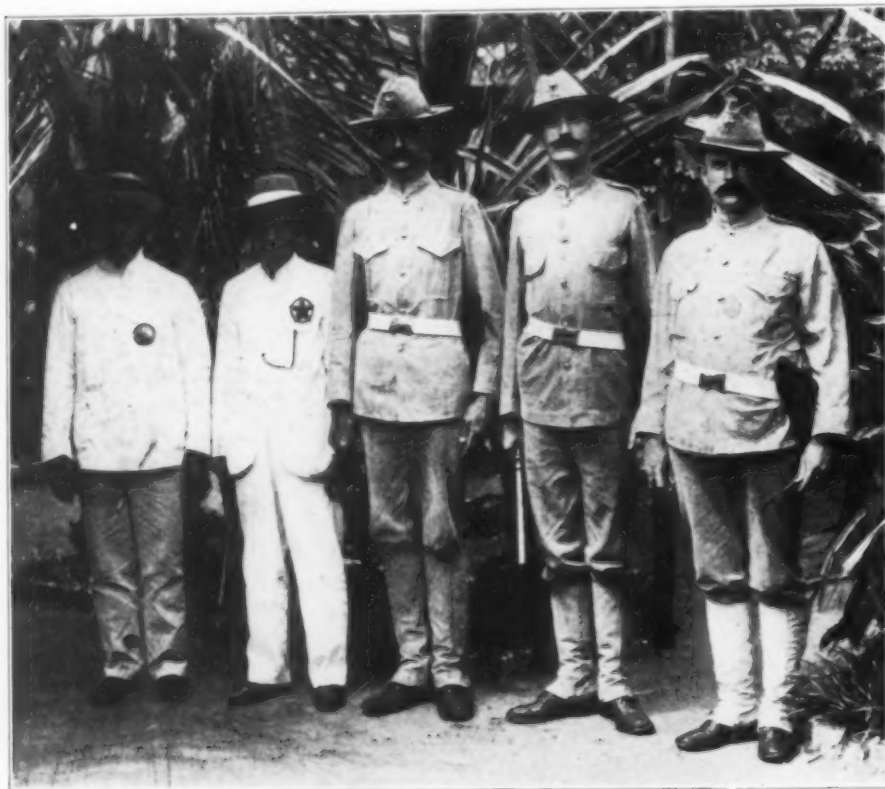
China. The Boxers were killing foreigners such as the German Ambassador at Peking. All North China was in rebellion.

The allies, consisting of Germans, British, French, Austrians, Italians, Russians, Japanese and Americans decided to step in and put down the rebellion and save their different nationals that were besieged at Peking. The nearest American troops available for that duty were the Fleet on the China station, the Marines at Cavite and the Army at Manila. Two battalions of Marines and two battalions of the Ninth Infantry were ordered to China as America's part in the show. The 26th of June we embarked on board the *Brooklyn*. By this time we had been issued Krag Jorgenson rifles. They proved to be fine weapons. Our equipment consisted of the old blanket roll, with shelter half and poles, extra shoes, underwear, uniform, poncho, haversack, canteen belt, hundred rounds of ammunition, bayonet, mess kit, tooth brush, soap, towel and other gear in haversack, weighing altogether about sixty pounds. The trusty Krag weighed about nine pounds.

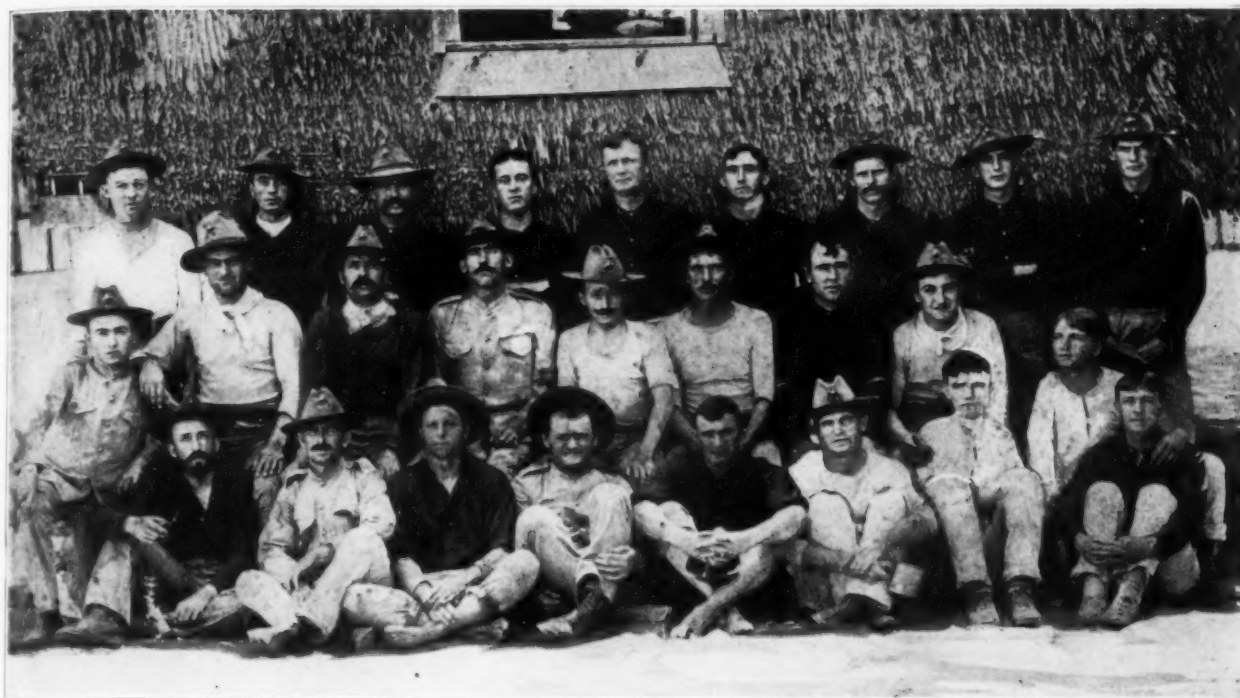
We arrived off the Taku forts on the 8th of July. It was our first glimpse of China with its low lying shores. At this point there is shallow water four or five miles off shore with a narrow channel leading to the mouth of the Pei Ho River. We came to anchor midst the men-of-war of all nations that were anchored there outside the bar and immediately disembarked in small boats and were towed towards the shore. As we passed each ship the crew would man the rail and give us three cheers. The old Gunboat *Monocacy* was lying at the mouth of the Pei Ho River and we were put aboard in the late afternoon.

The *Monocacy* was an old side wheel steamer. She steamed out to China on her own power shortly after the Civil War. She had a hole in her bow where she had been hit with a shot from the Taku forts. Captain Wise was in command of her at that time. He was the father of Lieutenant Wise, who was with us as a lieutenant of Marines. We slept aboard the *Monocacy* that night but we were too crowded to sleep much. The next morning aboard barges towed by tugs we started for Tientsin, which was about fifty miles up the Pei Ho River. That afternoon we pulled up alongside the bund in the European concession of Tientsin, under shell fire from a six-inch gun that was being fired from the old Chinese city about a mile north of us.

The first battalion had preceded us by a few days and were quartered in a godown a couple of blocks from where we landed. Some of the Marines were on the bund to meet us. We were soon established in a rice warehouse which was our home for about a month. We had no bunks, just bare floors, however, Marines soon adjust themselves to conditions. Guard was established and patrol and sniping parties organized for night work. The six inch gun dropped a shell now



PATROL AT CAVITE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, 1901
Marines Driscoll, Clifford, Reagan, with two Filipino Police



MARINE DETACHMENT ON OUTPOST DUTY AT DALIHICAN, CAVITE, P. I., 1901

Top, left to right: Morrell, Donegan, Woods, Collins, Cunningham, Bradley, Connors, Tessier, and Seltzer. Center: Winterbottom, McGraw, Keegan, O'Brien, Kessler, Bonner, Devery, and Lockwood. Sitting: Whalen, Muldoon, Murphy, Trieman, Wesson, Luby, Flynn, and Lonergan.

and then setting a house on fire and killing people here and there. Ex-President and Mrs. Hoover were in Tientsin and he helped with the sand bag fortifications. They both had a narrow escape, as a shell dropped through the roof of the house where they were living. Fortunately they were out at the time. The troops from different countries were scattered throughout the town, some English, Russian, Japanese, Italian, French and American. We were not strong enough to go over and take the old city of Tientsin and were waiting for reinforcements. Some more English, French, Japs and Russians arrived, but no Germans had appeared.

The officers in command decided we had sufficient troops, so in the early morning of the 13th, the different contingents got under way for the advance on the old Chinese city. Two battalions of Marines and one or two battalions of the Ninth Infantry were all the American forces that took part in the battle of Tientsin July 13, 14, 1900.

One must keep in mind that from the time that we shoved off from Cavite, our objective was Peking, nearly one hundred miles away. This old walled city of Tientsin was directly in our path and had to be taken. The Boxers were firmly entrenched on the great stone wall about forty feet high and behind breastworks on the road leading to the city. The outer wall was the famous mud wall, and one could run up one side of it and down the other. It had one gate leading to the city. Between the mud wall and the high wall was an open plain or rice paddy. There was no cover of any sort except the shallow, irrigated ditches of the rice paddy. The distance between the mud wall and the top of the high wall was about a thousand yards. We advanced in column of armies across the field towards the mud wall. The Marines had three 3-inch field pieces with twenty men to each gun. We hauled them along with rope and toggles.

It was a hard pull over hedges and ditches. We were soon under fire and the bullets began to whine over head, high up above the shrapnel was bursting and now and then some solid shot would go screeching by. We finally placed the 3-inch pieces outside the mud wall and a little to the right of the gate which led through the mud wall.

Captain Fuller was in charge of the artillery with our three guns and some from the French and English. We had about twelve pieces in position, dropping shells in the old city behind the high wall.

The Chinese with their guns were dropping their shots fifty and one hundred yards to our rear. That's not very accurate shooting but it was near enough for me. While we were in that position a Jap ammunition train came by with pack mules and horses loaded with ammunition. They were headed for the gate. Three mules were hit by the Chinese as they passed about twenty feet to the rear of us.

The officer in charge decided that we could improve our position with our guns inside the old mud wall. We were ordered to cease firing and move. We manned the toggles and started to pull but the gun stuck in the mud. We were under a terrific fire from the Chinese and were panic stricken when we were unable to move the gun, but after much shouting and swearing and a little assistance from more men we succeeded in starting it. The other guns were inside the mud wall, they had been sent to the left. When we got through the gate an officer directed us to the right, which was wrong for it threw us into the thickest fire from the Chinese. It was a miracle that none of us was hit. I remember seeing a hole appear in Captain Fuller's campaign hat. We were hurriedly ordered out of there and in turning the piece the small front wheel came off. Some of the gang said, "Leave the damned thing and get out of here," but the cooler heads prevailed and we put (Continued on page 65)

BROTHERS UNDER THE TIN

CHUCK BALDWIN listened to the violent clattering of machine guns off to his right and he lifted his head out of the shell hole for a cautious examination. There was nothing to see in the black night except an occasional flash from some gun with poor defilade. Chuck shifted his posture and brought a fresh part of his body in contact with a pool of cold, slimy water. He cursed softly through his chattering teeth, but it was neither the chilling water nor the black night that he cursed.

"Damn that lousy Leatherneck outfit," he grumbled, trying in vain to pierce the blanket of darkness that shrouded him. "If those idiots would let the soldiers take care of the war we might get some place."

Chuck was mad clear through, and not entirely without cause. He and the rest of his squad had gone out on patrol. It was slated to be one of those quiet affairs; a sudden raid for information and a prisoner or two. Above all there was to be no noise. The eight men had slipped into the night and worked past their outposts and through the wire. Everything was progressing according to the well-laid plans when the Marine outfit on the flank decided that the war was slowing up. They began looking for machine gun nests, nosing around in the bushes like hound dogs on the hunt. They found what they were searching for, and in larger numbers than had been bargained. The whole sector had suddenly blazed up in a continuous clatter of machine gun fire. Baldwin and his squad had been caught in the open, with a barrier of barbed wire between them and safety. Most of them, Baldwin reflected bitterly, were still lying there. He had escaped by blundering upon an opening that had been battered down by artillery. Blindly he sprinted through to the dubious safety of the shell hole, heedless of the rusty thorns that lacerated his legs and arms.

Chuck continued straining his eyes in the darkness and listening to the machine guns. He noted with fiendish satisfaction that the crackling of rifles had died away to a casual and infrequent reply. That meant the Marines weren't doing so good. Well, it served them right. Why didn't they stay on the gunboats where they belonged!

He moved slightly and a lump of mud plopped from the bank into the water. The dull splash was echoed by a low, chilling voice that cut through the night air.

"Lay aft outta that shell hole, you; an' if yer a Kraut, stand by fer a ram!"

For a second Baldwin's tongue clove to the roof of his

BY FRANK H. RENTFROW

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

mouth and held him speechless. His heart seemed to have stopped beating.

"Come on; come on!" repeated the voice in a low whisper.

"Sound off if you don't want to get a belly full of lead. That looks like an American helmet, but I ain't takin' no chances."

Baldwin at last found his voice. "I'm an American," he stammered.

"Well, stand by anyhow until I come aboard an' look you over."

Chuck caught the glint of a bayonet in the darkness and a crouching, slicker-clad figure came slowly to his side.

"What outfit?" asked the figure.

"H Company, 18th Infantry." Then Chuck could have bitten off his tongue, remembering the orders against disclosing the identity of organizations. Possibly this man was an officer and would report him.

"Oh," said the voice, with a sarcastic inflection; "an army man out of the First Division."

No further identification was necessary for Chuck. He knew who the phantom was. "Oh," he mimicked, "yer smart, ain'tcha, Mr. Marine out of the Second Division?"

"Well, I savvies this an' I savvies that," answered the Marine lightly. "An' we reckoned that it must be an outfit of gravel crunchers over here 'cause we didn't get no support when we ran afoul of

the whole German army. What's the matter with you birds? Belong to a union or something?"

Chuck was getting madder every minute.

"Listen, Leatherhead!" he rasped in a low, menacing voice. "if you guys would keep your nose out of better people's business you wouldn't need support. The first thing you punks should have learned was to tip off the flakin' units when you started a show like that. Your damned foolishness cost us our whole patrol."

"That's tough," sympathized the Marine equivocally. "You goofs should fight your wars with pop-guns an' then nobody'd get hurt. We play for keeps, you know."

"There's going to be somebody hurt right now," gritted the doughboy. "I'm going to make you wish to . . ."

A shell roared out of the sky and showered mud with impartial generosity on the two belligerent Yanks. Jagged bits of steel thudded into the earth. Three more shells burst with savage exultation just beyond the shell hole.

"A four-gun broadside," said the Marine coolly, rising to his knees.



The German advanced with the aimless tread of the secure guardsman



"Come on, Admiral," said the Leatherneck, prodding the bed clothes with his Luger, "we're going to abandon ship. Lay aft the leave an' liberty party."

"Didn't know you hear 'em often enough to know what it was," answered Chuck, shaking a lump of mud out from between his fingers.

"Listen, boot!" exploded the Leatherneck in a voice too loud for safety, "I've heard more shells than you have bugles. I've worn holes in more sea-bags than you have socks, an' I've been busted from more ratings than you've had time to learn about."

"Is that so?" snapped Baldwin. "Well, I've done a bit of soldierin' myself. This ain't my first hitch."

"Hitch!" repeated the Marine. "Hitch, hell! What are you, a horse or something? Hitch! How many cruises have you done?"

A flare suddenly threw the land in a ghastly, tortured panorama of desolation. The two men lay motionless, looking out across the field toward a dark, indistinguishable smudge of wood.

"There they are," said the Marine, "about two points off our starboard quarter."

The light died away. Apparently it had disclosed nothing to the Germans for the machine guns stopped and a heavy silence hung like a fog.

"Guess I'll shove off," said the Marine. "I usually picks my company."

"You'd have to," Baldwin growled; "or be lonesome."

The other started a reply then shrugged his shoulders disdainfully and began working out of the shell hole. Suddenly he slid back, headfirst into the water.

"Thought I got rid of you," grunted Chuck.

"Pipe down," came the soft answer. "There's a Jerry patrol cruising around out there. They've laid a course in this direction an' their goin' to catch us at half-mast."

Baldwin slipped the safety catch over on his rifle. The Marine heard the metallic click.

"Hold fast," he whispered. "We don't want no gunnery practice. Every one of those machine guns would

sight in on us if we cracked down on that patrol."

"Th' hell they would," answered Chuck as he slid his weapon over the rim of the shell hole. "They won't open up on us as long as some of their own outfit is out there too. If I have to crap out in this game I'm going to do it rollin' the dice. How many's in that gang, and where are they?"

"Six or seven. They ought to be off our starboard beam by now. Gee's, I wish some of my shipmates was here."

Chuck didn't answer. He saw a strangely distorted shadow shambling forward and he squeezed the trigger of his rifle. The rapier of flame seemed to plunge into the oncoming shadow. It disappeared. Instantly an answering volley crackled out from the Germans. Bullets thudded into the ground and kicked chunks of mud into his face. The Marine's rifle thundered in his ear. Baldwin had time to fire once more before he was engulfed in what seemed like a black tide. He rose to meet it. A bayonet scraped along the barrel of his rifle as he swung the butt up sharply until it connected with something solid. The shadow in front of him fell to the ground with a choked sob. Fingers of steel clamped about his throat and he felt his adversary's hot breath against his cheek. He dropped the useless rifle and lashed out with his fists. The fingers tightened like a vise. He felt as if he had swallowed them and they had lodged in his throat. The insecure mud slipped under their feet and they fell heavily, the German on top. Vainly Chuck tried to swing his legs up and sweep the Boche from his chest, but the man was too heavy. One hand was released from the Yank's throat and something glinted in the night. It was a trench knife. He caught desperately at the descending blade. The keen point stayed for a moment, then slowly it pressed against his breast. He could feel it biting into his flesh. Gritting his (Continued on page 60)



INFORMATION

The nurse was endeavoring to get the history of a communicable disease from a small boy in the kindergarten class.

"Have you ever had measles?" she asked him.

Looking blank and shaking his head, the boy replied, "I don't know."

"Have you ever had mumps?"

"I don't know."

"Have you ever had chicken pox?"

"I don't know."

"Well," asked the exasperated nurse, "have you ever been sick?"

"Yes," replied the boy, smiling from ear to ear.

"What did you have?"

"Pills."—*Kablegram*.

Instructor (roughly)—"Say, who ever said you were a bugler?"

Rookie (timidly)—"I'm afraid there's been a slight misunderstanding. I told the man who signed me up I used to be a burglar!"—*Foreign Service, F.F.W.*

The bride, being very good natured, gave a piece of her very first pie to a tramp who came along and asked for something to eat. He undertook to saw some wood in return. In a few moments he came back and said: "Lady, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather saw the pie and eat the wood."

—*Pathfinder*.

Perceval—"Herman Hemmandhaw may be a fast driver all right but even at that I think he was bragging."

Penelope—"What did he say?"

Perceval—"He said when he held out a stick it went 'r-r-r-r-t-t-t' on the mile posts."—*Charlie Leedy in the Youngstown Telegram*.

First Caddie—"What's your man like, Skeeter?"

Second Caddie—"Left-'anded, and keeps 'is change in 'is right-'and pocket."

—*Passing Show (London)*.

"Herbert," said the mother to her six-year-old son, "is it possible that you are teaching the parrot to use slang?"

"No, mamma," replied Herbert. "I was just telling him what not to say."

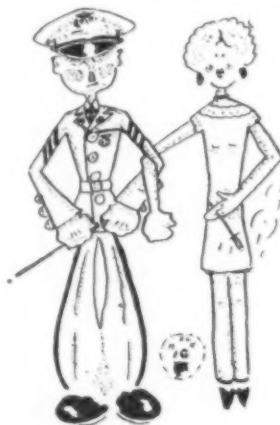
—*Montreal Star*.

SO LONG, PALS

The new lance-corporal, standing with an instructor, had the men marching away from him. The squad had gone some distance, and it appeared that the corporal did not know how to give the command, "About turn."

At last, when the men were about a hundred yards away, the exasperated instructor yelled: "For 'eaven's sake say something, you fool, even if it's only 'Good-bye.'"

—*Bystander (London)*.



She: You promised to send me sables from Russia but all I got was a couple of messages.

He: Sables, bah! I said cables!

"That's very sporting of you to cheer the team that gave you such a handsome beating," said the stranger to a burly member of the village football team.

"Oh, ayv," said the burly one with a smirk. "We can tak a whackin' wi' t' best."

"So I see. By the way, where's the referee?"

"Referee? Oh, he's int' canal!"

—*Everybody's Weekly (London)*.

"Are you the waiter who took my order?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm, still looking well, I see. How are your grandchildren?"

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

MAYBE HE KNEW 'EM

The newspaper reporter was furious. His story went to the editor this way: "Before any damage could be done the revolution was quelled by a squad of bluejackets and Marines."

This is how it appeared in print: "The revolution was quelled before any damage could be done by a squad of bluejackets and Marines."—*Legation Guard News*.

The story is told of an extra man who once worked in a motion-picture with John Barrymore. It seems that the extra crashed the gate of a party where Barrymore was a guest. Slapping him on the back he said: "Hello, Barrymore, old boy! How are you?"

Barrymore coolly replied: "Don't be formal. Call me kid."

—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Our laundry has just sent back some buttons with no shirt on them.

—*Everybody's Weekly (London)*.

Suitor: I would like to marry your daughter.

Business man: Well, sir, you can leave your name and address, and if nothing better turns up, we can notify you.

—*Family Circle*.

"What's the idea of that cross-eyed man for a store detective?"

"Well, look at him. Can you tell who he is watching?"—*Portland Express*.

"We have twins at our house."

"How nice. How's your mother?"

"She's sick."

"That's too bad. How's your father?"

"He's sick, too."—*Walla Walla*.

Sailor's Son (looking at picture book): "Haven't the Chinese got any good ships, dad?"

Sailor: "What gave you that idea?"

Sailor's Son: "This book shows two Chinese ships. One's a Chinese bumboat and the other's a Chinese junk."

—*Legation Guard News*.

Sea-Going: "What will your father say when he hears you're engaged to a sailor?"

Pedro Patricia: "He will be delighted. He always is."—*Tennessee Tar*.

THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring and saw standing at the open front door a Chinese hawker. Quickly retreating, she called out to the maid:

"There's a Chinaman at the door. You go. Ella."

This was too much for the Chinese, who stuck his head well into the hall and shouted indignantly:

"You go 'ella yourself.—*Montreal Star*."



1st Marine: "Say, Old Man, did you and your wife do any petting before you were married?"

2nd Marine: "Practically all of it."

An aged Negro saw an extraordinary looking instrument in an optician's shop. He gazed in open-mouthed wonder, and turning to the optician inquired:

"What is it, boss?"

"That," replied the optician, "is an ophthalmometer."

"Sho," muttered the other, his eyes still fastened on the curious-looking thing as he backed out, "Dat's what I feared it was!"—*Worcester Telegram*.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bloggs, who was discussing her next-door neighbor, "I got one 'ome on 'er properly yesterday. She was 'anging 'er washin' out on the line, and when I sees her old man's shirt, I says, 'Wot, 'as your 'usband joined the Fascists?' Prides 'erself on 'er washing, she does!"—*The Humorist (London)*.

Girl friend: "How does your buddy look in a tuxedo?"

Marine: "I don't know. I haven't got a tuxedo."

Gawky Marine, to dancing teacher: "What do you usually get for teaching a bashful man like me to dance?"

Instructress: "Jitters."

Ship's cook (to new helper)—"Ever been in the Navy before?"

Helper—"Sure, I was paid off as a Gunner."

S. C.—"Fine, start right in shelling these peas."—*Army and Navy Journal*.

Vet—"Hey, Rookie, come here a minute."

Rookie—"Why?"

Vet—"I want to be alone."

—*CCC Co. 1252, Chronicle*.

TOO MANY BOATS

It appears that there were two inmates of an insane asylum talking together. One said to the other, "I don't think we're crazy. Let's see the superintendent about letting us out." The other demurred, saying that they might really be crazy. Said the first, "Well, we'll test ourselves first. I'll hold something in my hands, and if you can guess what is in them, we're not crazy." So, putting something in his hands, he told the other to guess.

"A house?" he guessed.

The first opened his hands part way and peered carefully within.

"No," he said, "Guess again."

"A train?"

Another look into the hands, and again a negative reply.

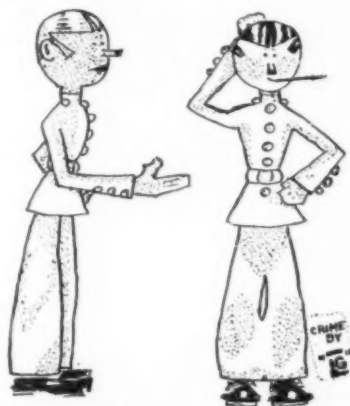
Again a careful look, and then—

"A horse?"

"What color?"—*W. Va. Mountaineer*.

Daisy: "That big Marine and I are going out on a picnic. He's going to take some food and wine. What do you think I ought to take?"

Mazie: "Care."



Marine: "Did you ever see anyone like that first sergeant of ours?"

Gyrene: "No, I've never seen anyone that even pretended to like him."

Frenchman—I'll drink to the day I win the woman I love!

American—I'll drink to the day I make my first million!

Irishman—G'wan with yez! I'll drink to the day I die!—*The Catapult*.

Cutie—I was on board one of the battle-ships last week.

Lad—Did you see any big guns?

Cutie—Goodness, yes. I've already had dates with three of them.

—*Melville Job Order*.

"I've been waiting a whole hour for you to make this sandwich."

"What would you like on it?"

"My teeth!"—*Keystone*.

"Pardon me," said the customer, "Are you the floorwalker?"

"Yes, madam," answered he haughtily, "I am the floorwalker."

The lady looked down at her list of intended purchases and said: "Well, do you keep stationery?"

"Oh, no," answered the floorwalker, "I walk all around and answer questions."

—*The Salvo*.

SANG FROID

A large black auto was parked against a fire hydrant in San Francisco. At the wheel languidly sat a very uninteresting specimen of humanity, half asleep, a cigarette between his lips. Up comes a traffic cop and the following dialogue takes place.

Traffic Cop—"Here you, what do you mean by parking near a fire plug?"

Driver—"Oh, so there is a fire plug there!"

Cop—"Yes, and you can tell the sergeant your excuse."

Driver—"Well, cops don't mean anything to me."

He is hailed before the sergeant.

Sergeant—"What's the charge, officer?"

Cop—"Parking in restricted fire plug area and disrespect to officer."

Sergeant to driver—"Did you see the fire plug?"

Driver—"Yeah, I saw it but I'm not interested."

Sergeant—"You will be when I tell you I'll make you clean up 42 cells before you go free."

Driver—"Well, cells ain't no novelty to me. I'll clean them then let me go free."

Sergeant—"That suits you too well. (Looking over the code) I can give you 90 days."

Driver—"That's Jake with me chief. Ninety days don't mean anything in my life."

Sergeant—"What the L, who are you?"

Driver—(Still languid) "A lifer at San Quentin penitentiary chauffeuring for the warden."—*P. H. Weekly*.

Driver of Old Car: "Do you do repairing here?"

Garage Owner: "Yeah, but we don't do no manufacturing."—*Air Station News*.

Inebriate—Aw, lemme alone. Nobody cares if I drink myself to death.

Host—I do. You're using my liquor.

—*Exchange*.

Doctor: "Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"

Inebriate: "Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat on."—*Exchange*.



He—I had to quit dancing last night.

She—Corn?

He—No, rye.



General Russell Confirmed

Washington, D. C., March 7.—The Senate yesterday confirmed the promotion of Major General John H. Russell, Commandant of the U. S. Marines. The Senate also confirmed the nomination of Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, Brigadier General Thomas Holcomb, and other selections made by the board.

Gen. Breckinridge Commands Dept. of Pacific

Washington, D. C.—Upon the retirement of General John T. Meyers, Major General James C. Breckinridge was detached from Marine Barracks, Quantico, and ordered to the West Coast as Commanding General, Department of the Pacific.

Naval Academy Appointments

Washington, D. C., Feb. 27.—“Each Senator and Representative by next September will have one additional protege at the U. S. Naval Academy.”

Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee, yesterday predicted passage of a bill to increase from three to four the number of midshipman appointments allotted to each member of Congress.

Short Waves Send Music to England

Washington, D. C., March 2.—Short-wave radio was brought into play yesterday afternoon to transmit an address by the paymaster of the Marine Corps, Brig. Gen. George Richards and music from the Marine barracks here to a banquet of the Royal Welch Fusilliers in London, England.

A National Broadcasting Co. hookup sent a program honoring the 100th anniversary of the St. David's Society of New York over the country, and in memory of the days when the United States Marines and the Royal Welch Fusilliers fought together in the Boxer Rebellion in China early in the century. The Marine Band played the “Royal Welch Fusilliers March,” by John Philip Sousa. This was dedicated to U. S. Marine Corps officers who served with Fusilliers.

Station KDKA in Pittsburgh sent out the short-wave broadcast, while locally it was handled by station WMAL from 3 to 4 o'clock. That phase of the program fea-

tured “Hands Across the Sea,” the Sousa march dedicated to the Royal Welch Fusilliers, and Gen. Richards' speech was put on the air in time to reach the famous British military regiment at St. David's day dinner at 8 o'clock at night in London.

To Resume Leech Matches

After a lapse of two years, the Leech Cup Matches, Army and Navy tennis championships, will be resumed this summer.

The Bureau of Navigation has started making preparations for this tournament which will probably be held at the Army-Navy Country Club, Arlington, Va., on Saturday, July 20, 1935.

The Leech Cup is a perpetual trophy presented in 1924 by Mr. A. Y. Leech, Jr., through the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association for annual competition between teams composed of officers and men of the Army and Navy.

Navy Travel Pay Proposed

Washington, D. C., March 10.—Representative Glover H. Cary, of Kentucky, expressed his intention of introducing legislation in Congress which would legalize payment of travel allowances to dependents of Naval officers going home to await retirement.

It was over this point that Secretary of the Navy Swanson and Comptroller General McCarl came to disagreement recently.

Army Gets Yangtze Medals

Washington, D. C., Feb. 23.—At the instance of Col. W. P. Upshur, USMC, both the Secretary of War and Navy have approved the plan of the U. S. Marine Corps to issue Yangtze Service Medals to certain Army units who served with the Navy and Marines in China from Feb. 5 to July 1, 1932.

The Army units include officers, Army nurses and enlisted men of the 31st U. S. Infantry and attached Army personnel. These medals are now ready for issue via the War Department.

Big Cruiser's Keel Laid

New York, March 12.—The keel of America's newest fighting ship was laid this afternoon in Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The first plates of the 15-million-dollar fast cruiser *Brooklyn* were set in place at the building ways under supervision of Capt. C. A. Dunn, manager of the yard, and then four rivets were driven by distinguished guests.

Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., yard commandant, introduced Borough President Raymond V. Ingersoll as the principal speaker.

When complete, the cruiser will be 600 feet long, with a 60-foot beam. It will be launched in about a year and a half, and completed in three years.

Air Base Asked at Hawaii Port

Washington, D. C., March 15.—Strengthening of national defense through an air base in Hawaii and additional naval drills was asked of Congress yesterday in the first deficiency bill of the session.

For condemning land in the vicinity of Fort Kamehameha in Hawaii, \$1,091,283 was requested. A supplemental appropriation of \$175,000 will permit 48 naval reserve and militia drills annually instead of 36.

Music for “Upside-Down” Girl

Fall River, Mass., Feb. 25.—Alyce McHenry, the little lass with the topsy turvy stomach, whose condition has created nation-wide interest, listened to the U. S. Marine Band broadcasting music especially dedicated to her.

Bonus Situation

Washington, D. C., March 12.—The jumbled situation of the various bonus measures remains about the same; but administration leaders in the House forecast passage of some bonus measure this week by the largest majority since the issue was placed before Congress.

1,100 Marines Back From Maneuvers

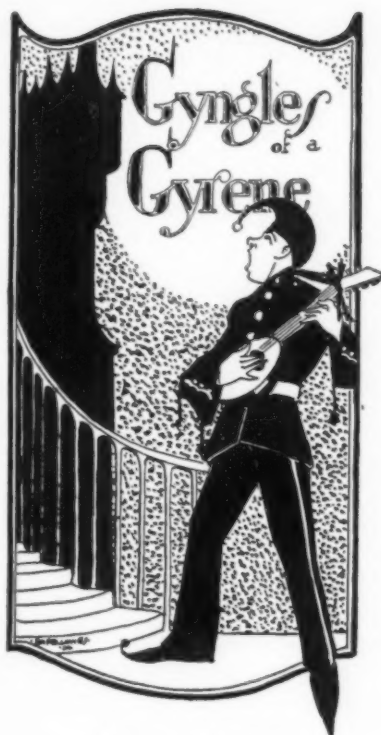
Quantico, Va., March 14.—More than 1,100 Marines have returned here after maneuvers in Cuba. The detachment, including 1,076 Marines and 69 officers, landed in Norfolk and was brought here by a special 26-coach train under command of Brig.-Gen. Charles E. Lyman.



Maj. Gen. John H. Russell



Maj. Gen. James C. Breckinridge
Commanding General, Dept. of the Pacific



THE GUNS IN SUSSEX

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Light green of grass and richer green of bush
Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir;
How still! How deathly still! And yet the hush
Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,
Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum
Beaten in broken rhythm oversen,
To play the last funeral march of some
Who die today that Europe may be free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from the green,
Spans with its shimmering arch the flowery zone;
In all God's earth there is no gentler scene,
And yet I hear the awesome monotone.
Above the circling midge's piping, shrill,
And the long droning of the questing bee,
Above all sultry Summer sounds, it still
Mutters its ceaseless meance to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair
Darkens to plains of misery and death.
And looking past the roses I see there
Those sordid furrows, with the rising breath
Of all things foul and black. My heart
is hot
Within me as I view it, and I cry,
"Better the misery of these men's lot
Than all the peace that comes to such
as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the sound
I hear the children's laughter as they roam,
And then their mother calls, and all around
Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.
But still I gaze afar, and at the sight

My whole soul softens to its heartfelt prayer,
Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,
Ah, turn, in mercy, to our lads out there!

"These forward peoples have deserved thy wrath,
And on them is the Judgment as of old.
But if they wandered from the hallowed path,
Yet is their retribution manifold.
Behold all Europe, writhing on the rack,
The sins of fathers grinding down the sons,
How long, O Lord!" He sends no answer back,
But still I hear the mutter of the guns.

AT STRUMITZA

By H. T. Sudduth

Bright your leaves, O holly green!
(Bitter cold the air!)
Sprigs of holly with their sheen
Decking tents in valley there;
Red as coral buds they glow,
Holly berries o'er the snow!

Holly hills and Christmas trees!
(Cold, ah, cold the snow!)
Guns hold high their revelries
On your summits, while below
Banners fly from o'er the sea—
English cross or Fleur de Lis!

Gathered round the campfires bright,
(Red, ah, red their gleam!)
Soldiers talk of home at night
Or in fitful sleep they dream
Home they are at Christmas time,
Listening to the church bells chime!

Morning wakes to strife again,
(Red, ah, red the snow!)
Hilltops shake with thunder then,
Red the streams in vales below!
Holly berries gleaming red
Lie beside those dreamers dead!

Far away, across the seas,
(Far, so far away!)
Dreams a maid she once more sees
Lover brave on Christmas Day!
Holly berries round him lie,
Dreamless now, 'neath Balkan sky.

MEMORIAL

By J. M. W. Hurlbut

A lonely trench on some forgotten hill,
A crawling scar across the earth's brown face,
Marks where the war-god Mars has swung
his mace
And subjugated mankind to his will.

Upon that spot the flowers grow more fair,
Their tiny petals are a brighter hue,
For conquering Death, although he took
his due,
Left tribute to the valiant fallen there.

The mouldering forms of countless heroes dead
Serve to enrich the ground in which they lay.
Immortalizing with the blossoms gay
The life-blood which upon that turf was shed.

And those who pass will pause, perhaps,
to say
"The hand of God has shaped this bright
array."

L'ENVOI

By Lewis E. Berry

(Acknowledgment to Rudyard Kipling)

When Life's last "recall" has sounded
And "Taps" is silent and still,
When the final "assembly" is winded,
And the troops have marched "over the hill,"

We shall rest, and, faith we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the notes of the One Great Trumpet
Shall call us to arms anew!

And those that remain will be coming;
They shall hark to the angel bands;
They shall sheath the gleaming bayonet
And cleanse their gory hands;
They shall stack their arms outside the Gate,
And rust will spread its pall
And lock the bolts tight in the breach,
For they'll never be used at all!

And none but the Master inspect us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for ratings,
And no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the doing
Shall take his turn at the post,
And stand the watch as best he knows,
For the glory of the Mighty Host!

MARINE BAND DREAM HOUR

By Annie M. Carruthers

"Music for the Shut-ins" . . .
" 'Tis the Dream Hour"
Joy's clarion call awakens my quiet feet
To dancing mood; forgotten fragrance sweet
Steals to me through the ether's mystic power.

"Music for the Shut-ins" . . .
" 'Tis not true—
The walls of brick and stone have disappeared,
Gone, too, are all the shadows that I feared,
And scattered are the clouds that hid the blue.

" 'Tis the Dream Hour" . . .
"Gems of the Past."
Happy am I to know youth's roses red
Have strewn their petals down the road ahead
And I may gather them and hold them fast.

" 'Tis the Dream Hour" . . .
"Music of Land and Sea."
Nay not ONE hour, for through the live-long day,
Gladness remains to echo all the way
The vibrant beauty of each melody.

ANDY

By Gypsy Kay

It was fun to see the pink
Flush the bashful laddie's tan;
As we flayed him with our yells,
This the way our taunting ran:
"Andy, Andy, punkin' pie,
Kissed th' girls an' made em' cry!"

Came a day when battle flags
Flashed above our country town;
Sobbed a little star-eyed lass,
White of face and white of gown.
"Andy, Andy, soldier shy,
Kiss your girl and say good-bye!"

"So," they wrote, "the battle fires
Brought to him death's quick caress!"
Now a cross, with ribbon bright,
Rests within a sombre dress.
"Andy, Andy, gone to die,
Kissed a girl . . . and made her cry . . ."

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

THE AFTERMATH

IN TIME OF PEACE. By Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch). \$2.50

Most Marines can recall the story "Through the Wheat," one of the first successful war novels, and still one of the best of its kind. "In Time of Peace" relates what happened to Hicks after the war.

Tom Boyd, as you know, served overseas with the Sixth Marines. His death, two months ago, was a shock to the literary world. We last saw him about seven years ago at a gathering in Chicago. At that time he was completing one of his biographical novels, and we secluded ourselves and talked till the wee small hours about Hicks and his war experiences. Even then Tom Boyd was formulating the outline of the present book.

Upon his discharge from the Marines, Hicks gets a job in a Chicago machine shop. It's man-killing work. He quits and goes to visit his girl, Patsy Hughes, who lives in another city. Through luck rather than ability, Hicks becomes a reporter on *The Farmer-Labor Beacon*.

He marries Patsy and they take furnished rooms. It's a hard fight on his small salary. They fall into the clutches of a high-pressure real estate salesman and buy a home. A child is born to them and expenses transcend their income.

Slowly they forge ahead. He changes jobs and gets an increase. Patsy goes to work. They are earning twice as much; but somehow there are always difficult bills to meet. Hicks does extra publicity work to get more money. They buy a car; give gay parties; join golf clubs and move in a fast set. A new home is built for them. Money rolls in—but it rolls out just as fast.

Then comes the financial crash. The paper folds up. Hicks loses his job. The mortgage is foreclosed on their home. Patsy's salary is reduced.

Hicks tries vainly to find work. He joins a line of job-hunters at the factory. A riot ensues and guns blaze. Hicks goes down with a bullet through his leg.

We can recommend this as one of the best novels we have read in years.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

THAT BENNINGTON MOB. By Henry Barnard Safford (Julian Messner). \$2.00

A novel founded on fact. Joel Safford, a youngster of eleven, his brothers, David and

Samuel, with their mother, settle in a New Hampshire district known as the Grants. The pioneers struggle with the soil and wrench a hardy living from it.

By the time Joel was sixteen he was a learned woodsman. One afternoon while hunting turkey, Joel encounters an Indian. In the exchange of gunshots the boy wounds the redskin and darts off through the woods. He is overtaken by a pair of hostiles. They force him to accompany them to the rest of their raiding party some miles away. Reaching their destination, Joel discovers that the other Indians have captured four white men.

The prisoners are taken on a long journey to the Indian encampment, where they are all tortured to death except Joel, whom a chief wants to adopt. The boy finds a young white girl who had been held captive for five years.

During his two years of captivity, Joel learns many things from the Indians. He becomes especially dexterous with a knife. He could send the shining blade flashing through the air to a tiny mark twenty feet away. In later life he was to fight a duel, the conditions of which were thrown knives.

Joel and Ruth effect a thrilling escape. They return home to find conditions unsettled. The homesteaders are arming to prevent their lands being taken from them. This organization was to gain fame as the Green Mountain Boys.

Joel is one of the eighty-three men Ethan Allen took with him to Ticonderoga when he "hailed the commander out of bed and demanded his surrender in the 'name o' Goddellmighty an' the Continental Congress'."

Later Joel accompanies Allen on the ill-fated expedition and is captured and sent to England. Encountering unusual adventures, the life and romance of Joel Safford furnishes entertaining reading.

SALTY YARNS

SPIN A YARN, SAILOR. By "Sinbad" (Captain Dingle) (Lippincott). \$2.00

Most of us have read the stories of Captain Dingle in various adventure magazines during the past few years. This volume is a collection of fourteen short stories of the sea and sea-faring men.

One of them, "Old Stormalong," was recommended for the O. Henry Prize Award, but Captain Dingle, as an Englishman, was not eligible to accept it.

"Old Stormalong" concerns an old sea dog who was eating out his heart ashore. He had "wrecked his home-coming ship almost at the foot of his own garden." Then his bride died, and Old Stormalong lived in lonely misery. Piece by piece he carted his belongings off to the hook shop. Then one day he took the figurehead from his old wreck and together with another old timer fashioned a ship. They worked hard on that schooner, and the adventures that befell them explain why this story was selected as one of the best.

"One Fathom of Rope" is a yarn of death and revenge on the seas, as is the "Knife of Kalle."

Each story is a jewel of its own and well worth reading.

OLD UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

ULYSSES S. GRANT. By Robert R. McCormick (Appleton-Century). \$5.00

We approached this work with unusual personal interest. During the late unpleasantness known as the World War, your correspondent was privileged to serve overseas with an artillery regiment of which Colonel McCormick was second in command. Further, an unverified family tradition deposes a remote degree of kinship between ourself and the redoubtable subject of this biography. Add to these two factors the esteem in which we have always held the Union general, we are quite likely to be lured into fulsome enthusiasm. To avoid this trap, we offer a most conventional report:

April is an auspicious month in which to review any work relating to General U. S. Grant (it's strange we usually refer to him as General, and scarcely ever as President Grant). Grant was born in April; in April Sumpter fell, the battle of Shiloh was fought, and Lee surrendered.

This book is essentially a military biography of General Grant, with the campaigns of Mexico and the greater battles of the Civil War documented only by necessary association with the subject. Grant, Colonel McCormick believes, was neither fish nor fowl of the social scale. His brilliance dimmed in the penumbral shadows of Lee, by those who admired dash and romance; and his democratic characteristics lost sight of by the liberals, who had eyes only for Lincoln, Grant's splendor was "dimmed by a lame and inadequate recognition."

There is a constantly increasing collection of books on Grant, but this present volume is the most readable and genuinely interesting we have thus far encountered. The stories of the battles, naturally constituting the major portion of this book, are recorded with exciting words.

Take a peek at the shelves of your post library and if this volume isn't included, ask the librarian to get it; it's worth the while.

INDIAN FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE. By Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). \$3.00

The winning of the western plains, the clash between white and red is not so remote as the years are counted. In this exceptionally fine history of those days, Mr. Wellman holds no brief for the white invaders. They broke pledges and violated treaties; and what viciousness the Indian exhibited he learned from his white foemen.

The book is divided into ten periods, beginning with slaughter of a German family in 1862: "Three German farmers and the wife and daughter of one of them, sat at Sunday dinner. Four Indians entered the

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cabin. A crash of rifles, a flurry of knives—the happy dinner party lay dead. The Indians rode into the forest."

After that it was war to the knife. Cavalry scoured the plains and there was a sharp, bitter clash at Fort Ridgely, where the Indians were beaten. Little Crow gathered his warriors to fight back. He put up a brilliant fight but his braves were scattered and Little Crow, himself, was killed, not in battle but by two white deer hunters whose horses he was attempting to steal.

The long war between the Sioux and the soldiers was commencing. "The soldiers found they had a foe who never slept. Did a herder stray from his guard? He was cut off and killed. Did a sentry expose himself on the palisade during a moonlit night? A bullet from the bush laid him low. Did a detachment of soldiers set out without an imposing display of power? They straightway had to fight for their very existence.

"Even during the long, bitter cold spells the Indians kept the circle of death about the post."

There are many exciting passages: The massacre of Fetterman's troopers, and Custer. With these themes for the background, there couldn't possibly be a dull page in the book.

WINNING THE WEST

OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By Estelline Bennett (Scribner's). \$2.50

The old glamorous era of stagecoaches, painted Indians and road agents never fails to make entertaining reading. Somehow, Deadwood has always been an outstanding example of what our western frontier towns were like in fiction and picture. It even has a romantic name.

Through the pages of this book stalk the shades of persons who once peopled the town of Deadwood: Wild Bill Hickok, although Bill had died with a bullet in his back before the story begins; Dave Dickey, whom we learned to know in our youthful days as "Deadwood Dick"; Calamity Jane, a soiled daughter of Venus, whose lack of morals was overshadowed by her virtues; California Jack, faro dealer de luxe, they are all there, and others of whom we used to read in contraband, paper-backed volumes smuggled into the house in defiance to parental opposition.

Estelline Bennett, whose father was the first Federal Judge in the district, grew up in Deadwood and knew most of the unusual characters of the mining town. The episodes run along smoothly. There is the story of the gambling war when civic virtue and a sense of vengeance prompted one of the citizens to institute a social clean-up. And the yarn of the stagecoach robbery: "Suddenly out of the midnight dark at the mouth of the Gold Run five masked men appeared like vague black shadows. The first shot killed the driver, Johnny Slaughter, who tumbled from his high seat so easily that the messenger sitting beside him thought he had recklessly stepped down into the fray. The ensuing gun battle so terrified the horses that they broke into a wild run, tangled up their harness, and brought the coach and passengers, disheveled and frightened, but safe, into Deadwood." The road agents evaded capture.

Then there is the story of Slippery Sam and his plaid overcoat. Sam was an offense to the community, a rather disagreeable individual to say the least. One night he quarreled with the bar tender over the quality of liquor. The bartender shoved an evil looking gun in Sam's face and said: "If you show your face around here again to-

BOOKS—

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night I'll fill you so full of holes you won't hold baled hay."

Sam went out into the night, encountering as he did so, one Bummer Dan, cold, hungry and forlorn. Slippery Sam, with an apparent burst of generosity, offered Dan the gaudy overcoat saying he had another. Unsuspecting, the grateful Dan put on the garment and entered the saloon. As the plaid coat appeared in the doorway the bartender shot squarely through the center of it.

THE CASE FOR MANCHOUKUO. By George Bronson Rea (Appleton-Century). Mr. Rea, who has for some years lived in China, where he edited a magazine, presents the exact conditions that exist in the Far East. \$3.50

TRUE ANECDOTES OF AN ADMIRAL. By Rear Admiral Robert E. Coontz (Dorance). A collection of anecdotes gleaned from years of service in the U. S. Navy. \$1.75

DESTINATION UNKNOWN. By Fred Walker (Lippincott). A soldier of fortune fights his way around the world. Walker, a one-time lieutenant under Sandino, experienced about as many adventures as any living man. \$2.50

SALT OF THE SEA RED SAUNDERS. By "Sinbad." (Lippincott). A man's lie about the woman he loved turned an English gentleman into a sea-roving, gun-running, fighting fool. \$2.50

ONE'S COMPANY. By Peter Fleming (Scribner's). A reporter with a roving commission journeys through Russia and China, gathering material for this book. \$2.75

WHILE ROME BURNS. By Alexander Woolcott (Viking). The sale of this book leads the non-fiction field. An interesting collection of memoirs and sketches and word pictures of famous people. \$2.75

CANNIBAL COUSINS. By John H. Craigie (Minton, Balch). Drums of black Haiti, voodooism, the Marine occupation, serious and comical, are ranged side by side in this latest book from the Marine captain's pen. \$2.75

SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST. By Capt. John W. Thompson, Jr. (Scribner's). A collection of Marine stories by one of the foremost writers of today. \$2.50

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third of the classical trilogy relating the story of the mutiny on the *Bounty*. This volume deals with the mutineers who colonized the island. \$2.50

THE TAVERN ROGUE. By Robert Gordon Anderson (Farrar and Rinehart). A swashbuckling, two-fisted novel of the Elizabethan period. Plenty action and suspense. \$2.50

ALL'S FAIR. By Captain Henry Landau (Putnam). The operations of counterespionage and of actual systems employed during the war. The author was chief intelligence officer in Holland for the British. \$3.00

TROS OF SAMOTHRACE. By Talbot Mundy (Appleton-Century). This well-known writer presents a novel of Caesar's period; and where Caesar and his Legions went, action was never lacking. \$3.00

THE CASINO MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine (Scribner's). Philo Vance, the outstanding detective of modern fiction, untangles the knots of mysterious murders. \$2.00

CANNIBAL COUSINS. By John H. Craigie (Minton, Balch). Drums of black Haiti, voodooism, the Marine occupation, serious and comical, are ranged side by side in this latest book from the Marine captain's pen. \$2.75

K-7: SPIES AT WAR. As told to Burke Boyce by George Zimmer (Appleton-Century). A collection of spy stories; thrills and horror, told by a member of Naval Intelligence. \$2.50

THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO. By William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace). A French priest with a mission in Timbuctoo, throws his future aside, renounces his position, and lives as his fancy dictates. Surrounded by books in fifteen languages, a native wife who bore him thirty children, the apostate achieves happiness and freedom. \$3.00

THE TAKING OF THE GRV. By John Masefield (Macmillan). A young naval officer from a neutral country becomes involved in the stealing of an interned ship. The *Gry*, loaded with contraband, is stolen from the hostile harbor under the very eyes of the guard. \$2.00

THE AMERICAN. By Louis Dodge (Julian Messner). The story of one of America's pioneers fighting to reclaim the west. A "thriller" of the better type. \$2.50

ESCAPE FROM THE SOVIETS. By Tatiana Tchernavin (Dutton). The bitter fight waged by one family of the educated class against the oppression of the Soviet police. \$2.50

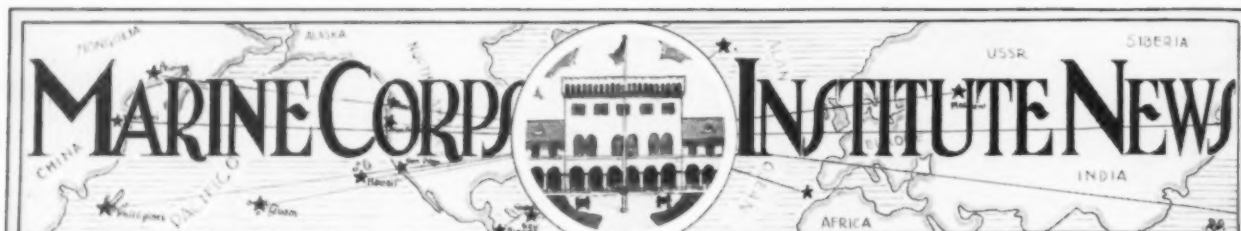
PIRATE JUNK. By Clifford Johnson (Scribner's). An actual account of four British subjects captured by Chinese pirates. \$2.50

YELLOW JACK. By Sidney Howard with Paul De Kruif (Harcourt, Brace). The Yellow Fever of Cuba, and Walter Reed's courageous fight against it. A play based on the doctor's battle. \$2.00

THE FIRST WORLD WAR. Edited by Laurence Stallings (Simon and Schuster). A photographic history of the war. \$3.50

BLACK BAGDAD. By John H. Craigie (Minton, Balch). A Marine officer relates stories of the Haitian occupation. Horror and humor ride side by side. \$3.00

THE MAN WITH BATED BREATH. By Joseph B. Carr (Viking). The action of this exciting mystery takes place in a Georgia plantation home, occupied by an eccentric family. Three murders and sundry assaults keep the detectives guessing and the reader from sleep. \$2.00



THE AUTOMOBILE

For Pleasure and Utility

HAVE you ever envisioned yourself behind the steering wheel of the latest model, stream-lined, automobile of your favorite choice, with its many modern refinements and comforts at your disposal? Hasn't the sight of a smooth, long stretch of the surfaced road on a clear, pleasant day set you to dreaming of realizing your inherent desire to step on the pedal of your phantom chariot and "give it the gas?"

It is quite probable that you have had such visions, and possibly a few more of your own pet dreams, and are now confidently determined on being an owner of the latest model car at some time in the future. And sooner or later that expectation will materialize.

When that time does arrive, are you going to own the automobile or will the automobile own you? New cars are rather perfect these days, but they don't stay perfect; and you don't expect them to. Adjustments, overhauls, minor repairs—these are the things that confront every automobile owner.

What makes the wheels go 'round is a subject that is fascinating to far more than half of us. The life, the heartbeat of a car, although concealed by the hood and body, is manifested externally by the revolving of its four wheels, upon which places are reached and journeys completed. The mere thought of the automaton-like performance of the automobile creates in one the urge to take it apart and put it back together, such as must have been experienced with an old alarm clock at some time or another. Wouldn't the inside of the engine while in operation, developing power to be transmitted to the wheels, present an interesting sight to one not initiated in the intricacies of the mechanical functions of an automobile?

Now to get down to facts? You don't have to be a professor of mathematics or a mechanical engineer to know automobiles, either as a car owner, a driver, or a mechanic. Every automobile course offered by the Marine Corps Institute is intelligible to the student who is willing to read the printed pages of the textbooks, and to study them seriously and thoughtfully. No dry and tedious preparatory subjects must be covered prior to learning about automobiles. You are prepared NOW to launch yourself into serious

study of an automobile course. The study is very fascinating, and keenly interesting even in the very first lesson, in which is explained the theory of the gasoline automobile. Then follow lessons which cover in detail the principles of the automobile engine and the methods employed in obtaining the propelling power for the car from the combustion of the fuel used. The transmission by means of gears and universal joint of the power developed by the engine to the wheels in turning them, and the control of the amount of speed desired and the steering mechanism are covered fully in their proper sequence.

Overhauling of the chassis, cylinders, cylinder blocks, and piston assemblies, and the adjustment and repair of valves, are a

few of the numerous practical tasks with which the prospective automobile mechanic should be thoroughly familiar. Complete detailed instructions on these subjects are given in the courses as the student steadily progresses.

Likewise, the matter of electric ignition systems, starting and lighting equipment, and storage batteries, to mention only a few of the many very important items of every car, are treated at length. Texts dealing with automobile tires, electric horns, and the repairing of body and fender bumps are included in the complete course, which gives evidence of the thoroughness in the arrangement and design of this popular and very practical study.

The Marine Corps Institute offers a general course designated simply as the Automobile Course, and a few specialized courses, one of which is arranged particularly for, and designated as, Automobile Mechanics. Other specialized courses cover a study of Automobile Electric Equipment, and Shop Practice for Automobile Manufacturers, the latter being exclusively devoted to automobile manufacturing shop practice procedure.

Whether you wish to study to become an automobile expert, or merely to safeguard yourself and your pocketbook in the operation of your own car, the Marine Corps Institute is at your service.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



First Sergeant Donald M. Hyde, U.S.M.C., Chief Clerk, Marine Corps Institute.

"The Marine Corps Institute is maintained primarily for the benefit of the enlisted personnel of the Corps, and I have always felt that any man who fails to enroll for and complete at least one course during his enlistment has been unfair to himself. Much has been said about the value of study to the individual, irrespective of any possible material benefit to be derived, but little has been said about the unexpected benefits that may arise as a result of study.

"I have in mind a particular case, where a young man wrote to the Institute for information and advice, and was advised, after a careful study of his case, to take up accounting. He replied to the effect that he had never considered studying this particular subject, but would at least

give it a fair trial. Eventually he completed the Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching course, and is now employed as an auditor by a large public utility company.

"Letters are constantly being received from former Marines who did not take advantage of their opportunities while in the service, but now that they have returned to civil life are anxious to take a Marine Corps Institute course. Unfortunately, the Institute is obliged to inform these men that they are no longer eligible for enrollment.

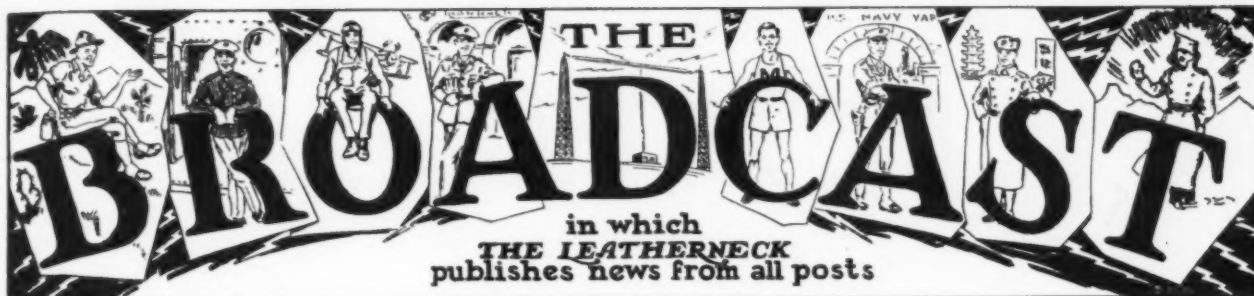
"I wish to urge every individual Marine throughout the Corps to give the question of enrollment with the Institute serious consideration. Remember, if you do, you have nothing to lose and everything to gain."

MATHEMATICS

In practically every examination for advancement, a certain part of the examination is devoted to mathematics, not because the mathematics itself will be used directly in that position, but mainly to determine whether the applicant has the mental capacity to think logically.

Most men become exceedingly lax in the practical application of mathematics. Their bills are sent to them which they pay, not being able to check them to see if they are correct. Companies are not infallible and many times persons pay for the company's errors. Our poor investments and inaccurate business transactions often occur because those persons who are involved have not been taught to reason logically. The opportunity to prepare for these everyday problems is offered all Marines and they should by all means take advantage of it.

Everyone should study mathematics for his own benefit. It is not only a practical subject, but, when studied properly, a most interesting one.



Tropical Topics

GUAM NEWS

Guam seems to be getting much nearer to the States now that Lindbergh has decided to fly here next month. We will soon be able to take a thirty-day furlough without getting ninety days in which to do it.

The Marines lost the first half of the baseball series to Education by a score of 5 to 0. Of course, that is just an incentive to work harder next half. The Navy team finished in third place and the U.S.S. *Gold Star* last.

Golf has taken an added spurt since Corporal Broadus, the North China Open Champion, played here on his return to the States. Ten sets of clubs are in use every day and they are starting to get them about ten in the morning to be sure to have them by one o'clock. Several own their own sets and they are always in use, too. Tournaments are held on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and always get a big turnout, with the Marines capturing most of the prizes.

Volleyball occupies many of the men from after chow in the evening until dark and from the noise one would think a championship was involved in every game.

Major Voeth has found a very good way to augment the Amusement Fund. As you know there are quite a few cocoanut trees on the reservation and to keep them healthy the nuts should be picked from the trees and the dead fronds removed. A contract has been arranged with a native to gather the nuts and keep the trees in shape. Cocoanuts are the source of Copra, from which a valuable oil is obtained and used in the making of soap and hair oils, shaving soap and cosmetics. The nuts are split open and the meat removed and dried for about five days in the sun. The natives are very dexterous in the use of the splitting knife. One stroke of the knife and the nut is split in two; two quick movements and both halves of the nut are removed. It is fascinating to watch them work and I probably could go on for hours. What I was trying to say is that Copra sells for \$1.15 per hundred pounds. Under the terms of the contract the native does all the work and the Amusement Fund gets one-third of the money collected. The first lot brought \$5.45 and they have just started.

Personnel notes . . . Polakowski shooting golf in the nineties until someone bets a beer . . . Nick James, Smoky Joe Mapelson and Count Lavondovski going out on sixteen . . . Lefty Strom would like to

get married . . . Brig population on the upcurve . . . Harry Hargrave trying to get a drag by having the Top's hat blocked . . . and paying for it . . . Durham WOULD like to get out of the mess hall . . . Lt. Brown drained the carburetor the radiator and the vacuum tank and still it wouldn't run . . . and it was raining . . . and was he mad . . . Primo and Omega . . . native distillations . . . woosh! . . . Willie Walston, the ex-mess sergeant . . . Christian fell out of bed and strained his shoulder . . . the concrete steps coming from Sumay do get slippery sometimes. . . Hinrichs, the mile a minute golfer . . . The golf feud between Jones and Richardson . . . or how many strikes did you take? . . . that ball is lost . . . no, it's out of bounds . . . no, it's an unplayable lie . . . and so on far far into the night. . . Dunn, Ganter and Glenn are going to try patrolling for a while . . . Foster, Shahan and Ellsworth are coming back.



Native home near Guantnamo

. . . Bost, the White King of Sinajana . . . Jones, the athletic acting music . . . Walker is going back . . . in another year . . . Bridges . . . is it very hard to extend for one year . . . Nicholson . . . and that's the truth . . . Baron Munchausen . . . Russell . . . up the pole . . . Brown, the champion chow hound of all time . . . Why the blanket, Count . . . RAIN!!!

PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By L. A. Y.

It was during the latter part of January that 1st Lt. Leon acted as Police Officer. The work under his direction was performed so efficiently that Admiral Yarnell, when he made his annual inspection, paid generous compliment to the appearance of the barracks and surrounding grounds.

The thoroughness of the police work may be judged from the fact that our electrician, Pfc. Agee, was seen washing the globes on the lamp-posts. Although Agee felt that he should remonstrate with the powers-that-be, he merely explained to the ever attentive mascot, Baldy, that he didn't join the Marine Corps to wash dishes. But the job was done as meticulously as he trims his dignified mustachio. May he remember the compliment if he is ever tempted again to throw cold water on Pearl Harbor's nude sun-worshippers!

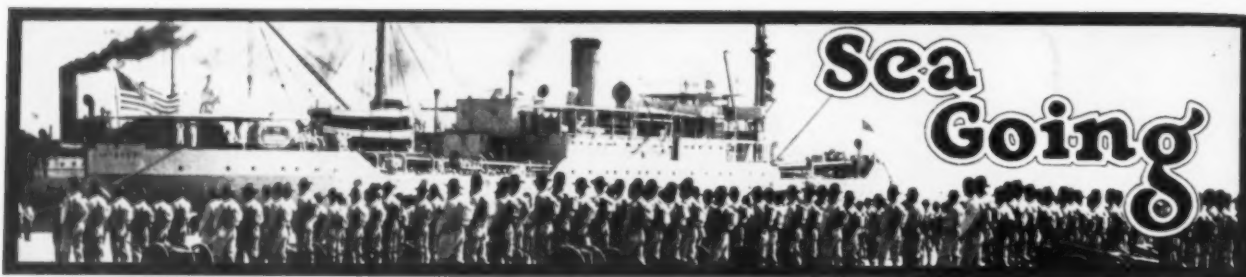
Saturday we bid Aloha to the rifle team, bound for La Jolla to compete in the Western Divisional Matches. 1st Lt. Leon will captain the team composed of Cpls. Rusk, Thomas, Pfc. Eggars, and Pvt. Hines and Stutler. 1st Sgt. Robinson and Sgt. Angus will accompany the team but will not compete in the divisional match due to the fact that they are distinguished marksmen.

Since he has received orders detaching him from this post, to take effect when he reaches the States, it will be especially significant when we say Aloha to Lt. Leon. He says that he has had a pleasant tour of duty here and it is with true regret that we see him leave.

According to reports from the rifle range, the boys are still using the long evenings to tell tall stories. When some of the men came to the barracks over the week-end, Cpl. "Chick" Haygood had his back to the wall swearing to the authenticity of this one: "Yes sir, in Niaragua we once marched eighty miles in two days with a heavy marching order, a BAR, and two bandoleers of ammunition on our backs." One more like that and he will be runner up with Pvt. Howard and his famous G'ogia stories. Perhaps those who made the memorable march with Haygood will come to his support via written testimony.

"Buck" Bissinger is a busy man these days. Not only is he managing baseball but he is also 1st Sgt. of Company "A," vice 1st Sgt. George Robinson who is leaving for the States with the rifle team. In

(Continued on page 56)



ASTORIA BRIEFS

UST a few brief words to let all concerned know that the Marine Detachment, USS *Astoria*, actually exists. The detachment was organized and designated "Marine Detachment USS *Astoria*," on 12 March, 1934, at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif., consisting of two officers and forty enlisted men.

After a brief stay in San Diego, we entrained for the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, remaining there until 28 April, 1934, at which time the USS *Astoria* was commissioned as Uncle Sam's latest and most modern ten thousand ton cruiser. Following commissioning, there was the usual confusion which goes with placing a new ship in commission; however, the detachment went into its new duties and tasks like a bunch of old timers and within a very short time all members were acquainted with their various tasks, and settled down to become one of the finest detachments in the Fleet.

The *Astoria* got underway for her shake-down cruise on 2 July, 1934, pointing her nose in the direction of Honolulu, T. H., our first scheduled port. The trip to Honolulu was more or less uneventful except for drills and routine in getting settled and accustomed to our duties underway. The 4th of July was celebrated at sea with the usual holiday routine, there being no fire crackers or rockets to challenge the Rulers "Up Yonder."

On the morning of July 9th, we awoke to find the shadowy forms of irregular stretches of land appearing on the horizon. On drawing nearer, we observed a white object in the distance which we knew to be the lighthouse for which all Honolulu bound vessels set their course. All hands (in the best of spirits at the sight of the first land in nine days) were on the topside taking in the scenery which the "Paradise of the Pacific" has to offer. Arriving in Honolulu in the afternoon, shortly after passing the grand old bench of "Waikiki," we found the most outstanding landmark to be the "Aloha Tower" which stands some thirteen or fourteen stories high. Later, during our stay there, the writer had the pleasure of ascending to the topmost story of the Tower where a very good view of Honolulu and surroundings was to be had. One other landmark worth mentioning is the water tank over the Dole Cannery, which is so constructed as to appear like a huge pineapple.

The Hawaiian Islands were first discovered in 1778 by "Captain Cook" (British). He named them the "Sandwich Islands" after Lord Sandwich. The Natives of Hawaii constitute a fine race.

They were never cannibalistic and have proven themselves to be musically and poetically talented.

"Waikiki Beach" proved to be most fascinating to the crew of the *Astoria*. Surf-boat riding was the most thrilling sport. Several members of the crew at-



Typical Hula Dancer, Honolulu, T. H.

tempted to manipulate the surf-board. However, they found it most difficult. The City of Honolulu is lively and entertaining in more ways than one. The populace is made up of many races of mankind and they all work together in the many in-

dustries throughout the Island. One thing of interest to the writer was the many barber shops which employ mostly Japanese women as barbers. With their natty white uniforms, they made a striking appearance, and were quite a contrast to the American shop.

Leaving the Hawaiian Islands on 17 July, we headed for Pago Pago, Samoa, an American Possession in the South Seas.

A few days from Honolulu, we dropped anchor at a beautiful tropical island, named after its discoverer's ship the *Palmyra*. It is one of the many islands in the South Pacific formed by growths of coral and is now covered with luxuriant foliage which crowds the shore. Throughout the evening of arrival, the fishing element of the crew manufactured tackle and displayed their abilities at catching red snappers, shark and many peculiar tropical fish.

The following morning a landing party was sent ashore where much was learned about the Island. On returning to the ship the party brought with it a bird which was one comical sight to behold. It acted like a drunk, and peered owlishly at whoever approached this cross between a Penguin and a Pelican. Underway again that evening, we headed for another island near the Equator, the name of this place being "Christmas Island." Arriving there we found an island of coconut palms, inhabited by one Frenchman and about forty natives who serve the Central Pacific Coconut Growers, Ltd., who have the Island leased for eighty-seven years. The Frenchman spoke English and gladly accepted the captain's invitation to dinner aboard the *Astoria*. The following day another landing party was sent ashore where they found impregnable reefs and were forced to wade to the beach in shark-infested waters. Once gaining the beach the party spent its time making observations and what have you. Upon returning to the ship, the landing party found the ship in a turmoil, in expectation of receiving "Old King Neptune," and the subsequent initiation which were due when we were well underway preparatory to crossing the Equator. The event began to make itself known with the stern orders broadcast over the loud-speaker system, for example: "Nelson, Gy-Sgt., USMC, relieve the lookout atop No. 2 turret. Uniform boots, skivvies, necktie and sword." . . . Many other ridiculous watches were called away for the "Pollywogs" while the "Shellbacks" stood by and watched the procedure, glorying in the fact that they too were compelled to answer the same calls in earlier days. At dusk, "Davy Jones," the secretary to "King Neptune," and members of the Royal party came aboard to summon all Pollywogs to appear in court the following day to be initiated into the realms of the "Domain of the Deep."

Bright and early the next morning (the 24th of July, to be exact) the initiation

got underway. Torture cages, barber chairs, paddles, pillories, hand irons, leg irons, electric knives and other ingenious devices were used. The Pollywogs were ordered to man the rail while the cruel Shellbacks paraded the ship in full array, smeared with grease paint like a bunch of Indians, each being very careful to besmear the faces of those to be initiated. The Court established itself on a platform on the welldeck, Royal Judges seated themselves at the bar and assumed stern countenances and the trials began. With the routine set, the many Royal Police arrested man after man and no matter how ideal a prisoner he may have been, he was beaten and clouted to a humble criminal stance as he appeared before one of the two courts where he heard sentence pronounced to some punishment such as being held on a table while electric knives maddened him, paste and muck to gag him, ghastly liquids to choke him and five or six husky Royal Police pound him. The body was then to be dragged to the barber chair constructed over a tank of water so when tripped, the victim fell into the water where several Royal Bears took the pleasure of administering a severe ducking. At first it seemed that the Pollywogs might turn the tables and re-initiate the Shellbacks; however, the Shellbacks banded together (although few in number in comparison to the Pollywogs) and managed to carry on with the initiation until sufficient recruits could be enlisted from the newly initiated Shellbacks to continue without further opposition.

The initiation took up the greater part of the day and when the last man had been initiated, all hands agreed that it was a lot of fun, thus proving to the world that Old King Neptune is considerate in ruling his Royal Domain.

Arriving in Pago Pago, Samoa, on 29 July, 1934, all hands had the opportunity to obtain various kinds of souvenirs, such as small outrigger canoes, hula skirts, tapa cloth, war clubs, beads and others too numerous to mention. During the stay there the detachment had the pleasure of being honored guests at a "Fifa" (dinner and dance) given by the Fita Fita Guard commanded by First Sergeant Barton Stone, USMC, the only Marine in the Islands. The dinner was most excellent, and immediately following the dinner the Fita Fita put on a Siva dance which won the hearty applause of all hands, and will long be remembered as one of the most unique dances of mankind. The inhabitants of the Islands are a peaceful people and a great majority speak English, which is taught in the many schools throughout the Islands. An abundance of rain is responsible for many kinds of tropical fruit and vegetation, which is the sole support of the Islands. The Harbor of Pago Pago is one of the most beautiful in the world, being surrounded by high mountains covered with many types of foliage.

After five most interesting days in

Pago Pago, we moved on to Suva, Fiji Islands. Enroute to Suva we crossed the international date line and lost a day. In other words we fell asleep on the night of 3 August and awoke on the morning of 5 August; now the question is, "Where did the Dago?" Along the route between Pago Pago and Suva lies a small island which is known as "Tin Can Island." We did not stop at the Island; however, the title of the Island is worth explaining. Here it is—the system of sending and receiving mail to and from the Island is done by sealing the mail in tin cans which are pushed to and from shore by native swimmers, thus the peculiar title of "Tin Can Island."

On the morning of 6 August we pulled on the door mat of Suva and asked for parking space in the harbor, our first British governed foreign port of the cruise.

About the best introduction to Suva is the native quarter and bazaars where vendors of fruits and curios quietly await the next customer. One cannot speak of the Fiji Islands without denoting the proper name each time, for there are more Samoans and Hindus than Fiji Islanders,

of Suva. The Marines were hard pressed; however, they came through victors by an eight-point margin, thus leaving a good impression with the Fiji Islanders.

On the 10th of August we pulled stakes for Sydney, Australia, which was really the apex of the cruise. We heard of the great times had by the fleet in '25 and we were eager to discover the truth for ourselves. Arriving there on the 15th of August, the good times began. A record breaking number of men lined up on the quarterdeck for the first liberty party and each was given an invitation to the Palais Royal Dance Pavilion where a good time was had by all. From then on it was every man for himself. The several hundred Marines and Sailors from the ship headed for the business section of the city in an effort to obtain Australian currency, the rate of exchange being 4.11. Accomplishing that, they scattered through all sections of the city, and what happened after that remains a secret to the individual. Free admission to the zoo, theatres and beaches along with free transportation by tram cars and ferries were some of the many great conveniences afforded us by the citizens of Sydney.

The zoo, located on the side of a nearby hill, brings nature into the very heart of Sydney. The pits of the lions are a detailed replica, the monkeys are right at home in their pits living a most natural life. The tiny Koala bears are provided with the very trees which are responsible for their existence. The zoo is one of great beauty and from the tops of the zoo buildings one can get a good view of the vast City of Sydney which numbers close to a million and a half in population. The beaches, namely "Manley" and "Coo-gee," are frequented by thousands during the summer months



The Astoria anchors at Sydney, Australia

The population of Hindus is entirely the fault of the British who imported them by thousands during a one time labor shortage. On the streets it is very common to see Hindu policemen and even a theatre (talkie) in Hindu language. Weeping fig and rain trees sprawl over the street causing it to appear cool and damp, which creates an odd effect on the tourist. The shops cater to the tourist with a large supply of postal cards, and numerous trinkets made from tortoise shell. As we wandered we found some interesting information about the Islands which are mostly of volcanic origin. Throughout the mountainous sections the Islands are as wild as they ever were. As to history, the Islands were discovered by Commander Wilkes in charge of the U. S. Exploring Expedition of 1840. Strange to say, America was responsible for the British taking over the Islands. The British paid damage claims to America and in return were given the entire Fiji chain.

During our stay there the detachment sent an eight-man rifle team ashore to compete with the Suva Rifle Club which is composed of business men of the City

and can be reached by ferry and tram car or by automobile if one desires. Several members of the crew made trips to the various beaches and returned with praise for the recreation offered at each beach.

The harbour bridge is one of the first things to see upon entering Sydney. It is the longest single span bridge in the world. It spans the bay from Sydney to North Sydney and stands out as a beautiful landmark. A common remark or question from the citizens was: "Have you seen our bridge?" We were anchored within five hundred yards of that bridge during our stay in Sydney, therefore the answer to that question was usually in the affirmative.

Time passed rapidly while in Sydney; the Marine Rifle team competed with a team from H. M. A. S. Penguin, and came out victors by a large margin. Individual trophies were awarded to 1st Sgt. Acker and Sgt. Stark by the opposing team, for their excellent shooting. On the 24th of August we got underway for Noumea, New Caledonia, a French possession in the Pacific. The trip to Noumea was similar to any of the other times we were under-

way and it might be said that the crew showed indications of being a wee bit home-sick. The shakedown cruise was nearing its completion when we reached Noumea on 27 August, our last foreign port before returning to Honolulu and subsequently to Bremerton.

Le Pays Des Ninoulis, as the New Caledonians call their Island, seems a very peculiar name for an island, for after all, that is the name of a common tree that grows on the Island. As in all lands south of the equator, the seasons in Noumea are reversed—the winter months being from April to October. The entrance to Noumea bay is very small; as a matter of fact, one could easily toss a stone to either side of entrance from the deck of the ship as we were passing through. The town of Noumea is very small and typically French, and has as a background a circle of hills almost reaching mountain proportions. The French made a penal colony of the Islands in 1864, and over forty thousand prisoners were sent there, most of them for political reasons. Now, many of the leading citizens of Noumea are descendants of those very convicts. The few places of interest in Noumea took little time to visit. The parks are nicely laid out but were suffering from lack of moisture as the winters there are very dry. An amusing interest of Noumea is the type of automobile which one sees on the streets, mostly French and English models and many years of service behind them. The horns of these cars were of the bulb type and gave forth a sound that would make a dying duck burst with envy. When a quack sounded behind us we expected to look around and find any one of three things—a duck, bicycle or automobile.

One finds in New Caledonia the real barbarian that time has forgotten and one who is lost to the modern world. They live in their own realm of ritualistic and emblematic Totems of God. It is suicide to delve into their secrets that are marked "Taboo." Even the natives obey without understanding. When a white man goes into the interior, his coming is known long before his arrival for the grapevine codes of long existence are still in effect. All in all, the four days we spent in Noumea broke up the monotony that would have sufficed had we gone direct from Sydney to Honolulu which is some four thousand miles distance.

Leaving Noumea we headed for Honolulu arriving there on 11 September. Our second visit to this port was a repetition of the first, only more so. We departed on 19 September, Bremerton, Washington, where

our shakedown cruise was terminated. The entire cruise was enjoyed by all hands, especially some of the younger men in the service who had their first glimpse of foreign soil. The cruise was completed without mishap and we of the *Astoria* feel that we left a good impression of the U. S. A. at each port of call.

Getting back to the detachment, the following members have had the pleasure of tacking on new chevrons: 1st Sgt. G. K. Acker, Sgt. P. W. Stark, Corporals Alvstad, Derrick, Lumley, Wilkes; Privates First Class Baker, Campbell, Chapman, Devore, Fondy, Lemmon, Maddox, Steele, and Williams. Lest we forget, our two officers, Captain Watson and First Lieutenant Shell, have also been promoted since joining the detachment. We all take great pleasure in extending our sincere congratulations to the officers and enlisted men who have climbed another notch, and wish them, one and all, the best of luck.

First Sergeant Acker, upon being promoted to that grade, was transferred to the Marine Barracks, P&NY, Bremerton, Wash., for duty. We of the detachment hope he finds his new duties on the beach to his liking and wish him a huge success in the years to come as one of the Corps' "Top Kickers."

Gy Sgt. C. A. (Swede) Nelson is still battling with our two five-inch anti-aircraft guns and looking forward to 1 January, 1936, when he retires after serving thirty honest and faithful years in the service of Uncle Sam. "Gunny" says "the first thirty years are the hardest." We all agree with him and give him due credit for serving to date without losing a day, which is a record to be most proud of. Sgt. R. C. White is the "head man" in the ship's service store and he dishes out all sorts of misery on pay day collecting ship service bills from the boys. Cpl. V. Alvstad, our new detachment clerk, is having his troubles too, the greatest trouble in finding the right keys on the typewriter. Stay with it, Al, you will learn some day. 1st Sgt. G. L. Fitzgerald maintains that he has purchased sufficient tickets in the last four months from the Seattle Ferry Company to entitle him to at least a half interest in the Company.

All the boys are wondering just when we are to leave the Navy Yard and join the Scouting Fleet. The best dope so far is that we join about 1 April and take up our gunnery exercises immediately thereafter. So until more later dope is available the writer says adios.

WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By "Cliff"

Well, fellows, the Marines of the *Wyoming* have certainly seen plenty of gun-drill, as well as work, since I last dropped a line. Prior to our firing on the thirteenth we had several hours of drill and school each day in order to acquaint us with the big fellow that is supposed to make so much noise and scare the greenhorns. Considering the large amount of new men in the guard there was some fairly good loading done. The firing was done by director so we can't be blamed for the poor marksmanship. The three guns manned by us fired flat-nosed high-explosive shells and a few of them did a lot of damage to the Culebran landscape when they did hit. The battalion observing party was induced to take cover by the threatening whine of speeding shrapnel some many hundred yards from our target.

Ten of our number were thrice detailed for duty with the battalion as stretcher-bearers. They returned foot-sore and weary but happy to know that they had done a Marine's work for at least a little while.

Five men came aboard about the middle of the month from the U.S.S. *Taylor* and U. S. S. *Trenton* for transfer to Norfolk. Could you imagine it; they say that we do more work aboard this pig-iron tub than is required of the Marines in the special service squadron. Even the men here at Coco Solo console themselves to their drab existence with the thought of our duties on the *Wyoming*. Out of the small guard is now furnished from ten to fifteen gun strikers who also stand watches, colors, quarters, and working-parties.

We weighed anchor for Panama and proceeded with drills and cleaning ship. The 22nd was spent in relaxation until late in the evening when an attack that affected nearly all hands commenced. Something that had been eaten for the holiday dinner caused the crew and battalion to be kept on the hop all night. These Devil-Dogs may have won many a war but they were certainly put to rout in a large way on the night of February 22nd. The Corporal of the Guard was kept running continually making reliefs for those on watch.

We arrived in Panama none the worse for the serio-comic malady on the 26th, and with practically all hands ready to hit the beach. After thirty-six days away from civilization show me the Marine that wants to stay aboard. There were a lot of men in the battalion that hadn't been out of the states before and of course the local merchants prospered. The usual trans-isthman-



SOME OF THE UNUSUAL SCENES VISITED BY THE ASTORIA LEATHERNECKS
Pago Pago, Samoan Islands



Native hut in the Fiji Islands



Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Astoria*

ian tour was accorded and a surprising number of men went.

We leave for Norfolk on the sixth of March where we will be much relieved by the absence of the battalion. We are supposed to go in drydock there, but hopes are prevalent that we will have to go to Brooklyn.

As usual, for those of you who know someone in the guard, I am going to give you the low-down on the "men of the month."

Sergeant Wulk and Private Doro have made a showing on the ship's raceboat crew. I guess Private First Class Rumbaugh will stick to baseball for his athletics.

Private First Class West threatened to go to sleep during the firing; he has the single ability to go to sleep at almost any time.

Corporal Brandley almost got a low mark in sobriety but it was proved that he had been very unlucky at a game called nose-poker.

Private First Class Key (our man of many hobbies) has undertaken the care of Eleanor the single off-spring of the ship's cat. His latest addition to the world of art is a very spectacular, appealing, graceful and sublime "Butterfly Dance" that should be a boon to Sally Rand.

Private Achenbach has been pursuing lizards (not lounge-lizards like myself) through the jungles in quest of enlightening data for the Field Museum.

Private Pollack (another hobby-hound) has a collection of dolls that excels the aggregation owned by Sergeant Wulk. Now don't get me wrong; I mean the kind that are stuffed—or rather the kind that children play with.

Private Langston was speedily aroused from apparent insensibility when threatened with a bucket of water. "Oh, I wasn't afraid of getting wet," he explained. "there was soap in that water."

Well, I'll be writing in again if I'm not in one of those things they call a brig.

TUSCALOOSA'S BLACK WARRIORS

By C. D. Smith

Again we are back to tell it to you in black and white; the bits of gab about the newest cruiser and her Gyrenes.

First of all, we wish you to know the good fortune of our Commanding Officer. Having been awarded merited rank, our former First Lieutenant is now Captain Doyle. Everyone can assure you that a most worthy officer was rewarded for his untiring and

efficient efforts. Then, of no less importance, is the promotion and good fortune of First Lieutenant Beans. He is now the proud father of a wee Papoose (Warrior), born on the twenty-first of December, 1934.

The Tuscie returned to New York in time for Christmas liberty and leave after the "shakedowning" and "shellbacking" to South American ports and the West Indies. The trip is history as far as the annals of the Navy Department are concerned, but it shall live a long life in our hearts and minds. Who could forget "crossing the line" for the first time; the warm hospitality of our Southern neighbors, unexcelled in our opinion; the British "Elements" of Barbados; the dark-eyed señoritas on deck for the dances in Rio; the sooty mysteries of Fort de France; the fashion parades of Montevideo; the barbecues given by Swift, Armour, Wilson, Goodyear and Firestone Companies of South America; the American and British colonies; and Buenos Aires, the New York of South America? All in all, it was a continuous revelation of new, unexpected and, in every case, interesting surprises.

Sports suffered a setback during the trip. A few exhibition baseball games were staged for the entertainment of the natives as the ship's team was organized before the trip was started. Basketball was delayed by leave parties and Final Acceptance Trials, but we have made a favorable showing against longer organized teams. Vallery, Scott, Vaitkelunas, Davis, Jackson and Merrell did their bit for the ship's team. Most of the games were played with at least three Marines on the court through the entire action. At this writing, the Marines have the situation well in hand as regards the intra-divisional tournament. With one game yet to play we have lost only one out of seven games played. Baseball is in the air and many are anxious to demonstrate their prowess. Some are not idly boasting as this detachment had the championship softball team at the Norfolk and Philly Navy Yards and at the Rifle Range at Cape May, N. J., during the detachment's stay at these places. In baseball, Scott doesn't exactly bowl with that little pill, nor do a good number of others play a bad game.

Newsletters: Spring isn't the only thing in the air around Brooklyn Navy Yard as "Top" Hughes takes the kinks of winter out of us with that "Hup, toop, treep, fahp" Winter is gone and so is M. C. O. No. 41 for this year, and in this observer's opinion, this detachment has benefitted greatly from the instruction given Off key,

but very popular—"California, here we come" It's from mess cooking to Private First Class for Pittenger, the pride of Pittsburgh From the way Sharit reacted to a recent clipping, it seems as if he also ran Clark, two hundred pounds of mirth and fun, has a bunk in the hospital now and the ship ain't what she usta be The end of March is the end of our present stay in New York; much to our regret we start for the West Coast and the fleet Trumpeter Thompson only had two days off out of three, so we had to ship another music aboard so Thompson's social contacts would not be disturbed Thompson said it was N. R. A. that put Drummer Long on board. Uh-huh. So long.

TULSA TABLOID

By Bugs 'n Snazz

Say, believe it or not, here 'tis, representing our good ship *Tulsa*. For fear that we may in time be forgotten, this column is just to let you know that we are still here and going strong. Although our column has been neglected in the past, it is our hope that you will hear more of us in the future.

Being selected to write this script, I can say, with thirty boisterous young braves to back my statements, that we have about the finest detachment afloat. Why!—You ask why? Have you never heard of Lt. B. F. Kaiser, 1st Sgt. A. W. Taylor and Sgt. "Hank the Goon" Bucci? Yeah, you know them! Well, why ask foolish questions?

Our compartment cleaners seem to think that Sergeant Bucci is a second "Simon Legree" and most of us agree with them; but we'll have to admit that Bucci knows his job, so—thanks to him and all concerned, we have, at least we think so, one of the cleanest living spaces on the ship. "Cleanliness is next to godliness"—therefore we're practically in heaven.

Although our ship is a little small it doesn't handicap our activities in the least. What we can't do aboard we can certainly do ashore. We have had several smokers aboard; and while on the South China Patrol we took many hikes inland to different interesting places of historical prominence. Why, we even hiked from Pagoda Anchorage all the way to Foochow.—Maybe you like duck hunting. Well, you even have opportunities to participate in this interesting sport if attached to the *Tulsa*. Plenty of things to keep a fellow contented especially in Hong Kong or Shanghai.—If you know what we mean.

As it happens we are now in Shanghai

and the whole outfit is recuperating from the bad effects of a most enjoyable "Ship's Party" given at the "Maxime Cabaret." "Wine, women and song" was the slogan of the evening. Ah, me, but the nights are too short! "Snazz" Rogers and "Swede" Haynes have only one regret, that their capacity for beverages did not exceed the amount placed at their disposal. The night was wet but they got wetter. W. S. (Clark Gable to you) Freeman maintains that he took stimulants in moderation because (he could not betray his trust) he was accompanied by a very charming young lady who believed in "Moderation in all things." "Never the less," says he, "A few fast ones wont hurt me." So—the party rocked on till it reached the "height of hilarity." There to remain until the melodious strains of "Home Sweet Home," bade us all a polite farewell.

Thursday, due to the "Dangling Digit of Destiny," we were able to get the Hongkew Rifle Range for a day's practice fire, but the "Fickle Finger of Fate" was very offensive pestering us with extreme cold, strong wind and poor visibility but considering the inclement weather everyone had a good score, a great percentage were sharpshooters and experts.

Here's one of our many good points; we never stay at any port long enough for that particular place to get monotonous. "Variety is the spice of life." In fact we patrol the China coast quite thoroughly from Tsingtao to Hong Kong which makes life all the more interesting. You know a fellow always likes to return to familiar haunts. We are due in Cavite about the middle of the year and there, to be sure, will be a happy reunion of old friends. More cause for bliss on the part of all "short-timers" is, there will be a transport that will convey them to good old "State Side," therefore they are singing "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Are you LISTENING everybody? This is Station NIST signing off. So long, "shipmates."

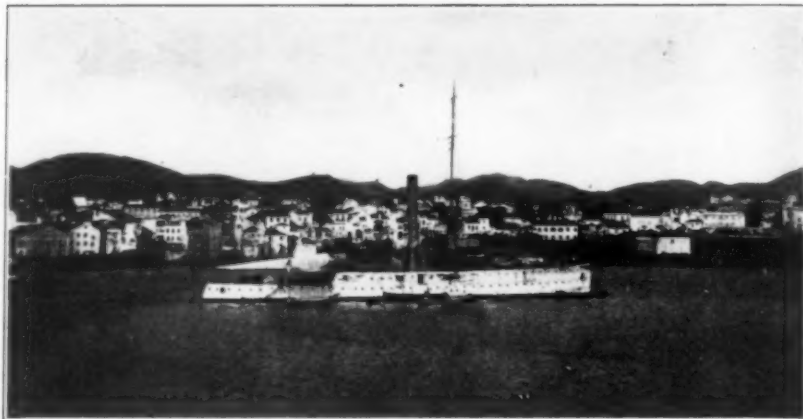
OKEY ON THE OKLAHOMA

By Halter Minchell

I am rather new on the Okey, but I have noticed that nothing about this ship has appeared in THE LEATHERNECK for the last couple months, so I will take the liberty to give the Alumni of our Alma Mater the latest.

Our commander is Captain Cummings, who has the guard well under control and shows interest in the work each individual is doing. The second in command is Second Lieutenant Climie, who is also interested in the work of each individual. As the boss of guns and drill we have Gunnery Sergeant Saunders, who has brought many of the 6th Regiment ideas aboard ship.

In the office is First Sergeant Goble, who controls the watch list, muster rolls, pay rolls and liberty cards. The top is no exception and therefore is a very popular man.



The U.S.S. Wilmington, Ponta Del Gada, Azores Islands, 1921

The "Top's" yes man and guard clown is Corporal Young.

The most honorable Sergeants of the guard are King, McLeaf, Wallace and Camou. King has the boys working hard on the Secondary Battery. McLeaf has charge of the searchlights, but he doesn't need them to see everything that is going on. Wallace is with the gang in the tops and keeps a lookout for the enemy. Camou runs around looking for the sentry reliefs when "GQ" goes.

As the corporals come next we have "Pappy" Heindel, who calls for a clean sweep down in the compartments and worries the guard as to who will do the mess striking, and then has the corporal of the guard call him before reveille so that the 12 to 4 can't sleep in. "Boss" Cameron (the authority on Diesel engines) has charge of the clothing storeroom. "Buc" Bucini, who just recently made it, is in charge of the expeditionary store room. I missed out on the cigars, but congratulations, Buc. "Pop" Sparling is about to leave us and we will miss that crazy laugh and twisted mustachio. Good luck at your new station and on the remainder of your thirty. "Johney" Mayer is still around at time for first call and is holding down one of the guns.

The Privates First Class are Peters, Snow, Seism, Anderson, Maulding, Ladd, Jones, Whipple, Pratt, Otis, and Nawjoke. Whipple, Pratt, and Ladd are standing Corporal of the Guard watches. Maulding and Jones are chief assistants to "Pappy." Anderson is chief steward of the pressing table. Otis (he is no relation to the woman that shot her lover down) is the official head clipper and chin scraper. Nawjoke is a soda jerker.

As gun strikers we have: Braman, Savachik, Kerr, Ball, W. G., Robinson and Ride-nour.

The radio students' "gadgets," "passengers," "sparks," etc., are Privates Klingler and Lobnow. They cannot be held responsible after all those dits and dahs.

The February messmen were Privates

Cherry, Schrum, Brooks, and Miskovitch.

Those who recently left our domicile are: Corporal Girdovitch, Corporal Sparling, Privates First Class Hines, Benedict and Price, Privates A. Hanson, Rogers and Roberts.

The latest arrivals are: Privates Williams, Lekrofta, Jones, R. H., Huson, Lemmer, Lewis, F. M., McClure, Fields and Trumpeter Husen.

Those to be transferred soon: Corporals Cameron and McDougall, Privates Rohrbach and Ball, W. G.

IDAHO SPUDS

G. C. H.

We arrived in Norfolk on the 14th of March for a two-day stay and then proceeded on to Boston; there to drydock and clean up ship. The Commonwealth drydock where we docked is the largest drydock on the East Coast, having accommodated such ships as the *Leviathan*, but our only kick is that the grounds were not large enough to hold all the Boston lassies who visited our ship. The weather may have been cold in Beantown, but we all agree that every heart was warm even though we emerged financially embarrassed.

The work over the side was completed in a few days, but with the hot drinks that were served and Chief Jones' synecopation of "In the Good Old Summer Time," time did not hang. A few thousand visitors were on the ship during the week-end and most of our "quarter-deck sheiks" were on hand as unofficial guides. We all enjoyed our trip to Boston and recommend it highly.

From Boston we proceeded to Rockland, Maine, for our engineering trials and according to the latest reports our speed trials were highly successful.

The promotions this month were Cecil Garvin to Corporal and "Joe E. Brown" Naumowich to Private First Class. Cecil and Joe have been on the edge for some time now and we are glad to see the weight lifted off their shoulders and we all hope you see many more ports with the *Idaho*.





MARINE DETACHMENT U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASS.

By Joe Harris

While the snow is melting, little by little, we have found time and warmth long enough to tell you readers of the happenings and "what-nots" around this place.

Our detachment is commanded by First Sergeant Colsky who is a happy-go-lucky fellow and a square shooter. He is a soldier, "Our Top" is, and we are proud of him.

Someone remarked that Frank Droz has embarked on the road of matrimony. How come, Droz? Well, from the looks of things, our boy from the "Butcher-town" finished the game before we became a menace to public safety and got locked-up. Seymour is next now.

Methinks our youngster, Al Kerr, is slipping. Tommy Bard can stand a few more lessons to catch up with himself on the art of how to write up riddles.

Our second in command, Sgt. L. D. Ganzel, is a Chelsea-town resident now. Roy Saylor is getting homesick for old Kentucky. Bob Fletcher will be in South Carolina soon. McGregor is stepping out now after a long time "up-the-pole."

Our congratulations to Cpl. Joe Harris and Pfc. A. A. Mullally. What's the middle "A" stand for, Mullally? Why so quiet lately, Lee? How about it Caldwell?

Our "Brains," John Frisone, can tell you! Us! or anybody else, what he is. What he can do. How to do it, and what a good "Model" Marine he is. "We are asking Kerr," John likes ADMIRALS who look like beachcombers.

"Louisiana" Tilley and "City-sleeker" Oxford are taking a long vacation in the hospital. Vickory is getting out of practice now since Tilley is goldbricking in the hospital. Oxford knows all about little cats who have fuzzy tails, but he won't tell us.

How about that Jug of Moonshine from the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, Burlison? We also have with us in our happy family two newcomers, Davis and Kelly. Adios.

MARINE BARRACKS, NORFOLK NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

By H. H. Townsend

Since I can think of nothing more fitting, and because First Lieutenant Cramer, coach and manager of the local "Dead-Eye Dicks," has been yelling for news in the hope that some other post will read this and challenge his men to a match, I will open this article by reciting the exploits of our Small Bore Rifle Team, which really has a remarkable record for the season. Out of seven matches so far they have recorded seven wins, and have been

closely pressed on only one occasion. After twice downing the teams from Robertson's and the Army Depot at Nansmond, and chalking up wins over the Naval Reserve, the Prentiss Park Athletic Club, and the National Guard, they now hold undisputed supremacy of the Tidewater District and, like Alexander, are looking for further conquest. First Sergeant Seider, Pay Sergeant Maynard, Sergeant Thompson, Corporal Harris and Private Koplow have been the big guns for the team so far, with Gunnery Sergeant Russell, Private First Class Horn, and Privates Holland, Whitmoyer and Weimer in reserve and not far behind the first team in scores. It is the plan of Lieutenant Cramer to arrange a postal match with the other posts on the East Coast at some time in the near future, and letters regarding this have been dispatched to these posts. In addition, a Tidewater tournament is being planned for the latter part of the month, and while we don't like to brag, we have no doubt but that the local marksmen will offer plenty of opposition to any who engage them.

The basketball team hailing from this post has fought a good fight all season,



and has just been nosed out of the championship of the Fifth Naval District by one game. The Naval Training Station "Boots" copped the gonfalon for the season by virtue of 16 wins and two defeats, despite the fact that they were taken into camp in two out of their three scheduled games with the local quintet, and we were a close second with 15 wins and 3 losses. Two of the defeats suffered by the local team came at the early part of the season, before they had developed the efficient machine they have at present, and had it not been for these setbacks, first place would have been assured. However, the "Boots" and the local "Leathernecks" will probably have a chance to tangle again in the near future, as both of them have entered the Portsmouth tournament and are expected to reach the finals. The curtain will be rung down on the court sport in a trip to Quantico and Washington on the 22nd of this month, and we offer congratulations to Captain Fleming and Corporal Head on the excellent team they have developed this year.

Since the early part of this article seems to be running to sports, I can't pass up

a chance to get in a few words about boxing. An excellent ring has been rigged up on the third floor of No. 2 Barracks, apparatus for work-outs installed under the direction of Johnny Stein, outstanding local boxer, and quite a few of the boys are taking advantage of the opportunity offered. Johnny seems to have gotten quite a bit of interest in boxing aroused lately, and more than one of our lads has been slinging leather under the bright lights in the surrounding sporting centers.

We threw another shin-dig in the Yard last month, and it turned out to be up to the enjoyable standard set by the preceding dances of the year. As usual, Bukowy and Dettenbach did a thriving business at the spigots, but quite a few who were unable to muscle into the beer line reported that the dancing was fine. A preliminary check indicates that the cloak room came out even this time, contrary to the usual custom of having a few scarfs or caps left over. Another dance is planned for the 16th of this month, and after that we will turn our attention to a smoker, which will probably be held about the middle of April and which will be looked forward to by the whole command.

A bunch of promotions fell on the post like manna from the heavens last month, and Corporals Sketoe, Woods and Bergstrom, and Privates First Class Davis, Pagonis, Shipe and Spell are sporting newly acquired ratings. We offer our congratulations and only hope they won't pull their rank on us poor privates.

Private Elliott has departed on un-official 72-hour business to Baltimore and cannot be reached for a statement before this article goes to the publisher. Private First Class Horn, room-mate of the absent Marine, when interviewed by your correspondent, merely shook his head and stated: "I hope everything turns out for the best."

Having noted with much chagrin that the last article I wrote was omitted from publication, I am resolved to make a test case of this article and see whether it is printed or not before I write any more. (Letters from members of this command urging suspension of printing will be ignored.)

HINGHAM SALVOS

By "Goose"

It sure looks like the Hingham Marine basketball team is what they call the "Cream of the Crop" of New England this year. Having beaten the Boston Marines and the Boston Navy Yard team, they extended their victories and took over the Portsmouth Navy Yard team by 63-46 at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in Charlestown. Brazke and Lendo predominated and were ably assisted by Champagne. So far this season the Hingham Marines have amassed twenty-four victories and three games have eluded



Col. F. A. Barker and Staff Inspects Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston

their grasp. Running up a string of nine-teen straight games has been their latest achievement and from the looks of things, will continue their winning ways. The only reason they haven't taken on the New London and Newport Marines is that these teams, upon being shown our impressive record, declared that their season had just closed, making a game improbable.

Aside from basketball the office force issues a challenge to anybody in a game of indoor baseball. Nobody around here seems willing to match their shooting eye with them. It would take a rifle team to cope with this team in their pet game.

Much to our surprise, Private First Class Lersch became the proud papa of a nine-pound baby on the morning of the 4th of March. And it won't be long now before Champagne will be passing out the cigars instead of smoking them. Let's hope it's a boy.

First Sergeant Olson just dug down into the old sock and bought himself a Chevrolet. Now he is wondering how he is going to get the thing up to the barracks in two instead of ten leaps. Good luck, top.

Private First Class Miller (Skippy is the name) just took a thirty-day furlough and now it is reported he is herding sheep up in Maine. Watch yourself, "Skippy."

Private Kay has been transferred to the M. C. Institute where from all indications he is correcting papers on Motor Mechanics. We all wish him the best of luck as a professor.

Private Such has just joined us and is now one of our telephone operators.

BOSTON BROADCASTS

The 17th of March is the BIG DAY. At this writing it is only a short way off but a large time is expected—for that is the day the Evacuation of the British troops is celebrated by the residents of South Boston. These barracks will send a representative detachment to participate in the parade in South Boston and, as in years past, we anticipate a hearty reception by the South Bostonites.

On the 18th of February twenty brand new Marines were received from Parris

Island—and from their performance of duty they evidently were given a thorough grounding in the duties of Marines by the instructors of Platoon 47, of which they were a part.

Everyone here is busy absorbing the drills and instruction covered by Marine Corps Order No. 41. Very satisfactory results are being obtained in using the Marines' Handbook in the instruction given on the varied and interesting subjects covered.

Cpl. J. P. Patrick finished his cruise here and immediately reenlisted for Coco Solo where we hope he will find things congenial. Cpl. Brunson A. Bookhart completed his eight-year enlistment here in February and immediately reenlisted. He is now enjoying his three months' furlough and we look forward to his return—we won't tell you the secret here though.

At this writing Private First Class Roche is being examined for promotion to corporal—he has been studying hard and is very confident. His friends throughout the Corps will be glad to hear of his progress.

China bound are Tpr. A. J. Loomis, O. L. Pierson and the well known (one and only) Horace A. Sherman. We wish you the best, boys—you'll need it. The motor transport school at Philadelphia received Pvts. W. A. Browning and L. E. Penn from this post and we wish them success in their studies.

It's Cpl. Roy P. Peterson, Cpl. Francis A. Brouillette, PFC. Clarence M. (Shorty, to you,) Walters, PFC. William B. Richards and PFC. John M. Peterson, now. These boys just passed a stiff competitive examination and are now sporting their new "stripes." (These are the kind of stripes though that mean extra money.) This spirit of competition has raised the morale of the other men to a high level and we expect just as good results when authority is received to effect future promotions. A fair chance is given to everyone who wants to make good.

BROADCAST FOR THE
MAY LEATHERNECK
SHOULD REACH EDITORS
BEFORE APRIL 8

CREAKS FROM THE CREEK

By Jo Jo

Just a few CREAKS from the Marine's Home, Naval Ammunition Depot, St. Julien's Creek, Portsmouth, Virginia.

CREAK ONE: Sounds heard through the squad rooms just before liberty call, "Any old rags, papers or magazines,"—Corporal Morton looks guilty.

CREAK TWO: Four men transferred to the Sound Motion Picture Technician's School, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y.: Pvt. "Professor Bookworm" W. K. Butler, Pvt. "Moon Gazer" B. F. Galloway, Jr., Pvt. "Etay Betsy" E. R. Sharman, Pvt. "Absent-minded" L. R. Smith. Good luck, fellows.

CREAK THREE: Shipped over for the U.S.S. *Outside*: Pfc. John "D." Wells, how the wind has subsided since he left; Pfc. Arthur E. Severance, de barber; Pvt. Clinton L. Wages (Joe King). RETIRED: Sgt-Maj. Wm. E. Ruetsch, 30 years; a good Sgt-Maj. gone to the chickens, but a poor pool shot.

CREAK FOUR: We are very sorry that we are to lose the following good Marines in the near future via the discharge route: Private First Class Szymanski, Private First Class Johnson, Privates Balsom, Brewer, Cain, Case, Falla, Harris, Lee, and Pollon.

You know there is an old saying "Once a Marine Always a Marine." See you all when you get hungry, but why take that chance? The First Sergeant says he has a goodly supply of brand new record books, also nice pink sheets which can be put in your present record book. Better see him and talk it over with him. Just see how the list "Recent reenlistments" keeps growing in THE LEATHERNECK.

CREAK FIVE: Pfc. J. D. Crimmins, our beloved and worthy Mess Sergeant, signed a pink slip for two more years and was promoted to Corporal on the first of March. At the same time Pvts. G. F. Fincke and E. R. Worth were promoted to Private First Class.

CREAK SIX: We have in our midst another gigolo. Private McAfee has a very nice girl for chauffeur * * * * * O. K., Mac.

CREAK SEVEN: The following worthies have joined our colony since the first of the year: First Sgt. L. J. Burrows, and Pvts. K. E. Dorsey, G. W. Kaulback, Jr., W. G. McGuire, H. F. Schoppman, from the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, and Pfc. J. D. Crimmins, B. H. Johnson, and Pvt. M. R. Lee, from FMF, Quantico, Va. In addition to those leaving via the discharge route, and to school, Sgt. Frederick E. Miller, our ex-mess sergeant, left for duty with the FMF, also Pvts. J. Spaventa, V. E. Stevens and L. J. Sullivan wish them luck, and hope they enjoyed their cruise to the southern climes. Pfc. J. Dominic left us and joined forces with the Navy Yard Marines.

CREAK EIGHT: February 22nd we observed Washington's birthday by sitting down to a bountiful duck dinner with all the trimmings and side dishes. Then topped off the day with a dance. The Navy Yard Marines came out in force and helped us make it a big success; drinks and refreshments served topped it off. One lady was heard to remark, "Boy, you don't have them often, but when you do, OH, BOY." It must have been a success.

CREAK NINE: Familiar remarks heard daily: First Calls; GOING ASHORE! Sergeant Loudon, Mail Clerk, practicing to be a train caller, three times a day. "I'm real mad." That Mess Sergeant served

spinach; I ate it and liked it. Sergeant Morse, who holds down the QM desk. Then we heard the First Sergeant calling for farmers the other day; it must be that we are going to enjoy the fats of the land, besides the other good eats that the mess sergeant puts out.

CREAK TEN: To top it all off we are very proud to say that our destinies are guided by the best skipper in the service. He is none other than the "Always Smiling" Captain, C. W. Martyr.

DOVER DONATIONS

By Richards

Being several months since the readers of THE LEATHERNECK have had a chance to get the "low down" on the Marines at the N.A.D. I think now is a good time to dish it out.

On Washington's Birthday we had our first dance we have had for many months. For this we have to thank Ch. Gun, Boschen, who came here a few months ago from Quantico—and we all wish to thank him for starting it and doing so much in putting it over. Mr. Boschen did not miss a single dance all evening and I think I should say that is a considerable break for the ladies. Beer was served throughout the evening—also sandwiches and coffee during intermission. Corporal Lorman—our canteener cowboy—was probably the busiest person all evening. If he was not entertaining along the side lines he was dancing—if he was not dancing he was checking up on the broken beer glasses. What a job—and he is still short a few glasses. Corporal Stephenson and Private First Class Hopkins were our dashing bartenders—Tiger Rose was the Master of Ceremonies—and "Chubby" Mangum was our "hack" driver. Chubby was responsible for the people getting up from down town. He didn't mind so much because his "one and only" was with him part of the time. What a shame! The "affair"—I mean the dance—was such a success that we are hoping to have one every month.

Please pardon me if I get things a bit mixed up here—and don't squawk if your feelings are hurt. When you want to find Privates McCarroll, Sprouse or Rector just call any one of them and you will see all three come trailing along. We call them the three "stooges" now but are merely waiting for another name to drift along. "Count" Jedeno—our company clown—is now a Private First Class as is our cook—Robinson. I think both of them are thirty year men now. Of course Robinson can't go back to Texas anyway. Sergeant Handley—just in about a month ago from Charleston—is now our "belly robber"—taking Sergeant Martin's place, when he left for the hospital. Handley has had about six years' experience in that line and we are all expecting wonderful chow. Private Patton is going around singing—rootie-toot-toot—we're the boys from the institute—Patton is leaving very soon for the Marine Corps Institute.

We are over half finished with our bowling tournament which has been going on all winter. The Marines Staff and Line teams are trailing now but they are improving all the time. They have very strong competition in the civilian teams and Officers team. They will still be fighting for those cups and prizes right up to the end.

I think this will be enough to let everybody know that we are still up here in Dover—so until a later date we'll say—"Adios."

MARINE BARRACKS, NORFOLK NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

By H. H. Townsend

After the hustle and bustle of last month's activities, things have quieted down considerably around the barracks, and left your correspondent in a muddle as to what startling news he should write when there doesn't happen to be any. However, bear with me and possibly, although not probably, we shall find something worth telling.

No doubt our outstanding activity of the month was the Enlisted Men's Dance, which was held as usual in Building No. 31 in the Yard, and which brought forth a larger crowd than any preceding affair of the current season. The Post Non-Commissioned Officers Committee had charge of the arrangements, and did a very creditable job of it, deviating slightly from the usual custom by letting the dance continue until 1 o'clock instead of the regular hour of 12. This change was due to the fact that the dance was held on Friday night, and there was no danger of disturbing the peaceful Sabbath rest of the good citizens of Portsmouth. The beer bar, with Dettenbach and Bukowy at the spigots, did its usual rushing business, the music by Kirby Smith was all that could be asked for, and the Post came out ahead at the check room by one scarf, which no one has claimed to date. It is planned to make these dances a regular affair every month, which will certainly meet with the approval of all men in the Post, especially Privates Alvin Davis and Carmen Dill, who cause no end of flutter in the feminine hearts by their intricate Terpsichorean exhibitions.

The local basket-ball team has been going places in the Fifth Naval District League lately, and is now tied for first place with the Naval Training Station "Boots." Only five games remain to be played, and if the Post quintet is successful in getting by the "Boots" in their next game, which is to be played on the Training Station court the 18th, the Post will be richer by a large silver Victory trophy, which would look pretty snappy on display in the Exchange. After the regular league season the team is planning to take a trip to Washington to test the caliber of the teams around those parts. In addition to the game with the Washington Barracks, contests will probably be staged with the team from Quantico and with the Hospital team in the Capitol City. The boys have been working hard all season and deserve all the good luck they can have.

A bit of diversion was offered the Post a few days ago when the local Police shed threatened to go up in flames, but order was soon restored and the only damage done was to the appetites of the Guard reliefs

and the special duty men, who happened to be bent over their plates at early chow when Fire Call was sounded. A nasty rumor to the effect that some of the short timers were trying to get out of work by burning their happy home was squelched when Private Quinn, I/C Hardwood floors, came forward with the confession that the electric stove got out of control while he was melting wax. Anyway, the boys at the Fire Department got a little exercise, and the boys made up for their lost meal at late chow.

The Post Small Bore Rifle team has been coming along at a fast clip, and has won all of its matches to date by comfortable margins. A "B" team has been established for the men who are not quite up to the caliber of the first string as yet, and has won its only match so far, downing the Prentiss Park Athletic Club by a fairly close score. As a stimulant to shooting, cartons of cigarettes were offered last month to the men making the five highest scores among the recruits, with the final results showing that Privates Weimer, Whitmoyer, Dowden, Johnson, and Rowan would be able to save at least \$1.10 of their pay on smokes. Quite a few matches for both the "A" and "B" teams are being scheduled for the season, and we hope that all of them will be recorded in the win column.

Having nothing further to state, I rest my case until next month, at which time I will turn out another "soupy" article, unless relieved before that date for the damage I have done in this one.

NAVAL HOSPITAL DETACHMENT

Portsmouth, Virginia
Duckie-Wuckie

Now that warmer weather is nearly here, the men in this detachment are looking forward to spring cleaning. Without a doubt, we have one of the best barracks in the Marine Corps. Everything possible has been done to make our barracks homelike and comfortable. All walls and decks are kept freshly painted, windows polished and no untidiness is allowed. First Sergeant Livermore and the rest of the detachment are mighty proud of their barracks.

Our baseball team is also looking forward to these warmer days. Last year we were well up in the running for championship of the hospital, and this year we intend to do better. All of last year's team are back and with the addition of some new men, by replacements, who may make some of last year's regulars step out to keep their positions; we intend to come in first in the race this year.

Plans are being made to play volley-ball also. As soon as a court is laid out and a net purchased we will all be outside slapping the ball over the net. In addition to this we are planning to build a small bore rifle range. We have among the members of the detachment a number of experts and sharpshooters, and as soon as we get a range built, we intend challenging outside rifle teams.

The men are contributing to a general fund to buy necessities that may come up such as magazines, tubes for the radio, or helping make



Marines Fired Upon By Snipers at Vera Cruz, Eleven Years Ago This Month

a loan to one of the men whose finances are at a nil. Corporal Young was placed in charge of collecting this money. He ordered a number of popular magazines to be sent here monthly. One of them happened to be "Love Story." Private Moffett wanted to know why any Marine would want to read such a magazine but it is noticed that the above magazine is the first one he reads.

There has been an increased amount of going ashore of late. Maybe these southern girls have been taken in by pleas of these lonesome Marines. Anyhow, Privates Vitopil, Harrison, Spindler and Johnson are all getting a lot of telephone calls. Of course Corporal Young's nor Private Blakesley's count, for they are just a couple of playboys. The Navy Y is also proving quite popular with some of the members of this detachment. Isn't that right, Privates Stillman, Stevens and McCreery? When are the announcements coming out, boys?

In the last month we have lost the services of two popular men of this detachment. They were Pfc. Waters, who is getting paid off; and Private Mae, who is going Asiatic. With the going of these two men, we gained the services of Privates Smalley and Dowden. Goodluck to those two men who are leaving and to those who replaced them we wish success.

Most of the men are taking courses from the Marine Corps Institute. It is commendable to note the interest these men are showing in their courses. We know that their time is not being wasted and what they learn will help them in the future, whether they stay in the service or return to civilian life.

And now because we want to give some other detachment a chance we will close and we'll have more news for you next month.

GAS OUT OF THE BAG

Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey

By S. Chesnin

Howdy, folks, once more the members of this Command and our front rank soldiers reading from left to right, Major Patchen, commanding; Captain Walker, Post Quartermaster and Officer in Charge of Drills and Instruction. Lieutenants Greene and Carroll, QM Sgt. Greenberg and our "Top," 1st Sgt. Booker, greet and welcome you into the folds of acquaintanceship. Since last writing this column, a lot has happened to our command in the realm of sport, transfers, dirt and otherwise.

The writer of this column, and all the members of our Command, are wishing our newly formed basketball team the best of luck and long life. Privates Decker, DuRose, Gilmore, Coan, Ontjes and Kirkland made a splendid showing in the inauguration game of the Station Basketball League. Even though the cards were stacked against them because of the larger numbers of substitutes on the Lighter-Than-Air's team, more seasoned players and heavier men, our boys made a splendid showing. The game ended by the Gobs trimming us 19 to 14. From what this correspondent gathered from here and there, our first game turned out to be a regular humdinger, plenty exciting and not lacking in speed. All our games are now being played in the Gas cell shop. This building is, in everyone's estimation, believed to be about the best indoor gym in the State of New Jersey. At present we have only completed the basketball apparatus but we all have hopes that in the near future with the help of additional funds, it will contain much more athletic paraphernalia than we have at present. The

latest dope on the basketball game between the Marines and the Gobs of the Los Angeles Division shows that the Marine quintet came out triumphant with a score of 13 to the Gobs 9. Trumpeter Gilmore successfully scored 4 field goals; Private Decker scoring 3; the remainder of the team dividing among themselves the rest of the seven goals. This game was, of all, the most closely contested. At the end of the half, the score board showed eleven all. The standing of the Marine team on the Station basketball league is third place. The Lighter-Than-Air team copping first place with the Fourth Division bringing up a close second.

A short while ago through the help of First Lieutenant Greene, our athletic officer and Lieutenant Campbell, USN., our ship's service store officer, we were able to put into active operation the three pool tables which now grace our basement. These pool tables have been a regular god-send to the enlisted personnel of the station, both Marines and Blue-jackets. We're all getting one great big kick out of them, especially on rainy days or when the picture show isn't so hot. The personnel of the station and a great many of the officers have in the past few months taken to bowling with a fiendish delight. At present our PQM, Cap-



tain Walker, appears to be plenty hot on the afore-mentioned sport. During his spare time the PQM is most always to be seen knocking the Pins for a loop. Private Troy, our First Cook, can be seen at the alley, most any night, when not on watch, swinging them cannon balls into action. Now that we've got a basketball team, we ought to get up a bowling team. We've got the men and from what I've seen around here we ought to have plenty of fast and furious competition from the sailors and their officers. However we can take it as well as dish it out.

In addition to the above mentioned athletic activities, we have just recently completed our indoor rifle range. Thanks to Private First Class Smith, the builder of the range, and the officers of the post, we will now be able to get in some much needed practice before going to Cape May. Captain Walker, is going to help us form a rifle team which, we hope, will be able to compete with other posts and rifle teams around this district. The men here are all for the range and though some of us may get a few back aches, we'll still be getting plenty of fun out of it.

Since Sergeant Griffin went on furlough his dog Dynamite mopes around pining for his beloved master. Hey, Griff, why not give the mut a break? Them gals down there can see Marines most anytime at the

Charlestown Navy Yard. Lieutenant Greene left us a short while ago in order to increase his education in the field of scientific warfare. The lieutenant is now to be found at the chemical warfare school, Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland.

The entire post wants to officially welcome the new detail that just arrived from the Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, the Washington, D. C., detail and the new bunch from the Navy Yard, New York, N. Y. All told that makes about fifteen additional men to boost up the strength of this command. We're all wishing you fellows a hearty welcome and hope that you'll enjoy your cruise at your new post. With much regret we announce the departure of Music "Schnozzle" Hansen. Our former music decided to make a gentleman of himself and become an officer so starting at the bottom he asked for a transfer to sea-school where he will get his chance at nine months sea duty and then Annapolis. We're all rooting for you, Schnozzle, so don't let us down. Another former member of our post, Johnny Rose, has left our company for the F.M.F. I bet two bits that he'll miss this place and good old Riverside Drive, where he made a name for himself by engaging a couple of vulgar ruffians from the sidewalks of New York, and showing them what's what. However, Johnny didn't come away unhurt for lo and behold he was the fond possessor of a beauty, my friends, a pippen of a shiner. Since then Rose has gotten into plenty of scraps in and around Lakehurst, and still is our record holder for the beautiful round spot of blue that graces the circumference of one organ of sight. Another of our famous brood who has left us is Sgt. A. B. Bowman, the man who taught the teachers all there is to know about teaching Aerology. Bowman decided that now was the time for a rising and ambitious young man to do right by himself so he ups and leaves the Corps for the bleak wastes of Newark Airport where he can now be found pounding over maps, instruments, weather reports and the other thousand and one jobs of an airplane dispatcher, whatever that may be. Private Turkowski, one of our former firemen left our post for a transfer to the Naval Ammunition Depot, Dover, N. J., where, from reliable resources, we hear that he is having a pretty swell time—hitting the hay after 1300. Move over, Turk, and give us a break. Well, so long, guys, until next time.

THE QUAHOGS

A quahog being slightly more communicative than the ordinary clam is perhaps the only excuse for the following few remarks concerning the almost "Forgotten seventy," here at Newport, R. I., at the torpedo station located on the island in Narragansett Bay, and closely resembling a submarine in shape (see the map).

Spring is in the offing, if one is to believe the "Clam Diggers"; defined as those who have been stationed here more than two years. No lambs have been seen gamboling, and there is no greensward for them to exercise upon were they in the mood, so the cynics point with a laugh at the snow and an occasional seal cavorting in the bay; not yet having felt the urge to seek more frigid waters.

As in all places where outside activities are curtailed by the weather, our time has been devoted to making ourselves proficient in the different phases of our profession, per MCO No. 41. Those who go in for basketball, ping pong and the different pool games, have also had a strenuous workout.

The station basketball team composed en-

THE LEATHERNECK

tirely of Marines of this detachment has played some exceptionally good ball in competition with the other teams of the Service League. We stand an excellent chance of winning the tournament, being at present tied for first place with the Army Boys of Fort Adams. The deciding final three games will be played in the near future and all the dope on the season's games will be available for the next write-up.

The retirement of Lt-Col. John Dixon on the twenty-sixth of last month caused several changes in the duties of the officers. Maj. G. D. Hatfield is now commanding the barracks. Capt. R. E. Mills is our Post Quartermaster, and one of the unconvinced cynics about this early spring business. First Lt. John B. Hill, our Detachment Commander, Post Exchange Officer and Morale Officer, has been especially interested in the basketball team and Marine Corps Order No. 41.

Lately the most popular spot in the barracks has been the Post Exchange. Corporal Scott, the boy with the quick come-back and the educated index finger (right hand, and used mostly on the cash register), functions smoothly and graciously as host to those who have a dime for a beer or a bar of soap. Several very enjoyable occasions have been made more so recently by the generosity of our Post Exchange in providing ale and sandwiches.

The climax of the social season and round of exclusive activities was reached on the night of the sixth, at which time most of the celebrities of the organization might have been observed "Letting go the wheel" in the privacy of the club rooms at the V. F. W. dugout: Sergeants Seyfert (Dutch), and O'Connor (Chuck), with the able assistance of Sergeant Pete the Pettigrew, Private Quimby the Quahog, Healy the Hellion and Corporal Kelley of pilot house fame. A great time was had by all, was the word that drifted back to those of us on watch about one o'clock in the morning.

Privates First Class Marksbury and Ritchie were elevated to the rank of corporal on the first of the month with the congratulations of our commanding officer and best wishes of their friends. Privates Gardner, Morrow and Pruett went up a notch and may now be seen dashing here and there about the barracks. One of the last crew mentioned is suspected of having a desire to put his stripe on his dungaree blouse. His excuse is: how will anybody know if I don't, that I am a Private First Class.

Considering all things, we have here at the Torpedo Station, what might be called, "Just one big happy family," and I think that an interest is taken by all in making this post the kind we ship over for.

There will undoubtedly be further news of this detachment next month, for by then, things, including this typewriter, will have thawed a bit, and additional events of interest may have occurred.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

BEFORE I begin with the ceremonies I want to invite the attention of all my readers (both of them) to the story appearing in this issue of *THE LEATHERNECK*, "Brothers Under the Tin," by Frank H. Rentfrow. All of you know the author, but I feel that there are some few who have failed, in the past, to read his fiction that has appeared in previous



Soldiers', Sailors' and Marines' Club, 1015 L Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

issues of the magazine. If you are one of the number I warn you—do not fail to read this story. It was published some time ago in *Battle Stories*, and we feel that it is well worth repeating here. I am not writing this at the request of our Managing Editor—as a matter of fact, he is as little aware of the "boost" as you are. I'm doing it because I don't want any of you to miss out on one of the best short war-stories that ever happened along. Read it and if you think that you have wasted your time, blame me!

April . . . when a young Marine's fancy turns to thoughts of . . . furlough. Makes a guy feel kinda poetic . . . "the birds are busting on the trees . . ." Anyway, folks, it's Springtime in the Rockies, in the Ozarks and along the old Potomac. Let's call the roll and have all the recently-acquired hands sound off, then we'll follow the dictates of our hearts and saunter over by the Monument and see if the cherry blossoms are beginning to bloom yet. Sergeants? Nope, no sergeants this month. Corporals? Yep, a couple—Franklin and Limerick. Privates First Class? Uh, huh, a couple of them, too—Floyd and Hughes. And two trumpeters—Crews and Sullivan. Privates, of course—Kay, Hawkins, Fohner, Ryan, Vienneau, Watts, Gearhart and Flanik. But when we get some we lose others: 1st Lt. John R. Lanigan has left us for duty at an Asiatic Station. Sergeant Skowronek is now hanging his hat in Coco Solo; Corporal Tillas and Private Hefner have gone to the Naval Operating Base at Norfolk; Private First Class Clay was transferred to the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and Private First Class Wade is trying duty at the Yard in Portsmouth, Virginia. Adios, fellows, perhaps we'll run across you again some time. Good luck.

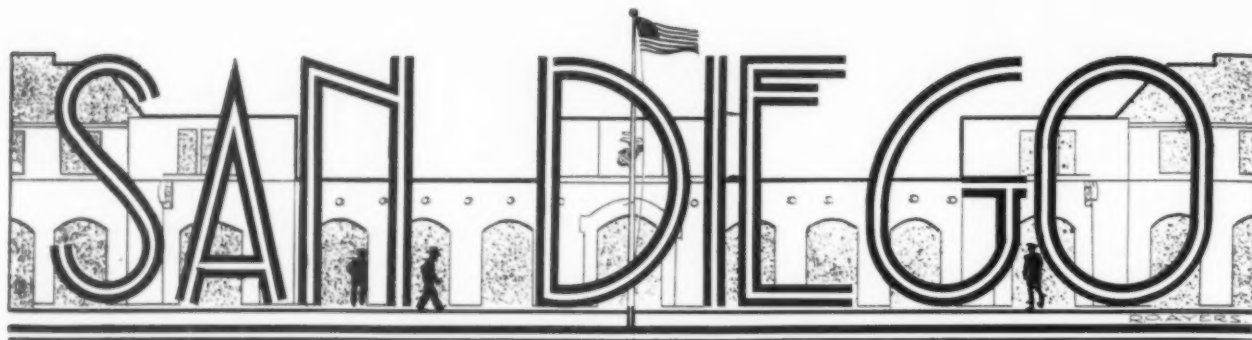
Corporal Lobley and Private Rhodes went out on Special Orders. Lobley has gone to Texas to raise onions (yeah?) and Rhodes is attending the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. Private First Class Poe and Private Routsaw went to the

Great Outside. Corporal Smith ended a cruise and shipped over, as did Musician 1st Class Bies and Sergeant Doyle of the Marine Band.

The Barracks Detachment knocked down five promotions during February and the Schools got four. From the Barracks: George Washington, from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant; Carnahan, from Corporal to Sergeant; Sparks, from Private to Corporal; Dillon, from Private to Private First Class, and Oliver, from Private to Private First Class. In the Schools: Astleford, Bailey, Robinton and Spencer, all from Private First Class to Corporal. Congrats, boys.

The Bridge teams are on the "up" once more. For a time it seemed that they were due to go down for the count, but the lads used the old "beans" and paired off with members of the fairer sex and managed to drag in four cups during the past month (Maybe it was the inspiration or something). I regret that I do not have the names of the ladies who were so instrumental in aiding the boys; I shall be restricted to enumerating the winners from the Barracks. They were Inglee, Groves and Astleford. Astleford was the victor in two events, consequently, two cups are added to his credit. In the Federal Bridge League we find the Marine teams ensconced in 11th, 17th and 18th positions. The *Leathernecks* lost their captain when Joe Lobley was paid off, and they have relinquished their place near the top, moving from sixth to eleventh (This does not intend to discredit the other members of the team, but merely points out that a winning combination has been disorganized). The *Marine Corps* Team has lost its captain, also—at least, temporarily. Joe Cook is in the Naval Hospital at the present time, but the others of his team have been fortunate, indeed, in securing the able assistance of Mrs. O'Toole, who is substituting for the missing man. Even the ranks of the *Set-Back* Team have been rifled, Bob Gunsalus, playing for Rawlings, is teamed with Da-

(Continued on page 59)



6th MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

FIRST BATTALION BRIEFS

By E. W. P.

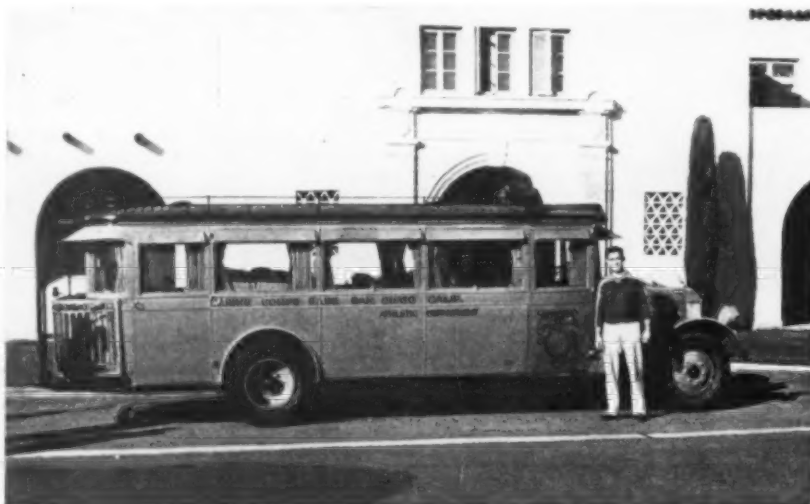
THE First Battalion, 6th Marines, Fleet Marine Force, is becoming rapidly orientated on California soil and its members are becoming acclimated to the military routine of the FMF, and to the task of transforming an assortment of experienced and raw recruits into a compact fighting unit.

This organization has been conducting record target practice since the start of the new year, the various companies holding their own range practice at the Marine Corps range at La Jolla. Company "D," in addition, has been busy with machine gun practice firing at Camp Kearney.

The Battalion will be well represented in the Western Division Rifle and Pistol Competitions which will be held at the range at La Jolla, California, about the 25th of March. The Fleet Marine Force will have 15 men competing. Marine Gunner Henry P. Crowe of Company "D," 1st Battalion, is team coach. "Jim" Crowe, as he is known to all followers of Marine Corps football and rifle shooting, is just at the top of the heap when it comes to manipulating a Springfield rifle, and should develop a winning team. First Lt. Paul Drake and 1st Lt. Karl K. Louther, from Companies "B" and "A," respectively, are, also, probable members of the team. Cpl. William Mikell and Privates Woods and Wiedman, all of Company "B," are registering high scores and will likely compete in these matches.

The Battalion is now developing rapidly as a combat unit of the Sixth Marines and is ready now for independent or detached duty. One may be passing through the surrounding mesa out near the Camp Kearney area and suddenly see airplanes swooping down and flying close over the tree tops with observers scanning the surrounding country. These are not enemy planes, but merely the Fleet Marine Force fliers from Aircraft Two, over on North Island,

cooperating with the members of our battalion in carrying out bush warfare problems. Our signal men establish contact with these planes by panels. It is not unusual to see signalmen wildly waving signal flags from distant summits, to spot landing parties pulling up on the shore in front of the base, to see our men digging trenches, throwing up entanglements, practicing heaving grenades, and to see men rendering first aid to the injured. These things may appear to be individual tasks to the casual observer, but they are all a



Bus Donated to the Athletic Department, Marine Corps Base, by Warner Brothers. "Cheesy" Neil is the Operator.

part of the intensive program to make our organization a fighting outfit second to none.

Lt-Col. Thomas S. Clarke is our Commanding Officer, and has keen insight into the needs of the men of his battalion; his encouragement of team and individual athletics, and his qualities as a military leader have brought to all who have come in contact with him a feeling of warmth and admiration and a resolution to never "let him down."

Maj. Frank Strong is our Battalion Executive Officer, and Capt. Augustus Fricke is Battalion Adjutant. Both these officers have been kept more than busy between the training program of the men and the plans for the maneuvers.

Speaking of maneuvers, the latest "dope" is that the battalion will leave

here about the third of May, go aboard the U.S.S. *Utah* and accompany the fleet to Hawaii where maneuvers, landing problems, etc., will be held. Some of the "Devil Dogs of the Air" campaigners are hoping for plenty of landing parties on the trip as they think they looked pretty classy in their screen debut. We do not hesitate to express the belief that their wishes will be fulfilled. And more power to them. From Hawaii we are destined to ramble on to the Midway Islands and do a bit of maneuvering out there. Then it should be "Homeward Bound" and back to San Diego and the Marine Base. And we bet even the double decker bunks will look and feel great then. Upon arriving

back here the Pacific Exposition will be in full swing and from all indications it will be something well worth seeing.

While it is not probable that the Marine Corps will have a drill team at the Exposition, there will be thousands of additional visitors at the Base and this Battalion should come in for much favorable attention.

With the arrival of the Marines from China to form the 2nd Battalion of our 6th Marines, many old acquaintances were renewed, and we are more than enthusiastic over the privilege of serving with such fine fellows, and, incidentally, competing with them. It is not difficult to imagine the increasing trend

to exchange experiences and talk over the "old days," when one realizes that there are more than two thousand Marines here at the Base. And when a group of these old Haitian and Chinese Marines start swapping stories over a pitcher of foaming beer, the first man just naturally hasn't a chance. The Marines of the FMF here now have a club, the "Dugout." While it is run by civilians, it is similar to the old Service Clubs in Shanghai and Port au Prince and you may write your name in the book. It is just across from the Base and mighty handy. Lee Popple, ex-Marine football player, has a cozy spot just around the corner, called the Midway Athletic Club. And lots of the Battalion athletes (!) drop in to see Lee and scoff a couple of cold ones.

Did we mention athletes? Well, no fool-

ing, we have some real athletes in this Battalion. When the opening lineup is announced for the baseball team this spring you can just bet your spare cash that when the ump announces "Batteries for today's game," none other than our old Brigade star, Joe Andy Griffin, will be the catcher. Joe is an asset to any ball team with his ability and pep, and should be due for his best season. Ray Sadler, former All-Marine diamond star, now in Company "D," has the inside track for the first base job. McNicol, from Company "B," is showing plenty of stuff on the mound, while Lidyard, Keeton, Mann, Farley and "Screw Top" Brown are all bidding for first string assignments. "Sharkey" Shumway, famous Marine footballer, is a leading outfield candidate.

Joe Wetherbee and "Duke" Pearsley played on the Base basketball team. We have a stable of boxers just raring to go. It is the aim of the Battalion to have winning teams in all sports and to afford athletics and recreation for all. Team play in athletics and in soldiering is essentially parallel.

Captain Fricke is busy organizing an orchestra for the Battalion, and while this is just in its embryonic stage we expect to hear some mighty sweet music on our coming boat trip, and who knows, we may be running our own dances when we return and utilize our Battalion musicians. Company "B" boasts of two of the leading bridge players on the Pacific Coast in 1st Sgt. Hake S. Tyson and Sgt. Caldwell Hunter. They were winners in the San Diego Contract Bridge Pair Tournament and have been selected to compete in the Pacific Coast Championship, in Los Angeles on the 9th of March.

Cpls. Jim Elliott and Beldon Lidyard have been transferred from Battalion Headquarters Company to Company "C." Lidyard, incidentally, recently completed the Marine Corps Schools' Non Commissioned Officers' Course. We offer him our congratulations. Gy-Sgt. Harvey Diamond has been transferred from Company "D" to the 2nd Battalion. Another of our old Haitian Marines moving along.

Sgts. Nate Segal and Charley Janacek are now members of Company "D," joining that outfit from Mare Island. Sergeants Bennett, Freeman and Meeks now answer the roll up at Company "B." They also come here from China via the U.S.S. *Chaumont*.

Let's we forget. While dealing with personalities we want to mention the fact that we have two of the best mess sergeants in the Corps in Sgt. Joe Rider and Cpl. Alex "Chief" Giddens. Both these men have taken over messes that have been far from smooth sailing and have really "put out the chow." That in itself goes a long way in increasing the efficiency of an organization. And now we shall bring our little piece to a close, with sincere regards to all of our friends, espe-

cially the old Haitian Marines. We will be back with more news of the First Battalion next month.

SECOND BATTALION, 6TH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

The recently organized Second Battalion seems to have eyes cast upon it from all parts of the Base. It is under the supervision of our able Commander, Lt-Col. Thomas E. Watson, who joined us from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, relieving Maj. John P. Adams, who has been in command since 1 December, 1934. Major Adams is our Battalion Executive Officer. After one looks over the Staff of Officers we have in this Battalion there is no wonder this "man's outfit" is envied by our fellow Marines.

The last "delivery" the U.S.S. *Chaumont* made it brought us about two hundred "Leathernecks" from Shanghai, China. Among them were Lieutenants Anderson, McKee, Dillon, Berkeley and Yandle. They have been assigned to compa-

nies includes quite a number of games of reputé. You can bet your last dime these boys are going to make some one put out to get their names ahead on the line-up. Private First Class Daniel, an outstanding hurler from last season, seems to have undying pep. Private First Class Smith, the southpaw from the land of "sunshine and flowers," holds quite a remarkable record here also.

A number of the fellows in this Battalion have been seen in the vicinity of Mission Hills, a popular suburb of San Diego; however, no one has been able to ascertain the facts of the attraction. Private Crowe, of Texas, after the third trip, states that his father has neuritis of the shoulder, therefore, Private Crowe would like a "dependency discharge." Whether she is blonde or otherwise we do not know as Private First Class Carr has not paid her a visit.

This being the first appearance of the Second Battalion, we will not claim any more of your time.

*From morn 'til night, their work begun,
They toil 'neath this
Californian sun;
They never growl,
curse or swear,
The wearers of the
Fourragere.*

HDQTRS. AND HDQTRS. CO., 6TH REGIMENT, FLEET MARINE FORCE

The "Asiaties" have bid farewell to the Fourth Marines and are calling themselves the Sixth now. When the good ship *Chaumont* docked at San Diego, the lusty liars from the Far East were soon settled in their new quarters and beginning the task of organizing the Regimental Headquarters and Headquarters Company.

With Colonel A. B. Drum holding the reins as Commanding Officer and Major L. R. Jones in the "Exec" seat and directing Training and Operations, the wheels began to turn. Captain C. G. Stevens, Regimental Adjutant, said, "I'm your Company Commander," and assigned the different sections. Captain R. R. Robinson started training his men in the Intelligence Platoon and Captain W. M. Mitchell's outfit took over the Communications Platoon. The infant outfit is now pushing ahead under full steam. Captain R. W. Winters keeps them well fed as mess officer and Pay Clerk J. B. Bird gives them the wherewithal to stand off the chit collectors. 1st Sergeant W. McK. Peters bosses the office force.

Most of the "dog robbers" are ex-China hands and received their training in the Fourth Regiment. So far the gang is busy getting acquainted with their new surroundings and haven't had time to break into the public eye. Corporals O. A. Roy and J. W. Kenton are playing on the Base basketball team which has won the 11th Naval District championship and so are carrying on the good work they started when they were on Shanghai cham-



Marston Museum in San Diego

nies and those Sea-Soldiers under their command are registering one hundred marks. Another Marine of "honorable mention" is 1st Sgt. Gilbert L. Owens (better known as Pete), who is acting Sergeant-Major for the Battalion. The "Top" is one of those Marines you read about but seldom see. He has forgotten several times there was a clock in the office; however, he has found it now and his clerks generally get out in time for chow.

Company "H," the oldest in the Battalion, commanded by Capt. William Ulrich, is now considered one of the best Machine Gun companies in the Fleet Marine Force. One private made the remark that since joining the company his mind had simply gone "blanco." However, we have tried to convince him that it is only regulation in the Marine Corps. Are we regulation! exclaims Corporal Bennett. He states that only a few days past Captain Ulrich said to him, "Corporal, I am pleased that the men have been keeping regulation equipment, but for goodness sake, do not let them 'blanco' the walls of the arcade."

The baseball season soon begins here, and from all appearances this Battalion is going to be well represented. The sched-



PERSONNEL OF THE RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Left to right, first row (sitting): Gy-Sgt. L. E. Brown; 1st Sgt. E. E. Daniel; Sgt. Major C. Davis; Captain O. A. Dow, CO S&FMS; Lt. Comdr. J. W. Grassl, (DC), USN; Comdr. H. E. Jenkins, (MC), USN; Colonel B. S. Berry, CO, Recruit Depot; Major A. B. Miller, Ex-Officer, Recruit Depot; Captain J. P. Schwerin, CO, RDEdet; 2nd Lieut. L. H. Reilly; 1st Sgt. A. E. Buckner; Gy-Sgt. B. T. Kafka; 1st-Sgt. W. R. Hooper. Left to right, second row (standing): HA 1/c Warner, (MC), USN; Sgt. L. L. Gorski; Sgt. J. Kuhar; Sgt. J. J. Matsick; Sgt. J. W. Burnworth; Sgt. P. R. Agar; Sgt. W. R. Sonnenberg; Sgt. I. P. Johnson; Sgt. N. L. Currier; Sgt. B. E. Conquest; Sgt. A. B. Hudson; Sgt. P. V. Devine; Sgt. J. E. Karynaske; Sgt. L. Rubenstein; PhM. Godfrey, (MC), USN. Left to right, third row (standing): PFC F. W. Garzarella; Cpl. L. A. Kane; Pvt. R. W. Woolworth; Cpl. E. D. Smith; Tpr. Cpl. D. E. Waldron; Pvt. R. N. Whytock; Pvt. R. E. Schmidtman; Cpl. D. R. McGrew, Jr.; Cpl. W. C. Hulburd; Cpl. K. E. Gunnoe; Cpl. J. R. Blackett; Pvt. W. M. Taylor; Pvt. R. L. Johnson; Pvt. D. C. Harvey; Cpl. E. Riggs; PFC L. E. Holloway. Note: Sgt. C. Hackman, N. E. Blunck, Cpls. E. T. Gray, M. Berueffy, Pfc. Kiemy, Pvs. Paulor, S. J. Brown, not in picture.

pionship squads. Private G. M. McDaniel is the only other well-known athlete in the company.

Private First Class E. H. Coates and Private H. R. Stephens, while resting on their laurels as winners of several contract bridge tournaments in Shanghai, are looking for new worlds to conquer.

Drill, school and duties keep the gang too busy to get into mischief but the novelty of new surroundings and of being in the FMP will soon wear off and this outfit will be making news for you to read. Until then we bid you farewell but hope to see you on the maneuvers.

BATTERY "D" (75-mm. Pk. How.), 2ND BATTALION, 10TH MARINES, FMF By "Salvo Right"

Howdy, Marines. Though we've had a bit of dope in the Corps "Bladder" from time to time, this is the first time that we have appeared in public under our new designation. From the old Sixth Battery to the 1st Separate Battery and then to Battery "D" plus all the frills has been a long step. In order to avoid confusion, we term ourselves, just "the artillery." Lots easier.

With the new organization we drew 1st Lt. Bernard H. Kirk as Battery C.O. Just a good break for us. The "Boss," by the way, is quite a chucker when it comes to soft-ball. In a recent game among the officers, he held the opposition to 21 runs. Had the game gone nine full innings, he might have got warmed up. Then again, maybe he was waiting for darkness so he could slip over his fast ball.

With the outfit over 60 per cent recruits and also way under strength in non-coms, all the boys are putting out with an eye cocked to the future. It's great to be optimistic.

With the summer maneuvers practically at our doorstep, the gang is right on their toes. Alaska seemed to hold some thrills as no one here had ever been there,

but now we hear that it's Honolulu. Kind of takes the joy out of it to all of us but the "boots." Diamond Head is an old story to many of us. Still we can't have ice cream with our pie all the time. Maybe next year will be different.

Sgt. "Tiny" Cummings attempted a 3-months' furlough after taking on another 4 years. He managed to stick it out for some time, but these messes in San Diego are feeding too well. He and Charlie, his police pup, are back on regular rations again. Tough on the mess.

"Cheesy" Neil, with a record of never having broken out in a sweat from work, is the sole owner, operator, and whatnot, for the new Athletic Bus donated by Warner Bros. studio. Cheesy finds it very comfortable to have a quiet place to sleep.

This about covers the dope for this month. We hope to keep a space filled each month from now on. So watch for us.

THE RECRUIT DEPOT ADVERTISER

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." Some one wrote that, and it is certainly applicable to the Recruit Depot this month.

Last month this column indicated that Col. Benjamin S. Berry, Commanding Officer, Recruit Depot, was being detached and reassigned to the Western Recruiting Division, but his orders have been changed and he is being assigned to the Southern Recruiting Division with his Headquarters in New Orleans, Louisiana. The Recruiters in the Southern Division are certainly fortunate in having Colonel Berry as their Officer in Charge, and we know that the recruits from that area will be of the best, as Colonel Berry is intimately acquainted with the needs of the Marine Corps. He has been Commanding Officer of the Recruit Depot since October 18, 1933. We are sorry to see the Colonel leave and we take this opportunity to wish him a most pleasant tour of duty on his new station.

Maj. A. B. Miller will take command of the Recruit Depot upon the detach-

ment of Colonel Berry. Major Miller has been Executive Officer of the Recruit Depot since his arrival from Los Angeles, where he was Officer in Charge of the Los Angeles Recruiting District, on 1 September, 1934. He is well acquainted with the Recruit Depot and we are fortunate that he is remaining as Commanding Officer.

2nd Lt. L. H. Reilly has been detached from the Recruit Depot and has been ordered to the 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via commercial transportation leaving Wilmington 25 February, 1935. Both Lieutenant and Mrs. Reilly are anticipating with a great deal of pleasure their trip to and duty in the "Land of the Lotus Blossom;" this is their first tour of duty in China, and we hope that it will be a most pleasant one.

While we are telling of all those who are leaving us, we must say that Capt. J. P. Schwerin is still Detachment Commander of the Permanent Detachment and Officer in Charge of Drills, so we are not entirely deserted.

Still more changes appear as we scan the change sheet. Cpl. R. L. Tyson joined from Mare Island 19 February; he returned from China on the USS *Chaumont*. Cpls. L. L. Noe and J. R. Blackett joined from Mare Island. Noe also came from Peiping on the USS *Chaumont*. Corporal Blackett re-enlisted in Mare Island and reported here from furlough awaiting further transfer aboard ship. He is being transferred aboard the USS *California* 7 March, 1935. Tpr. Cpl. D. E. Waldron joined the Field Music School from the Asiatic Station via the USS *Chaumont*; vice Tpr. Cpl. O. B. Graham was discharged at his own convenience. Best of luck to "Oby" on the "Outside." Pvt. R. N. Whytock has been transferred to the Tenth Marines, intrapost.

The Sea School, with Gy-Sgt. Ben Kafka and Sgt. Joe Matsick the instructors, has graduated a class which is being transferred to the Fleet, 7 March. In all there are sixty-one men being transferred from the Recruit Depot to various ships. How-

ever, there will be no rest for the two mentors of the Sea School as they are receiving another platoon as soon as the present class is transferred.

The twenty-ninth platoon, Sergeant Hackman in charge, assisted by Corporal Berueffy, was broken up on completion of their training and has been transferred to the Sea School with the exception of ten men to the galley. One man from the platoon was accepted for training in the Second Signal Co., and fifteen of them are being sent to sea with the draft on 7 March. The platoon did very well on the rifle range; of thirty-six men who fired record target practice, one is an expert rifleman, nine are sharpshooters and twenty are marksmen. The qualification score was eighty-six per cent.

The first platoon, Sergeant Blunck and Corporal Gray instructors, fired the range and had six sharpshooters and twenty-six marksmen out of forty-one that fired, a percentage of seventy-eight qualified. This platoon has returned to the Base to complete its training.

The second platoon with Sergeant Johnson and Corporal Smith will fire next week; the platoon is on the range now. It has finished five weeks' training.

The third platoon, instructed by Sergeant Gorski and Corporal Gunnoe, has gone to the range where it will remain until after the Division Matches to pull targets, then it will fire for record.

The fourth platoon under Sergeant Karynaski and Corporals McGrew and Noe is on schedule at the Base. It has completed its first week.

Sergeant Hudson is slated to have the fifth platoon which is now in its filling stage.

The twenty-ninth and first platoons lost a week of their schedule due to rain. Sunny California was anything but sunny for a while; we have had a record rain, many inches of it.

As we said before, the Sea School has finished one class of future Sea Soldiers and is taking on another. First Sergeant Daniel is the top of the Sea and Field Music Schools. Sergeant Sonnenburg, assisted by Corporal Waldron and Private First Class Kieny are the instructors. They rated two musics this month. The Music School, however, is rather depleted because of the ban on recruiting musics that has been in effect for about three months.

That is about all we can think of, so for the last line—this is it. *Adios, hasta la vista.*

TWO MARINES ARE KILLED AND ONE SERIOUSLY INJURED IN SAN DIEGO

On the evening of 16 February, 1935, Pvt. Charles M. Coomber was killed and Pvt. O. A. Estenson was painfully injured by a hit-and-run driver on Pacific

Avenue while they were returning to the Base from San Diego where they had been on liberty. Estenson is in the Naval Hospital where it is reported that he is in no danger.

Later the same evening, Pvt. Harry Reed was killed by a Santa Fe railroad train as he attempted to cross the tracks on his return to the Base. He was killed instantly.

Both Coomber and Reed had joined the Marine Corps on 15 December, 1934, and were still in training in the twenty-ninth platoon in the Recruit Depot. The men were enjoying the week-end liberty that is granted to recruits when they have completed three weeks of their training. They had only returned from the Rifle Range at La Jolla 16 February, the day that they were killed.

Coomber's home was in Oakland and he joined the Marine Corps in San Francisco, Calif. Reed's home was in Portland, Ore., where he enlisted. Both bodies were sent to their homes.

Both of the men were given a military funeral at the Base before their bodies were sent to their homes. Members of the Sea School acted as pull-bearers and as guard of honor. The entire twenty-ninth platoon attended the services in the Base.

We wish to extend to the parents and friends our deep and sincere sympathy for the loss of these two fine lads who have been taken so prematurely.

SECOND SIGNAL COMPANY FADEOUTS

We know that we are heard from very seldom, but watch our smoke from now on. After everyone takes into consideration the fact that the Radio School is new to the Second Signal Company, one has to admire the officers and men that are putting us on the map. Our Commanding Officer, Maj. Francis E. Pierce, may often be found taking code in the code room. Those Di-Dahs do hold great fascination for everyone. Chief Marine Gunner H. E. Raley always has new things to do. He is often seen doing work of a kind that deals with the putting up of wires. Major Pierce is going to leave us sometime in the near future, and Capt. C. C. Snyder will take over his duties.

Master Technical Sergeant Kilday is the big man in the School. He is the platoon chief and head professor. Staff Sergeant Dimter is now chief instructor. He is performing the duties that Staff Sergeant Coutts held for the last few months. Staff Sergeant Coutts and Staff Sergeant Jungers have left the fold to go east for duty. Corporal Morgan is still giving the poor boys the devil in test classes. He is going to teach those boys procedure or bust his neck trying. We have often wondered just what he does for recreation after teaching all day long. Private First Class Stroud is teaching the classes in

radio and electricity. We have not heard his whistle for a long time. He must have too much on his mind to curl his thoughts around a whistle. Private First Class Ferris is still teaching code and procedure. It seems that he is always correcting test papers. We have three new teachers in code with us, Privates First Class Shaw, Esbrook, and Lancaster. They have yet to make their marks, but it won't take long now.

The radio school has been going for some months, and by now it is well established here in the company. The classes were large to start with but now they are getting smaller. This is due to the fact that they graduate faster from the school than we can get new men. As the men come into the company they are put into one of the classes and from then on it is do or die. Radio-bugs are very much in evidence all over the base. We even find them wandering the streets in San Diego.

A great number of men have lately been transferred to the Signal Complement, Fleet Marine Force. These men will uphold the honors of the Second Signal Company in their duties. A few of our old instructors were in this group. They will have more work to do in the FMF, but they will all come through.

The Field Platoon is working hard and late. No wonder, the insides of a radio will make anyone's head swim. Even thoughts of the parts and diagrams make most of the men go around in circles. This bunch has a favorite pastime learning to climb poles. You can find them most any afternoon having a pole climbing contest. I have often wondered why the pole had no splinters on it, but that has all been cleared up. The men bring the splinters into the barracks with them, usually stuck in some part of their anatomy. The men of this platoon all run out and hide when they bring out the field telephones and lines. The men like to put the lines up but they hate to take them down again.

The men in other companies will have to work over-time to beat the Second Signal, for even though they do have school and other work, they stand some very good inspections. There are many men that have just joined the company, and they are trying to better the work of the ones that have just left. The men do have time to get some recreation, in fact they are all becoming very proficient in the great game, Aey-Duey. Corporal Morgan claims to be the best at Aey-Duey.

Gunnery Sergeant Rogerson and Corporal Bullock are going to school besides their other duties. This gives the privates first class a chance to get back at the non-commissioned officers. Private First Class Dye is now head man in the Communication Center. He is counting his time one day at a time. Private First Class Truluck is the man on the Commu-



2nd Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. I. P. Johnson and Cpl. J. R. Blackett

niation desk. Truluck is new at the Base and on this job, but he is counting his days, maybe even the hours. Private Anderson is on the Delivery Desk in Headquarters. Private First Class Welthall, a new man, is on the route. He is a good runner but he wants the sun to shine. He says that the rain is too wet. Private Heinecke is the lazy one in the communication center. He can be found on the Mailing Desk, usually reading a good book. Corporal Haley is the Chief Telephone Operator. He has five good men under him, Privates First Class Spaninger, and Buster, and Privates Silk, Boyer and Childress. They make good hello girls for the telephone exchange. They only get wrong numbers half the time.

We have two platoons in the company, a Field Platoon, and a School Platoon. The field platoon has many good men in it. Privates First Class Haegler, White, Probersky, Privates Potter, Carson, Finniken, Rigaud, Boeke and Harmon, and Corporal Herrick. In the school platoon there are Privates Hill, Stokely, Stern, Crain, Smith, Shorter, Rouch, Allen, Sorsdal, D. D. Childers, Watson, Herron, Williams, Gilson, Gipson, Seaton, Svoboda and Linchan. Private Bevington is working in Base Troops Headquarters Office as the Delivery Clerk and Runner. Private First Class Heyl is still pushing a pen in the First Sergeant's office. Heyl is the one to see about that liberty. First Sergeant Cammeron may be last but not least. He has been working in the Base Troops Headquarters Office and he will soon be back with us. He has been very busy taking care of two offices at the same time. Many of the men have been transferred to sea duty to try their hands at operating a circuit.

AT MOFFETT FIELD

By Manchester

1st Lt. M. B. Twining, Gy-Sgt. R. M. Fowel, Cpls. F. C. Bottemer, E. B. Hamilton, Pfc. W. G. Spurlock and B. F. Burkett have been selected to represent this station in the rifle matches to be held at San Diego this month. Only six rifle shots will represent this station and there is a certainty that there will be a lot of high class shooting going on, however, it will be a matter of a few weeks before we have the final results. And before these fellows leave we want to let them know that we are backing them up to the limit and they can break all the records they want to.

The firing of the .45 Caliber Pistol course has been completed and here are the scores of those who qualified as high experts at this station: Gy-Sgt. R. M. Fowel, 99 per cent; 1st Lt. M. B. Twining, 98 per cent; Drummer B. H. Dreyer, 93 per cent; Gy-Sgt. T. A. Pembroke, 92 per

cent, and Tptr. J. J. Garrison, 92 per cent.

PM Sgt. Charles B. Lundmark completed 20 years service on 2 February, 1935. And the latest word is that he plans to retire on twenty years, so now is a good time to tell him that he could do TEN more years before spelling finish and never know the difference. Anyway, tell me this, who wants to lose one of the best paymaster sergeants in the Marine Corps? No, this is not a boast; it is a matter of fact to which all who know him will agree. Also 1st Sgt. M. C. Richardson completed 20 years service on 23 January, 1935, and he plans on completing thirty years. Pvt. Burtell F. Burkett was promoted to private first class on March 4. And now I think it would be a suitable time for him to tell us what it was that contributed most to his success as a rifle shot, his curly hair or the girls over on Whisman Road.

A question that nearly every visitor asks the Marine sentries as they are leaving the main entrance to the Naval Air Station is: "What is going to become of this place now?" This happens to be a very hard question to answer.

MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

The month of February will undoubtedly be remembered by the first sergeants and company clerks of these barracks as the month of furloughs and transfers. The Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, authorized ten-day furloughs for men due to be transferred to San Diego, with permission to report upon expiration of furloughs. Needless to say, applications for furloughs began to come into the company offices. Among the hundred and thirty odd who were granted furloughs were such well known names as: 1st Sgts. Bill White, "Petey" Owens, Dennis Green, Gy-Sgts. Larry O'Neal, Henry "G" Davis, Sergeants Walter Standish, Bianchi, Bostick, Cargile, Davis, O. M., Dunis, Foster, Irwin, Panacek, Nissen, Corporals Brookey, Connolly and many others.

On the 4th of the month Sgt. "Jackie" Goehring joined the Casual Company from Coco Solo. He reports that the girls in the states look pale. . . .

On the 9th Sergeants Maxwell K. Smith and Don Taylor were promoted to the rank of 1st Sgt. Smith remaining at the Island for duty and Don Taylor transferred to the FMF in San Diego. We were all glad to see them make the grade.

A parade and review was held for Staff Sergeants Harry A. King and Edward May upon their transfer to the retired list after thirty years of service. Lieutenant Colonel A. E. Randall, our Commanding Officer, extended congratulations and best wishes for the command. King's future address is: Solano Hotel, Vallejo, California and "Ed-

die" May elected to go east to the National Navy Club, Park Avenue, New York City.

Discharges during the month included Sgt. Jack Weathers who immediately signed up for another four years. At this writing he is probably showing the native of Roanoke, Alabama, his dress cape ??? "Stars are now falling on Alabama." Sgt. Davies completed his enlistment and is using his reenlistment furlough to visit his family in Westminster, B. C. Another "Old Timer," Sgt. "Pop" Gaines is enjoying a furlough in Oakland, California. We doubt his ability to remain away from the barracks for ninety days. . . . When a man spends eighteen years in this outfit he gets accustomed to things that can not be had outside.

Major Ladd, our executive officer, reported in from temporary detached duty as a member of the Junior Officer's Selection Board on 10 February. He was not with us long, being transferred to the Naval Prison, this Station, for duty as Commanding Officer. We also lost Captain Francis I. Fenton and First Lieutenant M. F. Schneider. Captain Fenton going to San Diego and Lieutenant Schneider to Headquarters Marine Corps. We were very sorry to lose these two officers and hope that their tour in their new posts are pleasant. First Lieutenant Guy B. Beatty joined us on the 1st and was ordered detached on the 8th to the East Coast.

A number of men are trying out for the Mare Island Rifle and Pistol Team at the Rifle Range. 2nd Lt. C. I. Boles, a recent arrival, is in charge and we are all hoping that they make a good showing in the Division rifle competition at San Diego next month.

The "News Letter" would not be complete if we did not mention our mess. Under the supervision of 2nd Lt. Boles and Sgt. Schmitt the mess is putting out "chow" that can't be excelled anywhere in the Marine Corps.

Another man well known throughout the Corps joined us from furlough this month, Sergeant Major "Bennie" Atkinson, who is carrying on as Personnel Sergeant-Major.

A few of the lads are warming up their arms on the baseball field in preparation for a busy season. "Pop" Haney, Chenoweth, Fogleman, Morris, Leifer and Laughridge are among those hefting bats. . . . With such talent we expect to show the teams from the San Francisco Bay Area a few things.

So until next month. . . .

BILLY GOAT BLA

This last has been a tempestuous month with paint slinging, window smashing, and arrivals and departures of unusual note. Perhaps, I was a bit vulgar or uncouth in saying paint slinging. Such artistic endeavor as painting the barracks surely is deserving of no less a phrase than paint

(Continued on page 57)



1st Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. N. E. Blunck and Cpl. E. T. Gray



3rd Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. L. L. Gorski and Cpl. K. E. Gunnoe

News from Quantico

THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

H EEDING the call of my "public" and the editorial staff of THE LEATHERNECK I return to these columns to represent my Quantico. This idea of a call from the editorial staff is a new thing to me. The last time I had any official notice from an editorial staff was several years ago. At that time I was dabbling in the "highbrow" stuff (having a wrong estimate of my fellow creatures), and submitted to a magazine an article entitled "Why I Live." In a few days it came back with a crisp editorial note saying "Because you are so far away from my desk." And again mayhaps I am in error in my interpretation of this vision which I decided meant "go write." It reminds me of a time when I heard an old negro preacher say that most preachers on seeing a vision saying "G.P." interpret it to mean "go preach" when in reality it meant "go plow."

However, having made the momentous decision to represent my constituents (a good word in this day of varied politics) of my beloved Quantico (reminds me of a time when I wrote an article captioned "Beautiful Beaufort" and immediately got shipped out from Parris Island to Nicaragua), I called my old henchmen (detectives) together and told them that my retirement from public life was over, that the place had gotten out from under my control and that I depended on them getting me straight again. In plain words I told them I wanted the dirt for my columns. And are they an efficient bunch. I will never doubt their truthfulness again for they brought me information that I KNOW is true—you see most of their dope was about me and there is no doubt of its truthfulness. However, I won't tell you more about that angle of it.

Speaking of detective work—"Red" DePishon, well-known on many golf links, recently informed me that he had solved a crime that he had been working on for some four years. The crime was that of running over Number Five Green on the links at Parris Island one night in an automobile. He finally traced it to my door. However, my partner in this crime and I claim the statute of limitations apply and we are not subject to punishment at this late date. Besides we thought we were on number two fairway instead of number five—First Sergeant "Pattie" Quinn was delivering me to the Aerological Station for a consultation with Doctor J. K. P. Hoffman (a

sergeant now at Lakehurst), relative to weather for the forthcoming night football practice the following night. At that time Quinn, Hoffman, DePishon and I formed the backfield of the then famous Parris Island night football team.

This mention of Hoffman reminds me that I have heard rumors to the effect that he became dissatisfied with the delivery service of newsboys during the Christmas holidays and spent Christmas morning delivering papers throughout Maryland, the District of Columbia and Virginia.

At one time First Sergeant "Derby" Ross, of the Rifle Range Detachment, had trouble reconciling himself to the realm of Quantico. He was worried about the hemp rope situation in the Philippines and was anxious to get out there to give it his personal supervision. However, the hemp situation must have cleared up for we hear little more of the Philippine question from him. My idea of it all is quite different. The loss of interest in the Philippines is due to a brunette situation in the States. And we always believe in "America First."

This "America First" idea is getting to be a problem to me and some of my comrades. We have reached a point where we find it hard to see an American movie—they have gone English in a big way. If we find it hard to see an American show, we find it still harder—I might say impossible—to understand an English one. Gunner Sergeant "Bill" Greener was heard saying the other day that if the English movie invasion continued much longer he supposed we all would have to turn Continental and start a class in the "King's" English.

Some of my colleagues are of the impression that my retirement from public life and these columns was for the purpose of making a study of this era of history and the economic depression with a view of writing a book about it. This impression has grown to considerable extent,—so far in fact that a man recently stopped me on the street and told me that he had heard that I was one of the dozen or so people in the world that really understood "money." I admitted that apparently very few people understood anything about it, but as for me there was only one baffling phase of the question—I never could understand why I couldn't get and keep any of it. However, if any of you are interested in the results of my study of the depression I will say that our return to normalcy is "just around the corner." I know that is an old expression wrongfully used many times before, but all their esti-

mates of the situation have been based in their entirety on a different school of thought. As for me, well, I base my prophecy on something entirely new—an awakening of the old American spirit. Through the haze of missing dollars, selections, anxieties, depressions, sleepless nights (mostly caused by blondes, brunettes and red-heads), examinations, etc., the old American spirit of banter, ridicule and sarcasm is coming back. An example was the past Valentine Day. In all my years (just how many is a secret), I have never seen so many cutting and laughable Valentines passed. "Mother" DeBoo, our Charming and lovely hostess (Curley and "don" Otto take notice the hatchet is buried), at the Recreation Center, came in for her share, and I understand that a state of existing war has been declared by a couple of ladies down town as a result of Valentines received. When in history people lose their sympathy and helpfulness for each other, which they have in abundance during common troubles, there might be more heartaches and more bad blood between them but the world progresses.

As for my writing a book—I used to hold to the idea that before a person should write his experiences he should accomplish something. I never have and never expect to. After giving the matter of accomplishment a great deal of thought I arrived at the conclusion that only about one out of a million ever did and the other 999,999 were disappointed in life. Therefore I resolved to not attempt to accomplish anything and then I wouldn't be disappointed. However, if I am to write a book I must do it soon for the memories of the tender sweetness of the lips I encountered in my twenties are fastly growing dim and will soon fade completely.

Here is an item of interest to First Sergeant "Abie" Atkins of the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego (of Alaskan waters)—On a recent foraging trip to Albert's Red Brick Hotel with a member of the "alphabet" I again encountered the "girl in blue." A blue cap, blue dress and those blue eyes would have made you do more than dance the Russian Dance, Abie old man.

Paymaster Sergeant "Bill" Mitchell, accompanied by his wife, Sylvia, have departed via the *Henderson* for China where they will join their old running mates, Paymaster Sergeant "Bob" Roberts and his wife, Mabel.

Speaking of that bunch reminds me of a description of Staff Sergeant "Bill" Williams of the Pay Office at Headquarters in Washington. The lady described Bill as tall and very slender. I see she knew you when you were a handsome brute and a lady killer, Bill.

I long understood why some single men in our Corps disliked the idea of going to Parris Island (a foolish idea for it is a

great place), but I just recently discovered why married men of our outfit have an aversion to being sent there for duty. If you will read the Parris Island news items in this magazine you will see there is a constant flow of "new arrivals." There must be a whole flock of storks hanging out in that vicinity.

The Hauptmann trial was closely followed by our "educational staff" and others who habit the Hostess House and every angle of the case has furnished meat for many an hour while drinking coffee there (we have the meat and the coffee but can't bring in the bread), but there was a great let-down at the conclusion of the trial. They all went in search of something to occupy their minds, seeking things to talk about. If they knew the truth about some of us, there would be plenty to talk about. One member of the "educational staff" has some dope on me that would cause a ripple, but she must be a good scout for I haven't heard a sound. Gradually we have developed new interests—some in choir practice and one, Private Harris, in a princess Nancy of Fredericksburg.

Speaking of the choir practice. It seems that there is a minor church war in progress with each side on its toes. It was discovered that all the beautiful girls didn't even attract the men. To show you the extent of the enthusiasm and heat of the contest, I was approached with the proposition of singing in the choir. While I have never sung a note in my life other than under the shower, I can readily see where my appearance in the choir would be an attraction for attendance. In fact, if I did appear I am afraid there would have to be a great enlargement of the chapel.

Chapel? Now, what does that remind me of? Oh, yes, there is a report that First Sergeant "Bruce" Bailey has taken an interest in religion, or that is what goes with religion and the Chapel. However, there are other and dangerous competitors in the same field.

Why is it that a Marine never grows old? I will repeat a conversation I recently heard at the mess table one morning to show you how they get the day started right:

Gy-Sgt. Watkins: "The President of the United States, what was his name in 1898?"
Stf. Sgt. Mike Puskarich. "I don't know."

Watkins: "Franklin D. Roosevelt—he hasn't changed his name since then."

Watkins: "The Twentieth Century Limited passes, would you say 'there she goes' or 'there he goes'?"

Mike: "There she goes."

Watkins: "Wrong, it is a mail train."

With the return of the other five per cent of our pay on the first of April, perhaps a large number of us who have been combatting the wolves at the door may find some relief. That is provided the rising prices don't come out too much on the side of the wolves. I am an authority on "wolves." Few people have heard of my experiences in growing wolves in Russia years ago. You see, according to tradition there is supposed to be at least one wolf to every door in Russia. The late Czar once had a census taken and found to his horror that there were more doors than there were wolves and he imported me to raise the percentage of wolves.

I DON'T KNOW BUT I HEARD: That First Sergeant O'Grady (former detective O'Grady) is of the opinion that we could do with less "stop" signs but that a sign should be put up telling him where he lives in order to avoid complications such as recently happened; that First Sergeant "Curley" Carleton is planning on going into the Reserves on twenty years because his

dog doesn't like his new post at Iona Island; that Pay Sergeant "Wally" Kerr, soon to return with the Fleet Marine Force now in Culebra waters, has a whole book of notes on the doings of the members of that force while away; that Pvt. 1st Cl. Childress enjoys the present pay setup; that Sergeant Baldassare's troubles are small ones; that Corporal "Pat" Patterson of Post Headquarters is in the "teeth" market; and that consideration is being given to the establishment of a "Smith Club" up in the 1100 block.

THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS Reminiscences

By The Mick

Pull up your footlockers, fellows, get comfortably parked and we'll have a little session of good natured "bla-bla." Yes, I'll have a "makins," what is good enough for a totter of a couple stars should be more than plenty for the wearer of one lonely stripe, though as everybody knows, it's just a bit of bull. Doc, you have been in the detachment longer than the most of us, how's to take the old "gossip-hen's" pen and draw us a few word caricatures of those outstanding



"moor-renes" who are now, either through transfer or discharge, members of our alumni association.

Corporal Rippy, "lieutenant, suh," when home on furlough, was one of our rippling good guys. After graduating in our Special Politician's Course, he is now one of the big bosses over in Mr. Atlas'—no, the Athletic Office.

Crawford, Big Sprague's (our mail orderly) predecessor, carried the old "from me to you's" back in the good old days of no sidewalks, boots and mud; graduated from a "hunt-till-you-find-it" typist to a "toucher" and is now company clowning over in the FMF.

Corbett, the old Chief of our clerical force, has pitched his tepee down in the vicinity of the Panama Canal and is probably, right now, gurgling the frothy liquids slung across the bars to him at those saloons found down in that ever-summer clime.

Dodge is dodging around somewhere out on the west coast, perhaps the Bay Rum is now being put on his hair while the fermented juice of the grape takes the former's place down the tonsil bordered path.

Phillipi and Jordan, the originators of the soap and tooth-paste ante poker, are

now Shanghai'n it out in China. We hope that either one won't win all the soap too many pay-days in succession.

Bell, one of our former printers, is now printing foot-prints in mother nature's soils somewhere out there in the cold, cruel outside. Rice is the only one left who was a match for him, either in the highness of his forehead (it extended almost to the rearmost part of his pate) or sureness of his footwork—he was in a fight once and the fleetest feet won.

"Dickey" Grieves, who preferred soldiering to being a lithographer, is now showing us that he really can be patriotic—he has stars in his movie magazines and bars all around, ah! but no stripes.

Galvin dashed out to Kansas, took the temperature of the outside and dashed right back. Evidently he didn't find the business so hot.

Barlow, the wonder boy, wandered back to the Marine Corps up at the World's Fair City. His one overmastering weakness was Collie-color headed movie actresses. Red has hitherto been the color signal for danger; some day they may get wise and change it to blonde or brunette.

"Popeye" Gibbins went out of the service to be a Buffalo Street Paddy or was it desk "loo-tun-ent"? He is now driving the "General's Car" (a one-wheeled vehicle with the operator as the horse) on one of Philippine's islands. His reenlistment card is filled out with this epitaph at the top—U. S. Army—he just wasn't a swimming soldier. Guess that it's a case of being a fish, a chicken or a duck—I'll take mine amphibian; it's easier to take a bath once you're used to the water.

Andrews, formerly of our epistle-method school, while soldiering here was forced to give up his bachelor ways, went to the Asiatics to get away from his troubles. He was the founder of the following unique style of setting up the treats: "A buttermilk in two glasses, please."

Duncan, who used to be at the head of our machine gunners in the 1933 landing parties, is now showing the boys how to "Dunk" themselves down in the Caribbean. Thompson is our only "Dunker" left—he "Dunks" his shirts, socks, etc., however, the new washer relieves him of most of the strain.

Kenney, now a service detachment "Mack" driver, maybe he is Scotch in nationality, but the designer of his anatomy surely put on the avoirdupois with a grand flourish—perhaps the canteen's beer bar helps him to keep in Santa Claus trim.

Watson, Kachler, Groff and myself are now numbered among the short-timers. We came here during the School's exodus from "G" to "H" Barracks. It all comes back so clear today—the heaving of those lockers up the steps all the way to the north end of the topmost deck of this old commanding bulk of masonry; but we surely have a grand view, the Town of Quantico and the broad Potomac beyond.

F.M.F. DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

By Jos. A. Nagy

This month finds us going outside and drilling with the band. And is said band hot? We found some relief the other morning when Drum Major J. T. Tichacek treated the band and Music School to cigars and beer—the event being prompted by his promotion from corporal to his present status. He passed the examination O.K. and proved his ability, so, it's con-

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gratulations and good luck to you, Tichacek!

It is fitting that, while I am broaching the subject of exams, I take the opportunity of making the report on the one held for the Music School, February 25th. The results may be labeled "favorable" because there are but four men who, yet, remain to be rated. The remainder are now drummers. The Post Band Musics have a like number of unqualified members. Our examiners for this test were the same that presided last month.

Heretofore we have failed to mention the name of our Drum Instructor, Howard Day. We do so at this time, with apologies for the previous oversights. It is not enough, however, merely to mention his name—at least, not without making a passing comment on the excellent capacity with which he fulfills his position. He's good! 'Nough said.

We are going through the hardest part of our training—marching behind the band—but I know that everyone is giving all they can to outplay the Post Band Musics.

THRU THE KEYHOLE: "Hinky" falling out with the cymbals first day of band practice. Hughes bought a bird imitator last pay day and commenced chirping through the window, which, of course, caused many of the gang to "break their necks" looking for the bird . . . wise bird. When Trotta gets a regulation hair shearing he looks like a monk. (Don't get me wrong, pal, I mean one of the sort that lives in a monastery.) If you want to see a quick change of expression on that ever-smiling map that Riddles calls his face, just mention a debt to him. Why Self rubs soap on his chest every night—he overheard some of the boys discussing easy methods of making hair grow . . . oh! oh! "Junior" Roselli has been wondering how his name would look in this column. (Here it is.) I wonder where I can go to collect all the watches that's coming to me—following a bus lately I made any number of abrupt halts. The sign read: Watch for stop. (Get it?)

Until next month—au revoir.

FLASHES FROM THE QUANTICO RADIO SCHOOL

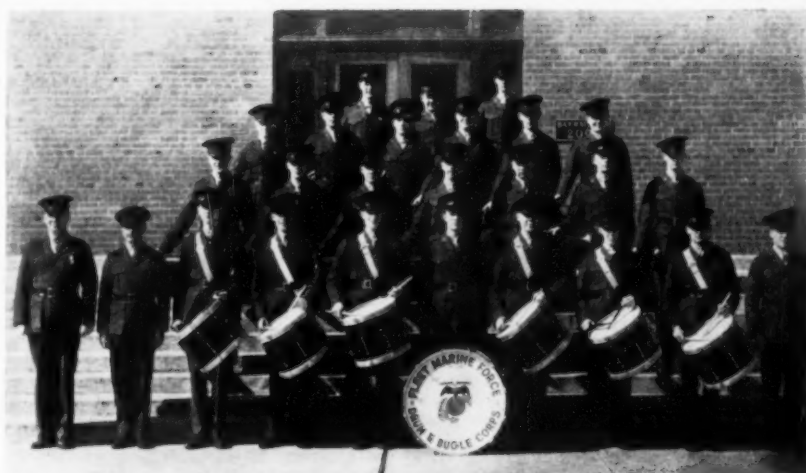
By E. A. Batt

Well here is the radio school sounding off again. This time we are going to tell you listeners the purpose of the school and about the subjects instructed here.

The primary purpose of the school is to train men to carry on radio communication for the Marine Corps wherever they may be needed. When the students finish the school some of them are transferred to foreign shores to operate at naval stations or undergo instructions in the operation of field sets for combat, others are sent to naval shore and ship stations within the continental limits of the United States, and a few of them wind up in the "dear ole FMF."

Students of this school are selected from the various platoons in recruit training at Parris Island. There they are given preliminary instructions in code and naval procedure. When they have attained a speed of about 20 words per minute they are transferred to Quantico and the real work begins. At Quantico they are instructed in the correct use of naval procedure, receiving, sending, typing, and the principles of electricity and radio. The latter includes the use and care of the MC-100 and MC-800 field sets. Before graduating they are re-

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F.M.F. DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

Front row, left to right: James Tichacek (drum major); Howard Day (instructor); Drummers M. McLane, E. Ryan, Y. Hoffman, R. Walker, H. Hughes, J. Self, J. A. Nagg, and Sgt. Galinski.

2nd row: Drummer H. Shreve, Pvt. W. Smith, Drummer F. White, Pvt. C. Slotterback, Drummers J. Rough, D. Riddles, B. Pharis.

3rd row: Drummers W. Sumner, J. Trotta, R. Parrish, B. Robinson, W. Williams, and Pvt. K. LanKow.

4th row: Drummer V. Roselli, J. Kirk, T. Koenman (Pvt. Patton not in picture).



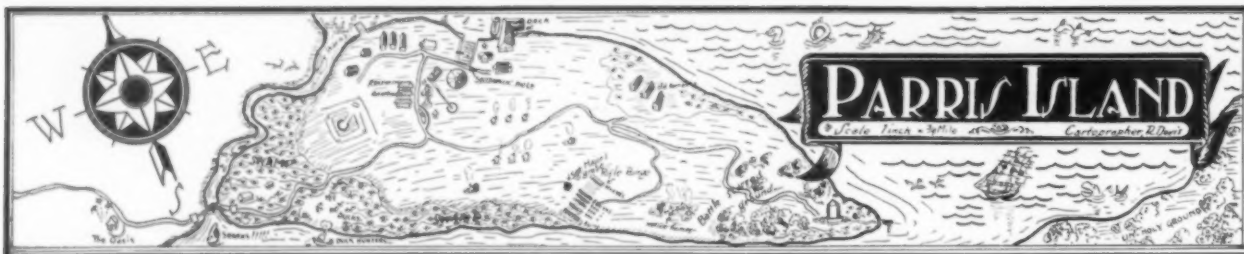
OPEN LETTER FROM PAL TO BUDDY

DEAR BUDDY:

Greetings. I bring you news fresh from the makers. If it were any fresher it would never be printed. Did you notice last month when they made a mistake and printed the change sheet (or was it the weekly news letter?) in the good old LEATHERNECK from Aviation? Somebody wrote in and asked the Editor why. The man who sells LEATHERNECKS here got through in time to go home and help his wife do the washing. Now I was thinking that perhaps the Editor would not mind if I were to use the column this month to send you this letter as it seems they are finding it hard to get any news up there. But with this Winchell guy for competition I suppose it is pretty hard to get a bit of news that isn't second-hand. Another reason for sending you this through THE LEATHERNECK is because we will not get our 5 per cent back until the first of next month and with sailings what they are you will probably get your LEATHERNECK before my letter would reach you. The Postmaster General has given away so many stamps to embryo stamp collectors the Post Office employees in the field have begun to suspicion anything that looks like a stamp unless it has the autograph signature of the Postmaster General. I am sure this idea is going to be all right with the Editor of THE LEATHERNECK for I asked the man who used to write a column from the field here if he intended to ever make use of it again and he said not unless they pay him for it—that means he isn't going to use it. You may not know it, but you are fortunate in being in Shanghai instead of Quantico. Remember the farm which used to be at the south

of the field? You wouldn't know the old place now. They have transported—by trucks—the entire farm to the new flying field for top soil. While Aviation Quartermaster personnel, with the able assistance of the Engineering Officer, draw up specifications for a new highway through the camp to replace the one that was before this dirt-hauling started, the farmer, on what was a farm to the south, is figuring on a two-story cellar, his house is so high above the present ground level. The new field looks, from the air, like a wrinkled old lady having a mud pack applied to her face. That little spot over on the left which resembles a mole on her face is just a group of workmen digging out the last two trucks of a train of ten trucks which disappeared out there with the last rain. It is a beehive of activity with the honey waterlogged. They have moved so much of the man's farm to the new field the farmer asked permission to put in his next year's crop on the new flying field. They were going to allow him to do it, but the Public Works Officer put his foot down. In putting his foot down he missed the boardwalk and they haven't found him yet to see if he has changed his mind. Even a wild duck will not fly over the field without having his flotation gear tested before the flight. Mechanics on their way back from the movies cast envious glances at the pretty red brick hangars which were intended to house their planes and protect them from the rigors of winter in this land of song (see Carry Me Back to Ole' Virginy). From the million dollar channel where, in the summer evenings of a couple of years ago, we used to pull out huge carp now only suckers spawn. The general atmosphere is conducive to sucker spawning. The Chop-awamsic, which flowed in yesteryears through the place and abounded with bass has been made a reservation for tadpoles and mud hogs. I have not time to go into details tonight as THE LEATHERNECK goes to press on the eighth of the month and I go to press blankets at ten, so we

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BORN on Tuesday, 12 February, 1935, to Sgt. and Mrs. John Orville Ray, a son, Carl Clyde Ray. Born on Friday, February 22, 1935, to Staff-Sgt. and Mrs. Jens Pedersen, a daughter, Annette Allene. Congratulations to all. That's an excellent way to commemorate Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, and we were somewhat disappointed in not being able to announce the names of the new arrivals as Abraham Lincoln Ray and Georgia Washington Pedersen.

Another arrival via the air route, this month (by plane instead of by stork, however) was Dowell of THE LEATHERNECK. He spent a week on Parris Island in the interests of LEATHERNECK advertisers and advertising. As many of our readers are aware, this magazine of ours could not be published at a price anywhere near the present rates if it were not for the money it receives from its advertisers. Consequently, Advertising Manager Dowell is trying to get all its friends and readers, in doing their purchasing, to favor products that are advertised in the magazine. You will find the shelves of the Post Exchanges well stocked with an abundance of these brands of excellent qualities and, in demanding them, you will be doing yourself a favor and, at the same time, be helping the people who are helping to support your publication.

Speaking of advertising, two of our imaginative non-coms recently answered an ad by writing very convincing letters about their reasons for smoking a certain brand of tobacco. First Sergeant Roberts won himself a very beautiful pipe and "Obe" O'Brien won honorable mention. They used their imagination, we are told, but never a grain of the tobacco mentioned in the ad.

However, we have another non-com on the Post who uses considerable imagination in his letter writing. The President of the NCO Club recently received a certain petition to which he answered "no" in no less than six hundred words.

(Editor of THE LEATHERNECK, please note: In case the erst-while perpetrator of this column is some day suddenly and violently rendered ineapitated for further perpetration, it shouldn't be difficult to find a successor; however, we request the privilege of writing our own epitaph: "This fellow's head was doubly dumb; he thought, though, he was smart.")

One day they found, quite fittingly, a dum-dum in his heart."

That semi-annual election of officers of the NCO Club came off on February 18th without any actual bloodshed. The officers are: Honorary President, Brigadier General Berkeley; President, QM Sgt. E. R. Beavers (4th term); Vice-President, 1st Sgt. Carl G. Schuler; Secretary-Treasurer, Staff-Sgt. L. A. Theodore; Steward, PM-Sgt. A. P. Greer (nickname changed from "Opening Night" to "Clothes Line").

The following men from the Field Music School have been rated and transferred

to Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., for further instruction under the leader of the Marine Band: Drummers August, Fasino, French, Keel and Mosher; Trumpeters Burke, Carter, DiStephano, Gerrard, Grainger, Paee and Strange. Wm. B. Carraway was rated trumpeter and transferred to the U.S.S. *Clarton* at St. Petersburg, Florida. Arthur F. Hoffman was rated trumpeter, but was not transferred.

First Sgt. F. Belton and Sgt. F. S. Hamrick have been transferred to the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Reserve, Washington, D. C., as instructors. First Sgt. Belton has twelve years in the Marine Corps and has served ten of them as a commissioned officer in the Garde d'Haiti, for which he has the Haitian Honor Medal of Merit with Ribbon, and the D. S. M. Sergeant Hamrick has eight years' service and is rated as expert with all infantry hand arms. He has won a place in the President's Cup Match, the Navy Cup Match, and many other matches in recent years. We know that they will be a credit to the 5th Battalion and we wish them all sorts of success.

Our Post Chaplain, Lt. Comdr. Albert E. Stone, has been ordered to Manila, P. I. His relief will be Lt. Comdr. Joseph B.



St. Helena Church, Beaufort, S. C.

Earnest (Ch. C.), U. S. N., who comes to us from the Naval Station at Tutuila, Samoa.

We understand that the local Director of Public Safety has put in a requisition for asbestos mattresses and rubber clothes lines. And that the local volunteer firefighters are to be outfitted with the very latest style of brown fire derbies.

Pay Sergeant Geiger spent several days last month visiting points of interest in Florida. At the same time, Pay Sergeant Greer was in Atlanta, probably visiting the riding academies (Neff and Dunlap, please note).

Another good cattleman went wrong here and turned to sheep herding. Now, if there is any truth to these wild west stories we've been reading, Pop Cain, the Manager of our model Post Farm, is continually engaged in warfare with himself. The Post Farm recently purchased a flock of forty-five Hampshire sheep with a view to keeping down the grass on the parade

ground and the various drill fields (The number has already been increased to forty-six). When the necessary preparations have been made, the sheep will be quartered in the old East Wing area. In a few months the parade ground will assume a soothingly pastoral aspect. Instead of the old-time command, "squads right—look out for the dogs!" we can now expect to hear "squads right—look out for the sheep!" Numerous requests have been received from occupants of quarters, asking for the loan of a few sheep during the summer months to keep down the grass on the lawns. Requisitions for lawn mowers, this summer, will have to specify whether the bi-wheeler or the quadruped type is to be furnished.

First Sgt. Oscar R. Thomas has arrived here from Quantico, Virginia, to take over the leadership of the Post Band, vacated by 1st Sgt. Leon Freda, who was transferred to Peiping. The people of Beaufort, South Carolina, put on a dance in Freda's honor, just prior to his departure. One of our genial and accommodating dentists, Lt. Joseph Connolly, (DC), U. S. N., is being transferred to the Naval Hospital, Charleston, S. C., for duty, on or about April 20th.

Lt. Comdr. Kendal B. Bragg (CEC), U. S. N., 6th Naval District Public Works Officer, has been assigned additional duty as Public Works Officer here in place of Lt. P. A. E. Flux (CEC), U. S. N., who has been detached. During such time as the Public Works Officer is absent from P. I. the Post Quartermaster, Capt. F. D. Creamer, will conduct the affairs of the Public Works Department.

Gy-Sgt. Jesse L. Reynolds, who recently returned from furlough, is now a Drill Instructor in Recruit Depot and is taking Platoon Number Six "around the loop." Sgt. Charlie C. Swarengen relinquished his sinecure (?) as Post Police Sergeant and is now the D. I. in charge of Platoon Number Three. Other non-coms recently assigned to Recruit Depot are: Sgts. Thos. B. Heavner, John H. Slusser, Michael C. Knott and Frank F. Murray. The recruits coming through training nowadays receive eight weeks of intensive training, covering a wide scope of subjects.

First Sgt. Robert L. Wilson has the enviable (?) job of being "top kick" in the Field Music School. However, he seems to have the situation well in hand. First Sgt. John Slezak has taken over the duties of First Sergeant of Headquarters and Headquarters Company, vice First Sergeant Belton, whose transfer is recorded elsewhere in this column. He's getting along fine, too.

The winners of the Duck Pin Tournament held last month are as follows: Sgt. Charlie C. Swarengen's score of 1,410 pins was the highest total score made in the 15 games. MT-Sgt. Jos G. Steinsdoerfer won the high set of five games with a score of 491 pins. He also had high game with a score of 118 pins.

First prize for attentiveness to duty goes, this month, to Pvt. W. B. Hayes. He got up at 11:00 P. M. and dressed and prepared himself for the following morning's heavy marching order inspection. The next day he bought himself a new alarm clock, and changed his brand.

This actually happened at the Rifle Range on P. I.: Marine Gunner Vaughan asked the recruit, "Where is the balance of your rifle?" Whereupon the rookie, Clark by name, replied, "I don't know, sir. This is all they gave me."

The following were the prize winners in the Athletic Field Meet held here on Washington's Birthday: In the 50-yard dash, Louis V. Gibson of Platoon 3 ran first and Edah J. Onsrud of Platoon 2 ran second. In the potato race the victor was Ernest J. Takacs of the Field Music School, and the runner-up was Vincent E. Williams of Platoon 1. Albert J. Bixler of Platoon 3 came first in the 100-yard dash, and Kenneth A. Walsh of Aviation followed in next place. In the three-legged race event the winners were Sgt. W. H. Green and J. A. Boyle of the Field Music School. Platoon 1 was victorious in the relay race. The runners were Cavalier, Brugoli, Gardner and White.

On February 16th, our small-bore rifle team went to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., for a return match with the friendly rivals who had taken a trimming here on January 16th. Once again the Charleston team was a good loser and proved it by tendering a dance and other enjoyable means of entertainment. The members of the P. I. team were very enthusiastic over the prizes they received and the wonderful time they had at Charleston as guests of the "enemy" team. The P. I. team consisted of 1st Lt. P. M. Reinecke, Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi, Sgts. R. English, J. D. Goff and C. N. Harris and Pvts. E. N. Amos and E. Lucander.

In an exciting and cleanly-played basketball game, the Parris Island varsity ladies' team defeated the Dixie Crystals from the Savannah Girls' Club to the tune of 29 to 19. P. I. scored 11 points in the first quarter and the Dixie Crystals scored 5, keeping the spectators on their toes throughout the period. In the last three quarters the scoring was almost equally divided. Mrs. L. F. Shuman starred for the P. I. team, having scored 16 of the 29 points. Miss Wiedemann scored 5 points, Miss Jeter 3, Mrs. Glover 2, Miss

H. Vogt 2, and Miss D. Vogt 1. Miss Russell starred for the visitors with 13 points and Miss Fogarty scored the remaining 6 points for the girls from Dixie.

The varsity team played a return match in Savannah the following week and, due largely to the loss of the services of Mrs. Shuman, who had sprained an ankle in the fourth quarter of the previous game, the Islanders were obliged to take a beating.

In the Bowling Tournament, the Civilians are holding first place, having won 38 games and lost 10. Service Company holds second place with 36 games won and 12 lost. Headquarters and Headquarters Company has won 32 and lost 16. Rifle Range has won 28 and lost 20. Officers have won 27 and lost 21. Recruit Depot has won 17 and lost 31. The Band has won 15 and lost 33. The Service Company's 957 is still the season's high game. Pfc. F. H. Peper's score of 242 is high for the season. Pfc. H. A. C. Viehweg's score of 209 is high for the week. High averages of the season are those of Capt. L. C. Whitaker, Cpl. J. L. Parks and Cpl. H. J. Levine—161 each. Mr. Sam Lipton's average score is 160; Sgt. E. M. Powell's is 158, and Mr. W. F. Sample's is 157. These are the scores for the week ending March 2nd.



PEIPING SHORTS

By A. L. C.

Hello, Everybody. Just a few lines to let the Broadcast know that the Marines are still in Peiping, watchfully waiting and doing their regular rounds of duties, hikes and what not. Needless to say, we are just recovering from a strenuous round of holiday activities.

With the advent of 1935, we have made numerous resolutions and among this galaxy of I will and I will nots we have included one which says that during the coming year we will let the Broadcast know of our activities regularly and often.

Folks, you should see our new recreation building which we have named Johnson Hall after His Excellency, The Honorable Nelson Trusler Johnson, American Minister to China, in appreciation of his efforts in our behalf in securing the necessary permissions for the erection of the structure.

The Post Exchange, the N.C.O. Club and The Private's Club, also come in for their share of the glory because it was their funds that made the building possible. The new building is 134 feet long by 68 feet wide and is 25 feet to the bottom of the beams. The playing floor is 114 feet long with a balcony 20 feet wide overlooking it from the east end of the hall.

Basketball, movies, boxing, tennis, volleyball, and other indoor sports keep the building occupied from morning until taps. The hall was opened to the public on Navy Day, October 27th, with an appropriate display of arms and equipment.

We have had several distinguished personages visit us during the past few months among whom were Mr. Joe E. Brown, the popular motion picture actor, Brigadier Gen-

eral Frederick L. Bradman, USMC, Admiral Frank B. Upham, USN, Commander in Chief, Asiatic Fleet, His Excellency William C. Bullitt, American Ambassador to Russia, His Excellency Joseph Clark Grew, American Ambassador to Japan, Judge Milton J. Helmick, United States Court in China, Rear Admiral John D. Wainwright, Commander of the Yangtze Patrol and His Excellency Dr. Rodolfo Espinosa, Vice-President of Nicaragua.

It seems as though Peiping is the crossroads of the world. Just about all persons, great or famous, come here to visit this ancient Manchu Capital. About the only great person who hasn't come around is Babe Ruth and if he knew what a baseball team we can get together in this part of the country we believe that he would show up.

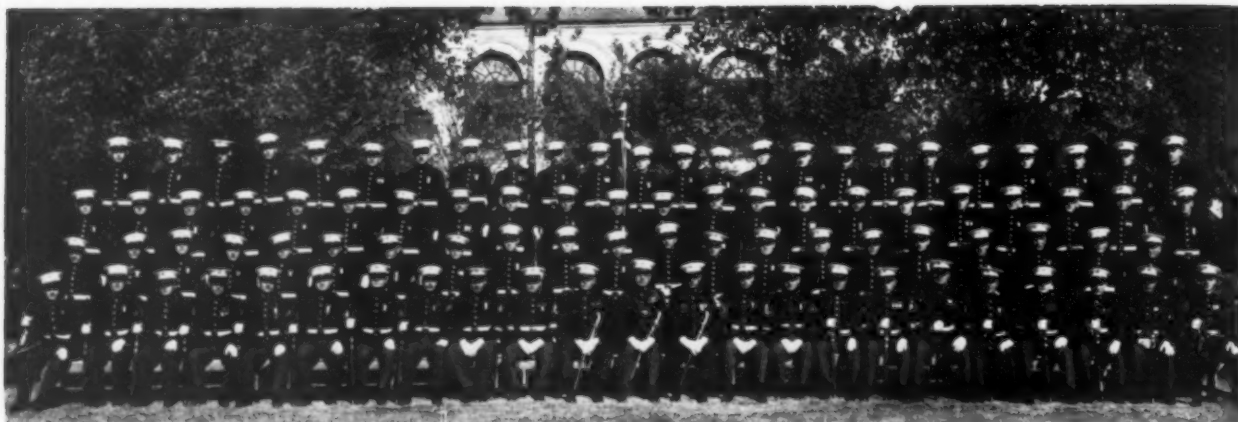
Drills, hikes and maneuvers are at present holding the military spotlight here. Preparations are going forward for the first battalion maneuver of the year and we are looking forward to a big success.

Small bore rifle shooting is also taking up a lot of the local rifle enthusiast's time. The International Small Bore Rifle Competition for the possession of the Johnson Trophy is just around the corner and these shooters are determined not to let it leave our trophy stand.

The Second Platoon, Company "A" (38th), commanded by Second Lieutenant Marcellus J. Howard, now First Lieutenant, emerged winners in the Inter-Platoon Close Order Drill Competition and Company "C" (62nd), commanded by Captain Francis S. Kieren, were the winners of the Inter-



Second Platoon, Company A (38th), Winners of the Inter-Platoon Close Order Drill Competition



Company C (62nd), Winners of the Inter-Company Close Order Drill Competition

Company Close Order Drill Competition. The rivalry was very keen in these two events and the precision with which the contestants went through the movements made the spectator want to belong to an outfit like the Marine Corps.

At the annual "All Arms" review and inspection, Company "A" (38th), commanded by Captain Erwin Mehlinger, were adjudged the winners of the Ferguson All Arms Trophy.

There is nothing more of any moment so we will see you in the next Broadcast and for the present will say

Wo-men k'un ni wan-lu.

SLANTS ON SHANGHAI

The past month has been very good to the Fourth Marines. The dances mentioned in our last article have been taking the regiment by storm. Local talent in the various night clubs and cabarets in town have generously donated their services so that instead of a common or garden-variety dance there is high class entertainment similar to what you put out a month's pay for along the great white way. This innovation, sponsored by Chaplain Witherspoon, the new Chaplain, has got a flying start on short notice. The plan now is to have one dance every month for each of the three battalions. In addition to the above the chaplain has arranged for the free showing of movies on Saturday mornings at the Grand Theatre here, and these have won the applause of all hands. Friday night get-togethers at the Recreation Hut at the hospital seem to be in high favor as they pack 'em in every Friday night. One reason for this may be that some of the best qualified speakers in China appear at this regular weekly affair.

The Fourth Marines are going Chinese in a big way. For some time the local branch of the Navy Y. M. C. A. has held classes for those interested in the language. The Chaplain has started a class in the speaking language, and *The Walla Walla* has commenced a series of articles on the written language, or character study. As anyone who has tried to master this complicated language realizes, it takes many years of labour to qualify as an expert on the subject, but these classes furnish a lot of fun for those who are trying them out, and a little knowledge is not always a bad thing.

Part of the kick a Marine gets out of being in Shanghai is the fact that there are plenty of interesting places to go during liberty hours. It's kind of funny how

much kick there is in looking over the historic spots in a place like this. It sounds like it might be tiresome, but there are some mighty fine sights to see around here, and every Marine gets a chance to take a looksee at them. These sights aren't just a bunch of picture galleries, but some are natural wonders that anyone would go a long way to see, and some are buildings that were in their dotage when George Washington had never been heard of. Not many people get a crack at these things and the boys here are sure lucky to be able to get a slant at real old-time China along with the modern.

A friend of the regiment in more ways than one left early in February. Lt-Comm. Felix P. Keaney, who had been C. O. of the regimental hospital, set sail for the land of the free via the Suez Canal, accompanied by Mrs. Keaney. Not only the fact that he was the Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines Regimental Hospital made Dr. Keaney well known to the Fourth, but the fact that he was number

one surgeon of the outfit, and handled most of the important cases himself. This may have made some of the fellows remember him with a feeling of awe, but it certainly made a lot of them grateful for the work he did on them.

The Enlisted Men's Club, organized the first of December, has been booming ever since its birthday. The crowd finds that it is a real good place to hang out, and you can always find a buddy at this popular resort. Chow, drinks and fellowship in an atmosphere of cleanliness. It sounds like a boy scout lecture on "How to live right," but no foolin', it really is the genuine stuff. If you don't think so ask some of the boys who get off the next transport from this big little town in the Far East. News (unofficial) has reached the town that the lads who haven't got much time to do are scheduled to take a boat-ride home sometime this late spring or early summer on the *Henny Maru*, as that fine old ship *Henderson* is called in

(Continued on page 37)



Headquarters, Inter-Battalion Hai Alai Champions

Quaker City News

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

By S. A. Adalac

AT last they're here! Good old spring time and Easter. Spring does have that intoxicating effect on a person, which makes one get inebriate with thoughts of the joys of life in store and revives you with that elan that winter took during its dormant periods. Hurray for you, Sol! We're glad to see it come your turn to make us happy and comfortable again.

The new classes of the Clerical and Motor Transport Schools are now well underway. The preceding classes have left these shores on January 31, 1935. The Armorers' School has been extended to March 15, 1935. Here's hoping that all you ex-co-eds from the Clerical School get placed satisfactorily, and that you all succeed as rapidly as is possible during your stay in the good old Corps. However, if you do, I don't deem it necessary for any of you ex-co-eds to be sending me any congratulatory telegrams—collect, as they're apt to reach me at a time when I might be impecunious.

Something tells me that Private "Axle" Hausman was one of the connivers in that plot. I'm rather dubious about that guy Brooks C. Bailey, also. O. K. boys, you're on the spot! By the way, Hausman, I'm told, has been detailed to duty as court reporter in Quantico. Hausman, old boy, I hope all the courts you have number at least fifty pages or over—it's good practice. However, as you know, patience and perseverance are the sésames to verbatim reporting speed, so you have nothing to worry about—if you persevere.

Congratulations to Corporal Charles D. Brandon, boys, upon his promotion to that rank. I hope that the rest of Brandon's recent classmates are rewarded likewise. Upon his graduation from the U. S. Marine Corps Clerical School, on January 31, 1935, he was detailed to duty as assistant instructor in that school and is performing his duties in a most efficient manner. If the rest of you boys will adapt yourselves as Brandon has, I can conceive of no plausible reason why you shouldn't all be sergeants-major within the next twenty years.

The Post bowling league was brought to an end on February 20, 1935, when the office team triumphed over the Mess Hall team in three games. Prior to the match both teams were vying for honors in the cellar position.

The league was exceedingly successful as it afforded everyone with a knowledge of bowling, exercise and entertainment. A number of the bowlers showed such a decided amelioration in their bowling that it led to the booking of games with some of the most reputable teams in Philadelphia. The Marines made a laudable showing on each occasion and finally wound up with seven wins and seven losses.

The McCall Post of the American Legion, located in Philadelphia, still has the edge on the Marines. The legionnaires having won two matches to the Marines' one. The last game, which was won by the legionnaires, was played on the McCall Post alleys. After the match, the legionnaires invited the Marines to their headquarters where they entertained the sea soldiers in fine fashion. Two very charming feminine radio stars sang songs for the gyrenes, which almost caused the boys to get high blood pressure. You should have seen the angelic expres-

sions on their faces while listening to the euphonious singing of those two representatives of feminine charm. Oh, boy! Oh, boy! To top it all, the legionnaires reciprocated with a dandy beer party, such as the Marines gave them when they bowled on our alleys down at the Navy Yard.

The final standing of the teams in the Post league is as follows:

Team	Percent-		
	Won	Lost	age
Barracks Detachment.....	30	2	938
Quartermaster Department.....	23	9	719
Machine Gun and			
Howitzer Companies.....	13	19	406
Office.....	9	23	281
Mess Hall.....	5	27	156

The highest team scores were registered by the Barracks and Quartermaster teams, with scores of 839 and 819, respectively. The highest individual scores were registered by Quartermaster Sergeant Frederick Dykstra, who is consistently out in front and the crack bowler of the lot; Pfc. Allen B. Black and Pvt. Frank Becker, with scores of 237, 209 and 207, respectively. Quartermaster Sergeant Dykstra and Cpl. Clifford J. Brown, each received prizes of three dollars for first and second individual high averages. Prizes were also awarded to the two highest teams. Fifteen dollars and nine dollars going to the first and second highest teams, respectively. That's something worth striving for, isn't it? You said that right!

The expense for the Post league games was charged to the Amusement Fund, whereby it is no expense for the boys to participate in the competitions. A new league will commence on March 5, and I'll venture to state that the prizes offered will most certainly be an incentive for the boys to mete out some stiff games. The Office team has solemnly vowed to walk away with the honors in these future league games. Here's luck to us, fellows! I think we could all

use a few extra shekels to good advantage, as I doubt whether any of us are too exorbitantly supplied with that worldly want.

I wrote in my last article of the strong small-bore rifle team we have at this Post. I surely didn't use my words extravagantly nor were they any too puissant to emphasize the ability of this team. They're good! and I don't mean maybe! I refer the reader to the sports page of this magazine where there is a resumé of their last ten matches.

Now there's what I call real shootin'. By gosh, I'd give a week's pay and a brand new skivvy shirt just to see these Marines compete against a team picked from the best in the country. Furthermore, I feel most confident that they would, without a doubt, capture the laurels.

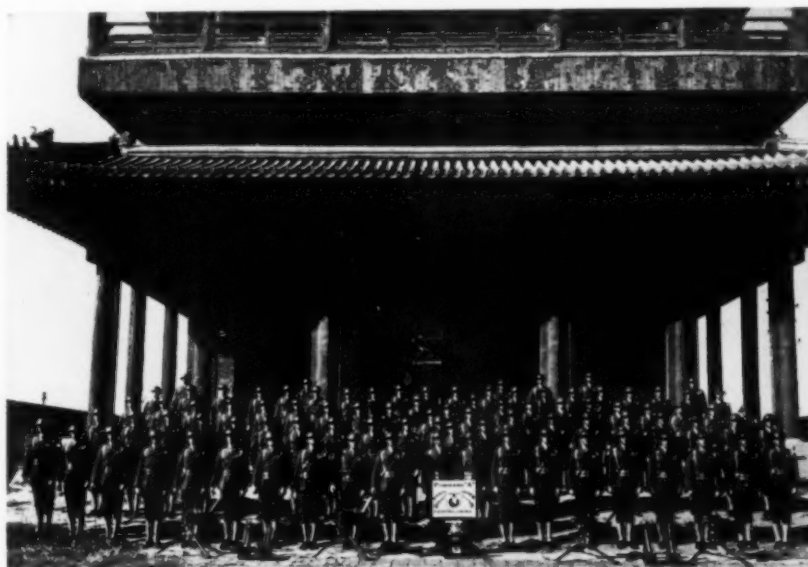
Too bad the Naval Academy and West Point refused you men a match. I know your greatest ambitions were to subjugate those two institutions.

The Marines still have five more teams to compete against; namely, the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Tech, University of West Virginia, Penn State and the Robert Shaw School. Let's hope that will be five more scalps on our team's belt.

Again the sea soldiers come to the front in the renowned picture "Devil Dogs of the Air," which is now being shown on the screen. On its opening night at the Stanley Theatre in Philadelphia, the management of that theatre extended an invitation to fifty Marines of the Marine Barracks to attend its first showing. The Post Quartermaster furnished trucks for transportation to and from the theatre. First Sergeant B. J. Betke had charge of the detail.

Upon arrival at the theatre, the Marines disembarked and formed in three ranks in front of the theatre where a picture was taken of them. After this ordeal the gyrenes were then marched into the theatre in column of twos where they passed a good evening's entertainment. Thanks to the management of the Stanley theatre for their generosity!

Some of the military notables, whom I noticed at the theatre, were, that fightingest Marine and ex-major-general of the Marine Corps, Smedley D. Butler; Major P. D. Cornell, Post Adjutant of the Marine Barracks; Captain Lee H. Brown, instructor in



Company A (38th), Winners of the Ferguson All-Arms Trophy, Peiping, China

the Basic School; Captain Ralph C. Alburger, Operations and Training Officer, Marine Barracks, and practically all the Basic School student officers, who were accompanied by their women folks and friends. Amongst the second lieutenants, there was: Henry W. Buse, Jr., John A. Butler, Lawrence B. Clark, John P. Condon, Joseph P. Fuchs, Arthur J. J. Hagel, Reynolds H. Hayden, William M. Hudson, Lehmen H. Kleppinger, Victor H. Krulak, Douglas C. McDougal, Jr., Charles A. Miller, Floyd B. Parks, Frederic H. Ramsey, Ralph K. Rotter, George C. Ruffin, Jr., John W. Sapp, Jr., Elmore W. Seeds, Frank C. Tharin, John E. Weber and Samuel F. Zeiler. Amongst the Naval personnel, there was: Captain G. B. Landenberger, Captain of the Yard; Captain P. W. Foote, Chief of Staff; Lieutenant H. G. Sickel, Aide to Commandant and Lieutenant (jg) C. C. Burlingame, Aide to Commandant.

RECEIVING SHIP, PHILADELPHIA

By "Spheare"

Last month we told of the snow; now it is starting off with the weather very warm and damp. It has almost been spring here during the last week.

Private Given and Private Snisky thought they would join the "mockmens" and start their baseball training. They were frequently seen out on the diamond this month. We are hoping to see our team take many victories this year with Private Given behind the plate.

We have said "adios" to Private First Class Rieder as he joins the ex-service gang. He told us before he left that his heart was at ease as far as basketball was concerned because he had played his part

in defeating the boys of the Marine Barracks in a return game with them. Rieder says that he feels that the teammates he left behind will come through to greater glories in other games before the season has ended. Good luck, "Moose Face."

Many of the ballplayers in the Yard are hard at work practicing and trying out for the "All Navy Yard Team" to represent the Post in the A. A. U. which is being

held at the P. A. C. Club in Philadelphia, March 15th. Ten players will be selected from those who are entered in the preliminary tryouts.

Private Brown became very interested in Ginger Rogers and another star and has entered the movie school at New York. Luck to you, "Ducky-Wucky."

This will be all for the "lion" month. Hope to see you again.

Miscellany

HAVE YOU GOT A YARN?

Mr. Lincoln S. Littrell, 855 C Street, Tustin, California, a former Marine, is preparing a book of Marine anecdotes. He wants tales of Marines and their activities. He says: "I should like to include a history of the Corps in a series of short paragraphs, something similar to the folder 'Fifty Facts About the Marines' which was sent to my parents at the time of my enlistment."

"My means of gathering data are limited . . . it must be furnished me. The work would be greatly expedited by an item in THE LEATHERNECK announcing the compilation of stories, fanciful or based on fact, about Marines, and inviting officers and men to send contributions to the address above."

No class of man anywhere in the world has more stories to tell than Marines. Break out a few and send them to Mr. Littrell at his California address.



Sgt. Thomas Laviano

PHILADELPHIA MARINE READY FOR TITLE TRY Sergeant Laviano National Skating Star

Philadelphia, Pa., March 10 (MSS)—Practicing diligently for his second try at the local Figure Skating title, Sgt. Thomas Laviano, of the Depot of Supplies, 1100 S. Broad Street, takes a moment off to pose with the Thayer Trophy, emblematic of ice skating supremacy in the metropolitan area.

Last year, Sergeant Laviano skated the straps off of the local skating elite to win the judge's nod of approval. A few weeks later he took third place in the Novice Class of the National Ice Tournament.

But this year this leaping leatherneck is working hard for the second leg on this famous trophy, which is said to be the oldest skating trophy in this country. Tom, as he is well known in this district, is also president of the International Figure Skating Club of this city.



MARINE CORPS CLERICAL SCHOOL, GRADUATED JANUARY 31, 1935

Front row, reading from left to right: First Sergeant John A. Miller, senior instructor; Colonel E. B. Manwaring, Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks; Corporal Stephen A. Adalac, assistant instructor.

Second row: Pvt. Charles A. Gearhart, Pvt. Charles D. Brandon, Pvt. Thomas W. Preston, Pvt. Charles D. Pearce, Pvt. John E. Hausman.

Third row: Pvt. Harrison A. Browne, Pvt. Joseph C. Watts, Pvt. William F. Winger, Pvt. Charles S. Barker, Cpl. David C. Bennett, Pvt. Walter N. Dixon, Jr.

Fourth row: Pvt. Herbert F. Townsend, Pvt. Brooks C. Bailey, Pvt. Harry T. Mayes, Pvt. David T. Reeves, Cpl. Clifford J. Brown, Pfc. Mervin F. Smith.

INFORMATION FOR WRITERS OF BROADCAST

News copy for the May Issue should reach Editors by April 8.

Double space typing, use only one side of paper.

Make separate story of sports news if possible.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

March 5th, 1935.

THE LEATHERNECK,
5th and Eye Sts., S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

Your editorial "Heroes Wanted" in the March issue of THE LEATHERNECK interests me very much, since you mention the names of Lieutenants Ralph Talbot and Gunnery Sergeant Robert G. Robinson in connection with further honors for their heroisms in the service.

I knew both of these men well. I was an eye witness to the accident that caused Lieutenant Talbot's death at La Fresne field in France in 1918. I was also well acquainted with Lieutenant Colgate W. Darden, Jr., who was Talbot's observer on the flight that ended so disastrously for Talbot and nearly so for Darden, whom I know now to be all right again.

My reason for writing this message to you is that I have never learned whether or not the enlisted man who was first to the scene of the crash referred to above was ever rewarded for the nerviest piece of work I have ever witnessed. I do not recall who this man was, but I am pretty sure First Sergeant John K. McGraw would recall him. McGraw now lives in retirement in Baltimore I believe. It certainly seems to me that if there are any more honors to be passed out that this man should be a recipient of some of them.

First Sergeant McGraw deserves no little amount of credit for his actions and presence of mind at the time. It was without any thought of his own safety, but with only the thought of helping the occupants of the plane that McGraw endangered his life to do what he could. The enlisted man to whom I have referred was ordered by McGraw to stay clear of the burning plane, but he grabbed a fire

extinguisher and wormed his way under the burning plane, on his belly, and dragged clear a number of H. E. bombs closest to the ship. This action, to my mind, saved the lives of a number of us at the scene, as the ship summersaulted directly over the bomb storage pit, the wheels catching in the earth mound at the edge of the pit on the attempted take-off. Poor old Talbot was burned to a crisp, probably never knew what struck him, but Darden was thrown clear and badly broken up. I helped place him in the car for removal to the Base Hospital at Calais.

I think THE LEATHERNECK could be made more and more interesting to the vast army of ex-Marines of the war time era if more was printed about the organizations taking part in that conflict. I read every issue religiously, hoping to find some news of some of the old guard. The article about Lieutenant Colonel Evans certainly must find a big place in the hearts of aviation old-timers. Why not tell us something about Geiger, McIlvain, Cunningham, Presley, and others of the first aviation outfit put in the field by the Marines. A good many of the old timers are out of the service I suppose but even that doesn't, or shouldn't, place them in the forgotten man class.

Best wishes for the continued success of THE LEATHERNECK and I hope some day some one will write a history of the First Marine Aviation Force, it would make interesting reading I am sure. I have some very distinct recollections concerning the outfit and what I don't remember about it I am sure Bill (Ex-QM Sgt.) Lovejoy does.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) JAMES S. NICHOLSON,
Ex-Sergeant U.S.M.C.

JEN:E

Subscribers

are urged to send in their change of address.

When you move or are transferred, let us know at once. This will insure your getting each number of THE LEATHERNECK promptly.

MARINE FINISHES FIRST AGAIN

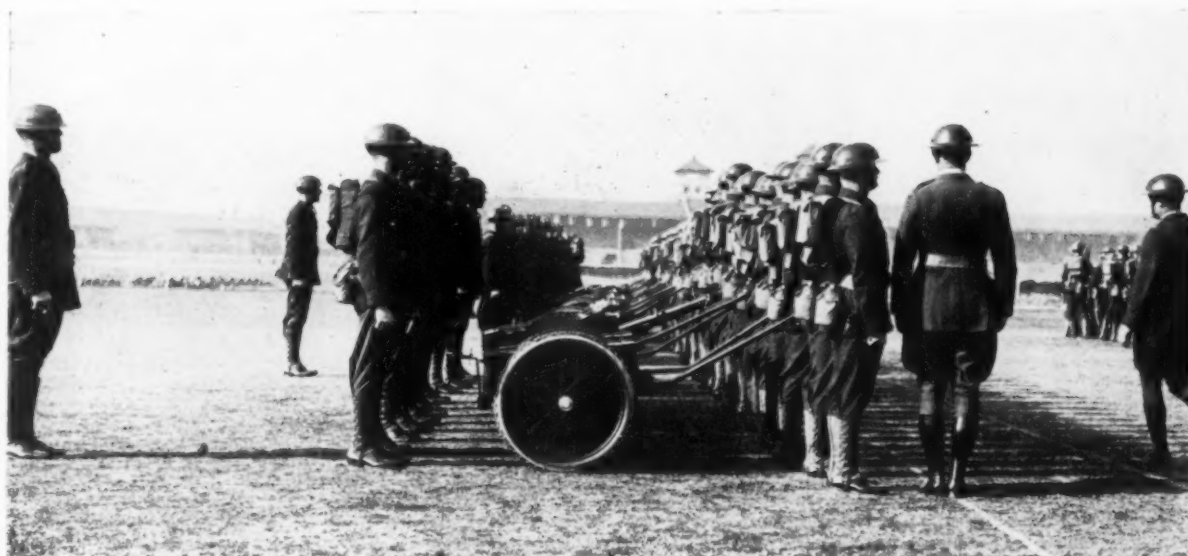
"Semper Fidelis"—always faithful—may be the Marine Corps slogan, but when a Marine comes to the Air Corps Technical School it seems to be an old Marine Corps custom—always first.

Graduating with the highest grades ever made by an enlisted man in the Aircraft Armament School and the second highest ever made by enlisted man or officer, Master Technical Sgt. Harold R. Jordan, from Marine Aviation, Quantico, Virginia, graduated 25 February with a "superior" rating to be high man in a class of 13.

With no time allotted to flying time, Sergeant Jordan has got in his flying time during noon hours and on week ends. He has made several cross country flights from this station and did all the flying for bomb sight instruction and camera gun work in his class.

The highest grade ever made in the Aircraft Armament School was made by 1st Lt. A. W. Kreiser, Jr., USMC, in 1930, when he finished with a final rating of 90.4 per cent. Sergeant Jordan's final rating was 90 per cent.

Capt. Thomas L. Cushman, USMC, now in the Bureau of Aeronautics, led his class in engineering with the highest grade in 1930.



Machine Gun Company, Shanghai, China, 1930

SPORTS

Jack Lynch, Marine Reservist, Signed by St. Louis Cardinals

Star University of Pennsylvania Catcher Reports to World's Champions' Training Camp; Was Member of Navy Yard Guard Detachment in Brooklyn

Jack Lynch, a private in the Marine Corps Reserve, and star catcher for the University of Pennsylvania baseball team for several seasons, has been signed by the St. Louis Cardinals, and now is en route to their training camp at Bradentown, Florida. It is believed that Lynch is the first Marine Corps Reserve member to be signed by a major League ball team.

Young Lynch, who is six feet tall, and weighs 170 pounds, was one of the first men to be recruited for the former 462nd Company Navy Yard Guard Detachment, FMCR, more than three years ago, and it was through the activity made on his behalf by 1st Lt. M. V. O'Connell, now commanding this company (now Company "D," 3rd Battalion) that Lynch was signed by the World's Champion Cards. Lieutenant O'Connell at one time played baseball with Frank Frisch, Card manager, at Fordham University, and wrote to Frisch a few months ago about Lynch. Frisch immediately had the chief scout for the Cards see Lynch, and after a conference with both Branch Rickey and Sam Breadon of the club, a contract was forwarded to the young man.

Lynch is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the son of John J. Lynch, an executive of John Wanamaker's in New York City. Two

other major league clubs, the Philadelphia national league team, and the Brooklyn Dodgers, had their eye on the Penn star, but through Lieutenant O'Connell's friendship with Frisch, the boy was directed to the Cards. During the summer camp duty of the 462nd Company, Lynch was "drafted" to catch for the regular Marine Corps team at the Navy Yard, by Captain Clausen, USMC, at that time attached to the U. S. S. *Seattle*. The young player became extremely popular among both regular and reserve Marines, and only transferred out of the Navy Yard company when his studies at Philadelphia made it impossible to continue at regular drills. He is at present attached to the Eastern Reserve Area, in Philadelphia.

The members of the old 462nd Company—now Company "D"—and commanded by Lieutenant O'Connell, are planning a welcome-home party to young Lynch on his return from the baseball training camp. Incidentally, the new Third Fleet Battalion, of which Company "D" is a unit, plans a big baseball squad for the coming spring and summer months, and probably will be seen in action during the summer training period of the battalion at Sea Girt, New Jersey.

PEARL HARBOR SPORTS

The sport activities of the past month have been centered on basketball. There have been several games packed as full of fighting spirit and excitement as any audience could desire. Imbued with their full share of spirit and skill, the Marines handed out severe drubbings to such teams as the Honolulu Coast Defense (last year's champions), Fleet Air Base, Sub Base, Fort Shafter, and Fort Kam. One army team, Luke Field, stood between the Marines and league championship. They proved a jinx. Despite the fact that the Marines had to accept second place, the team's rooters were brought to their feet time and again by the skilled exhibition of such consistent players as Bakalarzek, who was dependable and brilliant in any position, and by Woods, whose deliberate and well placed long shots pulled the Marines out of many a hole. Emerging from the bench as first-of-the-season subs to the fore as late-season-regulars were the clown of Barracks Detachment, Arthur "Reverend" Coffey, and patrolman Weitz.

Replacing basketball as a sports attraction, as the last of February rolls around, is baseball. Under the supervision of 1st Sgt. Bissinger, three teams have been formed, the Rinky Dinks, the Popeyes, and the Wimpys, with McCannon, Stanton, and Billingsly acting as captains in the order named. Approximately fifty men turned out to play on the teams and to start the season with enthusiasm. By the time the teams have finished playing their scheduled games at these barracks, it is expected that material for a Post team will be lined up and the challenges already rolling in from various teams on the Island may be accepted.

D. Q. S. F. SPORTS

By M. A. S.

During the past month the basketball team representing the Department of the Pacific has played eleven games, seven of which were won by the Marines. On 4 February the team went to Sunnyvale, California, where they were defeated by the Naval Air Station team. Odbert of the Naval Air Station team was high point man with 12 points to his credit. A return game was played with the Sunnyvale team at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco, and this time the Navy was sunk to the tune of 32 to 31. Jones of the Sunnyvale team was high point man of the game with 16 points to his credit. "Buddy" Graves of the Marines was second with 10 points.

While the Fleet was in San Francisco Harbor games were played with teams from the battleships *Arizona*, *Nevada*, and *Maryland*. The Marines lost to the *Nevada*, and won from the *Arizona* 38 to 36, and 35 to 26 from the *Maryland*.

The team has about four or five more



BASKETBALL TEAM, FOURTH REGIMENT, SHANGHAI, CHINA

Front row, left to right: Johnson, Griffin, Berecz (Captain), Lock and Leonard. Back row: Murphy, Glowinski, Fredrickson, Lt. Brown (Coach), Yeager, Boyer and Click.



PEARL HARBOR'S '34-'35 BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right: H. C. Reed, trainer; W. F. Mann, A. R. Murphy, B. LeR. Turner, manager; J. L. Gregory, F. I. Weitz, L. F. Wilson, 1st Lt. W. O. Thompson, coach. Front row, left to right: P. R. Drake, A. F. Kirkeby, S. Bakalarzek, V. O. Wood, A. L. Coffey, C. S. Mann.

games to play before the season ends, one of which it is hoped will be with Fort Scott as a preliminary game to one of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association Tournament games now being played at the Civic Auditorium of San Francisco.

The team was promised a couple of kegs of beer at the end of the season, provided they won at least sixty per cent of their game, and from the way they have been playing lately it looks very much as though they will be drinking beer in another couple of weeks.

PHILADELPHIA MARINES WIN NAVY YARD DIADEM

Led by Sidney McMichael, stalwart shooting star, the U. S. Marines, stationed at the Receiving Station here, bowled over the crew of the U.S.S. *Minneapolis* to win the Navy Yard Basketball Championship. The final score was 40 to 30.

The local leathernecks lost only one net affair this season, and that was fluked away to their brother (?) Marines of the local barracks.

Thus far this season they have dropped five tiffs, the last one at Washington, D. C., where the Professors of the M. C. I. took them, 38 to 37. Close, but good enough. McMichael contributed his share of the fireworks by netting 20 points.

PHILADELPHIA BASKETBALL

The Post basketball team climaxed their season on February 25 by dropping their last game of the season to the powerful Temple University freshmen. The team has maintained an enviable record throughout the season, losing only six games out of twenty-four played; and running up a total score of 904 points to their opponents' 586.

The team consisted of: Second Lieutenants John A. Butler and George C. Ruffin, Jr., coaches and playing members, Privates H. B. Adams, L. J. Bennett, G. W. Hayden (who only the week previous made his exodus from the Marine Corps to go back to his better-half and offer her his services) D. Skinner, E. R. Snyder and J. W. Turner.

Privates Bennett and Snyder have decided to ameliorate their lore, therefore, have become students of the Clerical School. If they do as well at being students as they did at being basketeers, they'll have no trouble at all in completing their course at the school.

The Navy Yard League basketball championship was won by the Receiving Ship Marines, who defeated the U.S.S. *Minneapolis* squad in a play off for first place. The Post team finished in a tie for third place with the U. S. Naval Hospital team.

'Tis all, mates, 'tis all, and I conclude this epistle of mine with a happy Easter to you all.

AIRCRAFT TWO TAKES BOWLING TITLE

Marine Corps Base Play-off Won By
Aviators

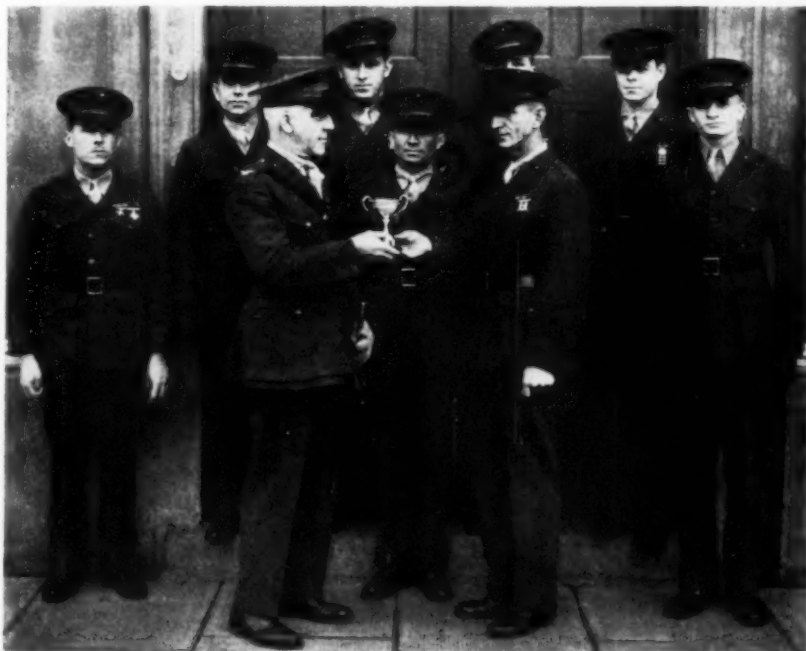
The finish of the Marine Corps Base Inter-Company Bowling League found three teams tied for the sun berth, Base Headquarters Company, VO-8M, Aircraft Two and Co. "H," 2d Battalion, 6th Marines. A playoff between the three teams tied for first place was held in the Base Bowling Alleys on Thursday, 14 February, on a total pin basis. The crack bowling team of VO-8M Aircraft Two was awarded first place with 2,667 points, Base Headquarters Company 2nd place with 2,607 points, and Co. "H" 3rd with 2,523 points. All of the league matches were supervised by Lt. Walker Reaves, who, by the way, is one of the crack bowlers of the Base.

FINAL STANDINGS OF THE MARINE CORPS BASE INTER-COMPANY BOWLING LEAGUE, SEASON 1935, BOWLED ON MARINE CORPS BASE ALLEYS:

	Won	Lost	Pins	Total
Base HQ & HQ Co.	13	8	6	19
VO-8M Aircraft 2	14	7	5	19
"H" Co., 2d Bn.,				
6th Marines	14	6	5	19
"C" Co., 1st Bn.				
6th Marines	12	9	4	16
2nd Signal Co.	11	10	2	15
Aircraft Two	10	11	2	12
Recruit Depot	9	12	1	10
2nd Bn., 10th Reg.	2	19	1	3

High game series—Base HQ & HQ Co. 2737
High team game—Base HQ & HQ Co. 996
High individual series—C. M. George (Signal Co.) 610
High individual game—Ward, HQ Co.

Playoff:
VO-8M Aircraft Two 2,667
Awarded First Place
Base HQ & HQ Co. 2,607
Awarded Second Place
"H" Company, 2d Bn. 2,523
Awarded Third Place



Colonel J. C. Beaumont Presents Cup to First Battalion Bowling Team, Winners of Inter-Battalion Series.

COMPANY "H" WINS MARINE CORPS BASE HOOP TITLE

Play-off Game Results in 31-30 Win for Machine Gunners

The Marine Corps Base Inter-Company Basketball League wound up its season with the quintets from Company "C," 1st Bn., 6th Marines, and Company "H," 2d Bn., 6th Marines, deadlocked for the lead, each team having tasted but one defeat in league competition. In a playoff game Company "H" nosed out Company "C" by a one-point margin. The game was fast and at times rough, but it was great for the spectators, the largest crowd of the season turning out for the crucial contest. Cushman, stocky guard, was the big gun for Company "H" while "Buster" Keeton, flashy forward, shone for the losers.

Lt. Robert O. Bisson had charge of the basketball league and did a fine job. His task in keeping interest high and running the league through without numerous postponements was not a small one as many of the players were firing at the Rifle Range and a league here is handicapped by the lack of an adequate gymnasium. Next season, with the probability of practically a regiment at the Base, there should be one of the classiest interpost leagues in the history of San Diego athletics.

Summary of playoff game:
 "H" Co. (31) "C" Co. (30)
 Polotay (5) F (9) Keeton
 Dorr (3) F (8) Rougeau
 Couch (1) C (2) Boles
 Sibel (4) G (6) Wilson
 Cushman (13) G (5) Martin
 Substitutions: "H" Co.: Ware (6), Brower (5); "C" Co.: Bergeron (6).

PEIPING SPORTLIGHTS

Sports in this old China capital have been playing an important part in the life of the Marine Guard. After winning the baseball championship of North China for the seventh straight time, by taking ten out of twelve games, all eyes were turned to the International Guards Track and Field Meet held each year between the various foreign guards station here.

In this meet our Post Track and Field Team piled up a total of eighty-three points. The Italian Guard Team was second with fifty points, while the British Guard garnered but two points. The Marines established three new records for the meet that will stand for some time and also tied one old one. Brockert, Ashley and Kayler finished in that order in the 100 meter dash. Brockert's time was eleven seconds which equaled the meet record. In the 800 meter race, Browning, Marine, was clocked at 2'-10 4/5", which was 3/5" better than the old record. The Marine Relay Team did the 800 meter relay in 1'-34", or 3 2/5" better than the old record. McGrath added another half an inch to the old record and won the high jump. The Marine Tug-O'-War team topped off a perfect meet by pulling the Italian team over the line in 10 minutes and 6 seconds.

With Johnson Hall well on the way to completion by this time, basketball began to occupy all our time and plans went forward for the forming of the International Basketball League to play for the Johnson Trophy. There are four Marine Company Teams and five Chinese College Teams in the league, which is divided into two halves. The first game was played on November 22nd between Company "B" (39th) and China University. The Marine Team won. The first half of the league was won by



PHILLY MARINES, NAVY YARD CHAMPS

Inset: Capt. S. W. Freeny. Left to right: Rowan, Travis, Palston, Keefe, Taylor, Reider, McMichael (Captain).

Catholic University, coached by ex-Marine A. E. Smithberger, with a clean slate of eight straight wins and no defeats. Company "C" (62nd) finished second.

In the interim between the halves of the International League, the Post Basketball Team is being organized, with 1st Lt. C. P. Van Ness directing its destinies. We are looking forward to a very successful season

for this aggregation as Coach Van Ness has a wealth of hoopers from which to select his squad. Your scribe will keep you posted on the team's activities during the season.

We are also looking forward to a thrilling inter-company ice-hockey season and will let you know about the spills that take place on the ice at a later date.

SHANGHAI SPORTS

THE past month was exceptionally heavy as far as Marine athletic activities go with lots of good rugby and basketball. Although the winter season is practically over there still remains the Spunt Cup play in rugby and the company basketball finals. (Editor's Note: A telegram flash states Marines won Spunt Cup, no score given.)

The keynote of last month was the splendid and unexpected victory of the Marines over the Hongkong Interport rugby team. As the southerners had held Shanghai to a six-point margin, the Marines were conceded no chance to win and speculation was rife as to the margin by which Hongkong would win. When the dust of the game cleared it was found that fifteen hard-fighting Leathernecks had performed a miracle and not only defeated Hongkong by 8 (1 goal, 1 try) to 3 (1 penalty goal), but also outplayed them all the way through.

Every member of the winning team played as though the result of the game depended on his performance and took advantage of all opportunities which came his way. However, it was defensively

that the winners starred. Their tackling and marking of men was the best seen this season. As expected the Hongkong pack heeled the ball more often than the Marines, but it was just wasted effort as the breaks and backs hit the Hongkong stars so hard that only a few movements materialized.

The game itself was a corker. Hongkong kicked off and immediately pressed. A movement commenced but a swarm of Marines were through and broke up the rush. The Marine pack got the ball in the loose and heeled out to Oakie who picked up and gave an indication of what might happen by selling a dummy and skirting through for a gain of over thirty yards before being huddled to touch. This placed the visitors on the defensive where they remained for the balance of the half. The hard tackling of the Marines was a revelation and stopped Hongkong cold each time they sought to break through. With about five minutes of play left, Misitis sent a long kick to touch on about the five yard line. Hongkong cleared but Lewandowski kicked up and this time found touch only a yard away

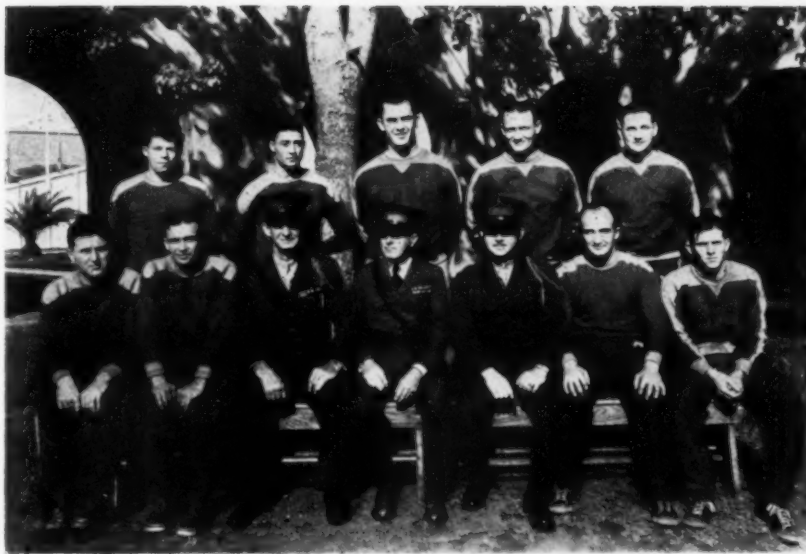
from the line. Chisholm stole the ball from the ensuing scrum and fell over for the first score. Lewandowski converted and the score was 5 to 0 as the half ended.

At the resumption of play, Hongkong switched tactics and gave the offensive to their pack. This change was successful and kept the ball in Marine territory for the first time but still they could not break through the stubborn Marine defense to score. Austin broke through and blocked a kick to send the ball rolling to Hongkong's goal with Dixon and Lewandowski in hot pursuit. A fine tackle by the visitors' back stopped the score and Hongkong brought the ball back to the shadow of the Marine goal, but Oakie stopped the carrier with a neat flying tackle. A fighting Marine pack pushed the invaders out of scoring range and forced many loose scrums. They started another movement from one of these but Neilsen had marked his man well and intercepted the pass meant for the wing to dash sixty yards down the field to the goal line where the back caught him. Lewandowski, who had played heads-up rugby all afternoon, had followed and fell on the ball for a score in the melee that followed. He missed the conversion and the score was 8 to nil.

As though infuriated by this, Hongkong fought back fiercely and gradually took play into Marine territory, but still found the last line impossible to cross. Oakie dashed through and intercepted a pass in a movement but the referee called him offside and Hongkong kicked the penalty goal to give them 3 points. And there the score remained despite the frantic efforts of the losers to equalize. It was the most brilliant victory of the Marines in recent years and all fifteen players deserve a great deal of credit. The Marine team lined up with Misisit at full-back; Lewandowski and Neilson, wings; Jenkins and Gajarian, three quarters; Oakie, stand-off; Chisholm, scrum half; Soloway and Derwae, breakaways; Austin, Mullenax, Dixon, midrank; Morgan, Rossman, Alexander, front rank.

While their rugged contemporaries were enjoying success, the Marine basketballers were piling up win after win in the China National Amateur Athletics Federation League and were looked upon as favorites for the city title which they had won the year before. Finally, the play narrowed down to the Marines and the Foreign "Y" Buccaneers and the two teams met in the crucial game the first Saturday in February. Fate in the form of a rolling basketball came between the Marines and the championship of their laurels when Glowinski took a free throw with only five seconds of play left and missed tying the score by the narrowest of margins to give the Bucs a win by 33 to 32. The game was one of the fastest played this season and both teams gave all they had. The Marines came from behind twice to knot the count but each time the winners drew ahead.

Lock was the outstanding player on the deck, scoring 12 points and keeping his team in the running. He was given plenty of aid from Bereez, Marine leader, and Glowinski during the game. Although Bereez was not high scorer, his floorwork was excellent and culminated in Marine points. The Bucs handled the ball better and their years of playing together showed in their pass-work, but they could not break through the impregnable defense of the Marines within the twenty-foot mark. The Marines' defense was their strongest asset



MARINE CORPS BASE BASKETBALL TEAM, WINNING THE 11TH NAVAL DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE EIGHTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR

Left to right, front row: Reynolds, Wetherbee, Capt. C. M. Lott, Athletic Officer; Brig.-Gep. F. L. Bradmon, Commanding MCB; 1st Lt. R. O. Bisson, Coach; Peasley, Devin. Left to right, rear row: Kenton, Roy, Neil, Captain; Beeson, Huth.

as Ryan consistently got the tip and their offense could not click while Carson again

proved his versatility by sinking crucial shots as well as holding Bereez.

SAN DIEGO SPORT SANDWICH

BY "DUKE" PEASLEY

WELL, here we are, once again making a humble effort to bring to you LEATHERNECK readers a monthly account of what the San Diego Marines are doing to crash the headlines on the sport . . . And take it from an old east coast sports addict. "This San Diego Marine Base is really 'hot' for athletics, and from the Commanding General all the way down the line to the rawest recruit, everyone takes pride in the enviable record of the Base athletic teams" . . . Champion basketball team of the section, winner of the Naval Operating Base title for the eighth consecutive year . . . These San Diego Leathernecks can't help feeling a little chesty . . . with the basketball season over everyone is anxiously awaiting the coming season on the diamond. Captain Lott, Base Athletic Officer, is booking a schedule of college games. Stanford University and University of California at Los Angeles appear here in March for two games apiece with the Marine team. The season opens on the 10th of March with the USS *Dobbin*, one of the crack service teams of the coast, as the opposition . . . Capt. Chesley G. Stevens is coaching the team this year . . . It is too early in the season to attempt to give dope on the diamond prospects, as some of the players have not worked out as yet due to being occupied at basketball . . . But to summarize the little we have seen . . . The pitching department looks well fortified. Gerry Pounds and "Lefty" Smith, the mainstays of last season's pitching staff, are expected to take regu-

lar turns on the mound while a couple of twirlers from the old First Brigade League, "Dazzy" McNicol and "Screw Top" Brown will bolster the staff . . . Last season's team was badly depleted by transfers and the infield at present is problematical . . . Ray Sadler, former All-Marine first sacker, has been firing the range but will be in there scooping them out of the dirt soon. Tracey, Welden, Keeton, Lidy, Devens, you may read any of their names in future infield lineups. Right now Sonnenberg, Moore and Ware are leading in the fight for positions out in the pastures. However, "Don" Beeson, basketball and baseball star will be out there this week and along with Shumway will have more than a little to say about a first string position . . . Jim Kerr, last season's receiver, is going up to Hollywood for a trial with the Pacific Coast League team of that town. We all wish the big boy from Baltimore plenty luck. . . Jim will meet up with stiff competition with such catchers as Johnny Bassler, former Detroit star, "Red" Desautels, former Holy Cross, Toronto and Detroit receiver on the string . . . Our old friend Jimmie Levey is up there with Hollywood and should shine at shortstop. If the old Quantico flash starts busting that apple he will find himself back in the Big Time. . . . And Ernie Smith, will cavort in the shortfield for Minneapolis . . . Charlie Nissen, late of Shanghai fame, reported here via the USS *Chaumont*, and lost no time in getting started in the mat game here. In his first match at the Coliseum he took

the measure of "The Terrible Turk." The Turk commenced using some of the rough tactics so common to the 1935 edition of the Grunt and Groan game but Charlie showed him that he could dish out a little of his own medicine pinning the Turk to the mat. Charlie followed up with another win the next week over Frank Von Mohr . . . Looks like he is headed for the big dough . . . Doug Fairbanks, late of the Fourth Marines is at the Base and ready to go. Doug has thrown quite a bit of leather at Parris Island, China and Points east, winning a championship belt in the orient as a feather weight . . . The Base Bowling Team opened the 11th Naval District Bowling Tournament with a win over the Marine Aviation team. The Marine Team won all four points of the match, rolling a total of 2573 pins . . . Quartermaster Sergeant Robbins is managing the bowling team and has quite an aggregation. Recently the boys had a match with the Brass Rail team of the San Diego major league, winning two out of three games, but losing total pins by 40. The Brass Rail team was strengthened by Jack Larripa, present Pacific Coast Bowling Champion . . . Robbie is also still showing his enthusiasm for the old diamond game and baseball fans can see him any Sunday or holiday out there crouching behind the catcher culling balls and strikes for the fast city games. And Robbie used to catch some pretty nice games so he should be wise to all the receiver's bag of tricks . . . On Saturday, the 6th of April, the Marines will participate in the Eleventh Naval District Track and Field Meet . . . A call for candidates has been made and daily workouts are being held . . . With maneuvers coming up we cannot see just when spring football practice can be held, but the idea is still hot . . . The Pacific Coast Expedition is bringing thousands of visitors to San Diego and the Exposition is boosting athletics. Now, we San Diego Marines,

want to, and intend to, have a football team here that will go down in the records as one of the greatest football teams to ever represent a branch of the military service . . . Now, we are going to sign off and hope to be back next month with more dope on San Diego sports.

MARINES ROUT NAVAL RESERVE, 45-34

Wetherbee and Neil Shine For Base Team
By E. W. P.

The Marine offense failed to function smoothly in the early part of the game and the Naval Reserves trailed by but one point at the close of the first half. Tucker, Reserve pivotman, tossed in baskets from all angles, practically matching the Marine attack. In the closing period the Marines suddenly found their basket eyes and won 45-34. Neil and Wetherbee netted 20 points between them to lead the attack of the Base team.

Summary:				NAVAL RES.			
MARINES				G F G T			
	G	F	T		G	F	T
Devins, l.f.	3	0	6	Chisette, l.f.	0	1	1
Peasley, r.f.	2	0	4	Wilson, r.f.	1	1	3
Marchant, c.	2	0	4	Graham, r.f.	0	1	1
Boles, c.	5	1	11	Tucker, c.	8	4	20
Wh'r'e, l.g.	5	0	10	Godwin, l.g.	1	0	2
Neil, r.g.	4	2	10	Frieb'g, r.g.	3	1	7
Total	21	3	45	Total	13	8	34

ROCKWELL FIELD FALLS BEFORE MARINE ATTACK

Marines Win League Game, 48-24

The Fliers from Rockwell Field offered plenty of competition in the first half, holding the powerful Marine aggregation to 17 all at half time. However, the Marines came back in the second half and with Captain "Cheesy" Neil leading the attack, left the Fliers far behind. Once more Joe Wetherbee, smooth-working forward, sank several beautiful shots from mid floor. Beeson, Bol's and Rosy Kenton,

a newcomer, played consistent and clever ball. McMillan led the opponents' attack.

Summary:				ROCK'ELL				FIELD			
MARINES				G F G T				G F G T			
Devins, l.f.	0	0	0	Tho'son, l.f.	3	2	8				
Peasley, l.f.	3	0	6	Young, r.f.	1	0	2				
W'h'r'e, r.f.	5	1	11	M'Mill'n, c.	5	0	10				
Kenton, r.f.	0	0	0	Garr, l.g.	0	2	2				
Boles, c.	6	0	12	C'sc'la, r.g.	1	0	2				
Beeson, l.g.	3	0	4								
Neil, r.g.	7	1	15								
Total	23	2	48	Total	10	4	24				

AVIATORS WIN FIRST PLAY-OFF GAME, 36-34

Marine Base Loses Close Game to Marine Aviators

In the first game of the Section B playoff, the Marine Aviators took the measure of an overconfident Base team 36-34. The Base piled up an early lead but was unable to hold it in the face of deadly shooting of the Aviators. Early in the second half the Aviators stepped out front and in spite of a rally by the Base team in the closing minutes of the game, the final gun found the Marines from North Island victorious. Schildberg, Wozniak and Giddens played great ball for the Aviators while Neil and Roy performed ably for the Base.

Summary:				AVIATION			
MARINES				G F G T			
Roy, l.f.	3	0	6	Sh'berg, l.f.	4	4	12
Kenton, r.f.	2	5	9	Wozn'k, r.f.	5	1	11
W'h'r'e, r.f.	0	0	0	Giddens, c.	5	0	10
Neil, c.	6	1	13	P. St'r, l.g.	1	0	2
Beeson, l.g.	1	0	2	Adamczyk	0	0	0
Roy'ds, r.g.	2	0	4	R. St'r, r.g.	0	1	1
Whyt'k, r.g.	0	0	0				
Total	14	6	34	Total	15	6	36

AVIATORS FALL BEFORE ASSAULT OF BASE MARINES

Marines In Form Win, 39-32

Tying up the Section B playoff series the Marine Base registered a 39-32 win over the Aviators from North Island in a



Champions of Twenty Years Ago



The 1906, 1907, 1908 Edition of the Marine Baseball Club at Olongapo, P. I. Many old-timers will recognize several familiar faces here. 2nd Lt. E. B. Fortson (second from left in front row) was Athletic Officer and Manager.

reversal of form from the first game of the series. The Base team realized tonight that the Aviators were worthy opponents and played forty minutes of winning basketball. Roy, the speedy forward from the Codfish state, and late of Shanghai fame, was in great form, showing that he was by no means over presaged by home-comers from the Fourth Marines. Don Beeson, veteran Marine guard, and Reynolds, fast returning to his form of last season, played hard consistent ball, retrieving many a shot from the Aviators' backboard and advancing it down the court. But it was Schildberg, lanky forward from North Island, who was the outstanding player on the floor. This Marine, while he lacks some of the form and finesse of a veteran player, can really swish the old net in the hoop, and was really "hot tonight."

Summary:

MARINES

	G	F	G	T
Roy, l.f.	5	1	11	
Wh're, l.f.	0	0	0	
Kenton, r.f.	3	3	9	
Pensley, r.f.	0	0	0	
Neil, c.	1	4	8	
Beeson, l.g.	2	1	5	
Rey'ds, r.g.	3	0	6	
Total	14	11	39	

AVIATION

	G	F	G	T
S'h'berg, l.f.	7	5	19	
Wozn'k, r.f.	0	3	3	
Giddens, c.	2	0	4	
P. S'h'r, l.g.	1	0	2	
R. S'h'r, r.g.	2	0	4	
Total	12	8	32	

MARINE BASE WINS SECTION B TITLE, N. O. B. LEAGUE

Marine Fliers Fall Before Deadly Attack of Base Quintet

In the third and final game of the series to determine the Naval Operating Base, Section B title, the Marine Base quintet emerged as a basketball power upsetting the cocky Marine Aviators 63-38. Displaying a whirlwind offense and the ability to run up points throughout, the team looked fully as powerful as any Base team of the past. "Cheesy" Neil, Marine captain and star pivotman, slightly off form in the last game, came back in a blaze of glory, chalking up 26 points and playing an inspired game throughout. We might mention Joe Wetherbee's clever shots. The elusive Roy and his dashes to the basket, Don Beeson's floorwork, Reynolds' advancing of the ball and stellar guarding, but it was not a game of individuals. It was the teamwork of the Marines, passing and shooting with accurate precision, and showing the old Marine fight which turned an expected struggle into a rout for the Base and gave them the right to meet the winners

of the Section "A" League for the NOB Championship.

Summary:

MARINES

	G	F	G	T
Roy, l.f.	4	1	9	
Devins, l.f.	3	0	6	
Kenton, r.f.	1	1	3	
Wh're, r.f.	4	2	10	
Neil, c.	10	6	26	
Beeson, l.g.	2	2	6	
Rey'ds, r.g.	1	1	3	
Total	25	13	63	

AVIATION

	G	F	G	T
S'h'berg, l.f.	3	3	9	
Wozn'k, r.f.	3	0	6	
Giddens, c.	7	1	15	
Man'ng, l.g.	0	0	0	
P. Schroet'r	2	0	4	
R. S'h'r, r.g.	1	2	4	
Total	16	6	38	

STATE COLLEGE EDGES OUT MARINE BASE

Captain Neil Shines For Devil Dogs

The Marine Base lost a hotly contested game to the San Diego State College basketball team by a score of 42-37 in a game played in the college gymnasium. The showing of the Marines was more than creditable as San Diego State was last year's Southern California Conference champion, and is well on its way to a repeat. Previous to the Marine-State College game the collegians took such a team as Olsen's Swedes into camp. The game was nip and tuck throughout and the half found the Marines trailing 22-20. In the second half both teams played fast aggressive ball but the large floor tired the Marines a bit more than the collegians and the final score was 42-37. Jean Neil

(Continued on page 56)

LET'S HAVE THE NEWS OF ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES FROM YOUR POST

PHILLY MARINES WIN TEN MATCHES

FIRST MATCH

Fired January 12, 1935. Conditions: Postal, 10 shots, 50 feet, at each of four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal, Jr.	98	97	97	87	379
2. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	98	100	94	87	379
3. Sgt. O. Guilmet	99	100	92	83	374
4. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	99	99	95	80	373
5. 1st Sgt. B. G. Betke	99	100	92	81	372

Marines	1877
Nemadji Rifle Club, Superior, Wis.	1857

SECOND MATCH

Fired January 18, 1935. Against Valley Forge Military Academy of Wayne, Pa., at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. Conditions: Shoulder to shoulder, 10 shots, at each of four position (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	99	99	97	90	385
2. Cpl. S. J. Bartletti	100	97	89	93	379
3. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	99	100	95	85	379
4. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal	97	99	94	88	378
5. Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	98	98	94	85	375

Marines	1896
Valley Forge Military Academy	1711

THIRD MATCH

Fired January 17, 1935, against Princeton Rifle Club, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J. Conditions: Postal, 20 shots prone at 50 feet:

	Total
1. Cpl. S. J. Bartletti	200
2. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal, Jr.	199
3. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	199
4. 1st Lt. J. D. Blanchard	199
5. 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell	198

Marines	995
Princeton Rifle Club	984

FOURTH MATCH

Fired January 19, 1935, against Pennsylvania Military College of Chester, Pa., at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. Conditions: Shoulder to shoulder, 10 shots, at each of four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	100	98	95	87	380
2. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	99	98	94	86	377
3. 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell	100	97	96	83	376
4. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal	99	99	95	83	376
5. Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	99	94	93	81	367

Marines	1876
Pennsylvania Military College	1640

FIFTH MATCH

Fired January 27, 1935, against Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club, Frankford, Pa., at Frankford, Pa. Conditions: Shoulder to shoulder, 75 feet, 10 shots at each of four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	100	95	91	92	378
2. Cpl. R. E. Schneeman	99	97	90	90	376
3. Cpl. S. J. Bartletti	98	99	90	89	376
4. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	99	99	92	86	376
5. 1st Lt. J. D. Blanchard	98	99	93	83	373

Marines	1879
Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club	1874

SIXTH MATCH

Fired Feb. 7, 1935 against Greeley Rifle Club of Greeley, Colo. Conditions: Postal, 10 shots at each of four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	98	99	95	90	382
2. Gy-Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	98	95	95	87	375
3. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal	98	98	93	86	375
4. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	97	99	96	82	374
5. Cpl. S. J. Bartletti	100	98	90	84	372

Marines	1878
Greeley Rifle Club	1816

SEVENTH MATCH

Fired Feb. 8, 1935, against Ft. Wayne Rifle and Revolver Club, Ft. Wayne, Ind. Conditions: Postal, 10 shots at each of four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Gy-Sgt. G. A. Guilmet	97	98	95	91	381
2. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal, Jr.	100	97	94	90	381
3. Cpl. R. E. Schneeman	100	95	98	87	380
4. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	100	95	95	88	378
5. 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell	99	98	98	82	377

Marines	1897
Ft. Wayne Rifle and Revolver Club	1840

EIGHTH MATCH

Fired Feb. 9, 1935, against Drexel Institute, 31st and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., at Drexel Institute. Conditions: shoulder to shoulder, 10 shots at each of three positions (prone, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	100	95	92	287
2. Gy-Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	99	94	92	285
3. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal, Jr.	100	96	85	281
4. Cpl. R. E. Schneeman	97	94	95	276
5. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	100	95	81	276

Marines	1405
Drexel Institute	1356

NINTH MATCH

Fired Feb. 16, 1935, against Drexel Institute at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. Conditions: Shoulder to shoulder, 10 shots at each of three positions (prone, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Cpl. R. D. Chaney	100	93	91	284
2. Gy-Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	99	91	90	280
3. 2d Lt. D. C. McDougal, Jr.	99	95	86	280
4. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	99	93	87	279
5. Cpl. S. J. Bartletti	99	89	82	270

Marines	1393
Drexel Institute	1341

TENTH MATCH

Fired Feb. 17, 1935, against Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. Conditions: Shoulder to shoulder, 10 shots at each of four positions (prone, sitting, kneeling, standing):

	Prone	Sit.	Kneel.	Stand.	Total
1. Pvt. H. A. Barrett	98	100	96	85	379
2. Cpl. R. E. Schneeman	100	97	96	84	377
3. 1st Lt. J. D. Blanchard	98	96	95	85	374
4. 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell	100	98	90	84	372
5. Gy-Sgt. O. A. Guilmet	100	96	94	81	371

Marines	1873
Frankford Arsenal Rifle Club	1846

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

New Navy Yard Reserve Battalion to Train at Sea Girt N. J. in June

The recently formed Third Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, commanded by Major Bernard S. Barron FMCR, and stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is humming with activity in preparation for both the annual summer training duty, which is tentatively scheduled for Sea Girt, N. J., beginning June 16th, and the plans for the Spring maneuvers in conjunction with Marine Aviation Squadron VO-6 Reserve. This is the battalion which embraces Company C and Company D, formerly of the 19th Reserve Regiment, now disbanded, the old 462nd Company Navy Yard Guard Detachment, a newly formed Company A, and a headquarters company.

At the time this was written, numerous promotions are pending in the battalion, including the commissioning of four new second lieutenants, for service as company officers with the various units, and for battalion staff duty. Recruiting for the new Company "A," commanded by Captain John J. Dolan, FMCR., was going ahead successfully, and also the work of filling a few remaining vacancies in Companies B, C, and D are completely filled, and applicants for those companies are being diverted to A and B.

On March 16th, the regular Marine detachment at the Yard gave a dance in the Reserve battalion building in honor of the officers and men of the new organization, and on March 23rd the Battalion returned the compliment with a basketball game and dance for the regulars. The building was beautifully decorated for each of these occasions, and the parties gave the men of the various battalion units their first general get-together opportunity of meeting the members of the other units. Officers of the regular Corps also were guests at the two functions which were well attended.

A call for baseball, football and swimming candidates for the Battalion teams in those sports was issued early in March, and it is believed that nearly half of the entire organization will be active in some sport or other during the year. With many high school, college and professional football players among the personnel, the Battalion should turn out a fair team next Fall, for their first pigskin competition. No coaches have been selected as yet, but Lieutenant O'Connell, commanding Company D, still continues as basketball coach. The team, at this writing had won twenty out of its twenty-four games this season, for a grand total of 33 out of 43 games won in less than fifteen months. Players from Companies B, C, and D compose the squad of sixteen players. An intra-battalion league is planned for next season, in addition to outside competition.

Four candidates for commissions, three of them sergeants, were recommended and examined early in March, and are awaiting their commissions. They are: Sergeants Edward Anderson, Joseph Mayer, and Wil-

liam Willis, all from D Company and with considerable service in this and other companies, and A. J. Stone, Jr., who served in the Navy during the World War. In event of being commissioned, these new officers will be assigned as company officers with Companies A, C, and D, which at present have no officer attached beside the company commanders. Sergeants Willis, and Walter J. Baade, the latter a veteran of the Regular Corps in China, had been assigned temporarily to Company "A" during its recruiting and preliminary drill period. First Lieutenant Milton V. O'Connell, commanding Company D, was recommended for promotion to captain, and passed his examination March 1st, and was awaiting commission in this rank when this article was written. He, with Major Barron, was an organizer of the original 462nd Company, and prior to that had served at various times as an officer with the 303rd, 304th (Manhattan and Brooklyn companies) and 301st (Boston) company. During the World War he served with the 95th Company, 6th Regiment, overseas and was wounded in action at Champagne.

Captain Howard W. Houck, commanding Company C, presented a Marine Corps plaque to Fort Hamilton Post No. 27, American Legion, at which he was a guest of honor recently. Company D was host to more than 100 Sea Scouts at a recent drill night, and as a result the battalion received numerous applications from scouts and former members of that organization, for enlistment in the Reserve units. This is the naval branch of the Boy Scouts of America. On February 6th, the color guard from D

Company consisting of Sergeants Anderson, Mayer, Willis and Baade won its second consecutive drill competition and a handsome silver loving cup, against nearly a score of veteran and military color guards at the Paramount Mansion, Washington Heights, New York, sponsored by the Jewish War Veterans of the United States. The Company now has two loving cups in its trophy case.

Captain William Carey, battalion adjutant, is preparing the details of the summer training camp schedule, and Capt. John V. D. Young, battalion quartermaster is getting the battalion band into shape for the tour of duty, as well as checking all property and equipment details. Company B, 1st Lieut. Fred Lindlaw commanding, 2nd Lt. Edgar Persky, company officer, is equipping his command with blue uniforms and filling vacancies in the command.

All companies having unqualified members, are using the sub-calibre range at the Yard for instruction and record shooting. It is Major Barron's wish that every member of the Battalion be qualified on the small bore prior to engaging in outdoor range work at Sea Girt during the summer. Two companies are already qualified 100 per cent—Companies C and D. Promotions to non-commissioned officers' grades were proceeding in both A and B companies during March.

Major Dean Kalbfleisch, USMC, is Inspector-Instructor for this Battalion and takes a keen and active interest in the work done by the various units of the organization. Each drill session of all units is invariably attended by many visitors, which is helping to spread interest in the Reserve outfit through greater New York and Suburban districts. The effect of this civilian attendance and interest has been reflected in the enlistment applications received by companies in the process of recruiting, and a recruit waiting list will soon be necessary.



First Battalion, 22nd Reserve Marines, New Orleans, Attend Opening Night of "Devil Dogs of the Air."

With this condition, attendance percentages have raised appreciably, as with candidates waiting to get into the outfit, present members of the command face transfer out of the battalion for lack of sufficient interest or failure to attend drills.

Company A probably will be known as the "giant company" as a minimum height of five feet eight inches is required of all applicants for enlistment in that unit.

The spirit of general friendliness and co-operation between the officers and men of all units in the Battalion has been exceptionally pleasing to Major Barron, each of the completed units aiding the others to obtain full strength and complete equipment in the matter of blue uniforms, etc. All units have coordinated drill and training schedules.

CO. A., SECOND BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE BOSTON, MASS.

By O. J. Person

Hello, everybody. Well, signs of spring are now noticeable; I, for one, am glad that spring is just around the corner. Between sickness and failure to attend drill on account of storms, I believe our company will begin to function better now that we can drill outside on the Navy Yard Ball Park.

Last Friday night our Company received quite a surprise when Corporal Trainor reported for drill. He has been home sick for the last few months on account of a very serious operation. Welcome back, Corporal Trainor, and let us hope that you will continue to do the good work you did before your sickness.

We had the pleasure of listening to Capt. Wm. Fitzpatrick of the United States Marines stationed at the Navy Yard who spoke to the Company and Marine Officers Class,



DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

Enlisted for World War service under the name of John Cynar or Synar. He has disappeared and his brother has appealed to *The Leatherneck* for aid in locating this man. If you know of his whereabouts, please notify *The Leatherneck*.

He spoke on many interesting subjects and received a splendid applause from the Company and officers present. Another speaker was Maj. Harry A. Grafton of the Marine Corps Reserves. After class we marched up to the top deck and started brushing up on squad and column movements, as we are

going into another competition drill soon, as everybody knows we have been selected to represent the Blue Company of the Battalion.

Until next month, adios.

COMPANY D, 1ST BATTALION, 25TH RESERVE MARINES

Inglewood, California

The big news of last month is the battalion rifle match held at the rifle range at El Segundo and won by "D" Company with a score of 962. Company "C" of Glendale was second with 925, followed by Company "A" and Company "B."

Pfc. Edson Card was high man for "D" Company and the runners up were "Salty" Case, "What-a-Man" Harrison and Sergeant Miller. The .22 rifle qualification list of "D" Company shows that, from a total of twenty men on the line, we have sixteen experts, one sharpshooter and three marksmen.

Edson Card made private-first-class last month and among the other items of interest—we have two new men in the ranks. They are Charles P. Badger and Brighton E. Cleeton who have stepped into the files recently vacated by Olson and Wells.

"D" Company had a display in the lobby of the Granada Theatre in Inglewood during National Defense Week. The drill team gave a good account of themselves on the stage and, later, presented an exhibition at the installation of officers of The Sons of the American Legion. H. W. Card, "D" Company's former mascot, and son of Captain Card, skipper of our Command, was installed as Captain.

Plans are being made to have the company outfitted in blue uniforms before next month.



Landing Force at Black Island, Rhode Island, October, 1915

The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

NEWARK MAKES FIRST BID FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

CHE Captain Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark, N. J., has filed the first application for the 1935 National Convention of the Marine Corps League.

While final decision has not been made at this time on the bid, pending word from other sections of the country, we believe Newark is the logical place to hold the conclave at this time.

First of all, it is the third largest city in population and a strong Marine town. Second, there are seven active detachments of the League within a radius of fifty miles in New York, Jersey City, Elizabeth, Passaic, Morristown, Lakewood and Hackensack, with Upstate New York and Massachusetts detachments within a few hours' riding time. This would in all probability assure the largest attendance by far of any convention ever held by the League.

In addition to which the Newark Detachment is a large and active outfit of long standing, being the second oldest detachment in the League and the first to boast a set of colors, which it carried to the Second National Convention in Philadelphia in 1925.

While the Eastern Seaboard has already been host to five National Conventions and we believe the West Coast is entitled to first choice, if the West don't want it, why not Newark?

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Asst. National Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Schenectady-Troy, N. Y.

Greetings from the Valley of the Mohawks.

Wonders never cease. At our last meeting one of our charter members, Pete Magathon, put in an appearance after an absence of two years. Good for you, Pete, we hope to see you more often in the future.

Recently the members of this detachment and their wives were guests of honor at the opening of the current picture, "Devil Dogs of the Air," at Warner Bros. Strand in Albany. Believe me we sure enjoyed it, with all the memories it brought back. In one scene the Henderson was shown lying in the harbor. Say,

I can recall some good trips on her, can you? But can you imagine getting away with some of the things they pulled in that picture, in our time? If so, it only happened once and then, you know—full ration every fifth day. Am I right?

Plans are being made for our annual Military Ball at the Elks Grand Ballroom in Albany Easter Monday, April 22nd. You all know of our annual dance and the good times that always go with it. So make your plans accordingly and come one, come all, and have the best time ever.

LEON E. (MUSIC)
WALKER,
Chief of Staff.

SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

San Francisco, Calif.

Well, here we are on the map again and going strong each meeting night. The San Francisco Detachment is gaining by leaps and bounds and we look forward to being one of the largest detachments in the Western States, if not the United States.

I do not know what the Adjutant sent in the last time he wrote, but this is the first time that the new Chief of Staff has sent anything in to THE LEATHERNECK.

The Detachment is now going in for whist parties and hope to make a huge success of it and have had wonderful support so far. And now comes the first blood for the west, as the ladies' auxiliary was installed by National Junior Vice Commandant Gilbertson with the assistance of Aide de Camp Ruskowski.

The ladies claim it is the "lucky 13," as thirteen members were initiated, being the Mrs. Worthen, Siegfried, Brown, Gilbertson, Beckman, Wolf, Stagg, Loshbough, Gjonovich, Girard, Kohl, Michael, Gollob. The first nine are the duly elected Officers, Commandant Worthen, Senior Vice Commandant Siegfried, Junior Vice Commandant Brown, Judge Advocate Gilbertson, Chief of Staff Beckman, Sergeant at Arms Wolf, Chaplain Stagg, Paymaster Loshbough and Adjutant Gjonovich.

The ladies are cooperating with the League 100 per cent and we hope and know that they will continue to do so. The Marines have their wives "all hopped up" over

this Marine Corps League stuff and we hope that they continue to be that way from now on and the ladies of the auxiliary express their sincere thanks to the officers of the national and the San Francisco Detachment for their initiation and installation. So let's go, Gyrenes, as we are after your scalp in the line of achievement.

ROY S. TAYLOR,
Chief of Staff.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

Two meetings held this month, the 7th and 20th. The first was held at Brockton, all hands catching the Chief of Staff and the Mrs. at home. Second meeting was held at our Detachment Commander's home, 272 Pearl St., So. Braintree. Anybody that missed out on that party should throw away his emblem and ship over in the militia.

Some of the boys misunderstood Charley's hospitality. When leaving, he, like the ever genial host, says "come again, friends," and some thought he meant the next evening. Am positive that he would have entertained some folks from this neck of woods if certain people could have found their overshoes. First prize at whist was awarded to Mrs. Eric Hedin, our Vice Commandant's better half. That sure is a card-playing family, he being claimant of a double county championship at Crib.

A steady pickup in attendance verifies that feeling our Commandant had when he suggested this type of meeting. Most of the natives hereabouts got the thrill of their lives on seeing "The Devil Dogs of the Air." Our Chaplain, Lieutenant Sweetser, takes a prominent part in the

making of this picture. Plenty reason for we children to be proud, but then, what Marine is not?

Sorry to learn of our National Commandant being out of the

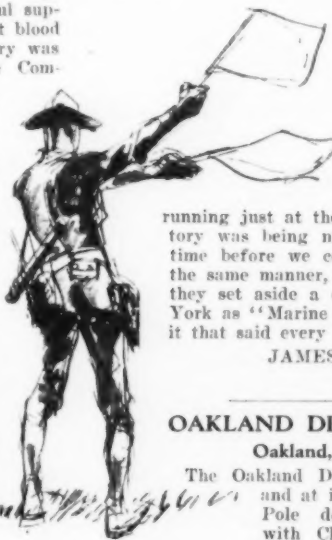
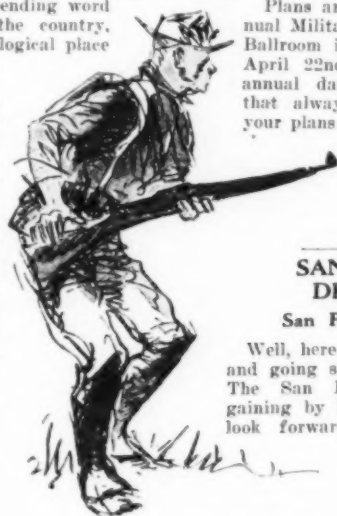
running just at the time when history was being made. Be a long time before we celebrate again in the same manner, John. See where they set aside a day over in New York as "Marine Day." Who was it that said every dog has his day?

JAMES C. THOMAS,
Chief of Staff.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Calif.

The Oakland Detachment is up and at it as usual; Flag Pole dedication dance, with Chairman Bartlett





When Marines Go Sight-seeing on the Island of Bali They Receive More Attention Than the Visiting Fireman at Skeetersville

at the helm, now past history. The publicity department reports, the sponsoring of the "Devil Dogs of the Air," at the Paramount, Oakland's leading Theatre, and the cooperation of the Canadian Legion Drum and Bugle Corps together with that snappy Ten Ten Drum Corps from the V. F. W. Great work and display by our brother veteran organizations.

On Monday, Feb. 25th, all members of the detachment were the guests of the management of the Paramount, where everyone enjoyed the picture. It looks like the Marine Corps League is going to have a real bull dog mascot, otherwise known as Sergeant Casey, a full pedigreed English bull. From all indications the charter of the League's first Devil Dog Degree team will close on our regular meeting of Feb. 28th, also now past history.

The Ladies' Auxiliary meets in San Francisco, Feb. 26th, and the reports are that they are a very determined branch of the Marine Corps League. Best of luck to them. We have an oldtimer here, Comrade Spellman, Civil War Marine, who has been taking the spotlight, with pictures in both the *Post Enquirer* and *Oakland Tribune*, both local papers. We understand that one of these pictures will be published in the various papers throughout

the country. The colorful career of Spellman will be written by the Department Chief of Staff and submitted to *THE LEATHERNECK* for publication.

Another important announcement: the Oakland Detachment is going to have the first "Flying Squadron" in the League. Marine aviators from the Air Unit of the Marines stationed at the Oakland Airport are now forming as members of the detachment. This has been made possible by Sergeant Major Chapman of the Flying Marines who is assisting the chief of staff in the organizing of this unit. Chapman, by the way, is one of our newest members. Another livewire who just joined up is Marine Schrimp, formerly of the

13th Regiment, A.E.F. The Oakland Detachment is recognized as one of the liveliest units of any veteran organizations in this locality. Every member is a go-getter.

A request has been made by the Department Chief of Staff that all detachments in the State of California submit their news to *THE LEATHERNECK*. We have been a little curious as to why we have not heard from Comrade Atton, Assistant Department Chief of Staff, of the Long Beach Detachment. Let's hear from you, Vin. Marine Weather recently confined to the hospital has now fully recovered and is happily back with his family.

All in all, the old timers are as usual



on the job, still eating, sleeping, and talking Marine Corps League. On Feb. 28th, a regular meeting of the Detachment has been set aside as "Inventory Night." The pros and cons of the organization will be reviewed with the object of further promoting the League. The State Convention will be held in Oakland which was decided at the last Department Officers' meeting on Feb. 18th. Commandant Kohl, otherwise in the bakery business here, made Comrade Spellman a dandy birthday cake on his 89th birthday, which fell on Feb. 22nd.

Until next time, with better news.
JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

Entertaining movie stars is rather a unique method of recruiting members for a veterans' organization, but this is a part of the procedure followed out by our detachment recently. During the recent showing of "Devil Dogs of the Air" at the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston, Miss Polly Moran, "Call Me Polly, Boys," made a personal appearance on the stage.

Mr. Gene Fox, publicity manager of the "Met" delegated our outfit to greet this famous comedienne on her arrival at the South Station, amid much picture taking by the press photographers and the usual "Welcome to Bahstun" by her many admirers. After a reception given at her suite, during which we were assisted by the theatre's assistant publicity manager, Jack Saife, and Larry O'Toole, the theatre artist, Miss Moran wrote and signed notes excusing various members for coming home so late.

The recruiting was done at the "Met," where we were given a very prominent place in the lobby for the entire week. A magnificent walnut table and chair provided by Mr. Shonting, maintenance manager, draped in front with a blue and red detachment banner donated by our State Commandant "Chappie Robertson," added much to the dignified appearance of the most beautiful theatre in Boston. The finishing touches consisted of the placing of the national colors and the detachment standard in their correct positions on the floor beside the desk. A very appropriately worded sign, and a member of the detachment in uniform always in attendance, served notice to all inactive Marines that there is a way of keeping up with the doings of our Corps.

At the following meeting, which was in the form of a very splendid entertainment given by some first class talent from a local theatre, Comrade Roy Keene in charge, a gratifying result of our drive for members was in evidence.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,
Chief of Staff.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT No. 1 New York City

The Eleventh Annual Dinner Dance of New York Detachment was held in the ballroom of the Knights of Columbus Club Hotel on February 16th, and what a night. There was a bountiful repast. There were scores of beautiful women and stalwart Marines, the music was dreamy and the wine flowed freely. What more could anyone ask?

National Commandant John F. Manning

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came down from Methuen, Mass., as guest of honor and was seated at the table of Commandant Frank X. Lambert, who sat on his left. On his right sat National Chaplain "Doc" Clifford, also a guest of honor with Col. Gerard M. Kincaide, commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn Navy Yard, and his adjutant, Captain Drew; Capt. Angelo J. Cincotta, past National Judge Advocate; Oliver Kelly, commandant of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark, N. J., with Mrs. Kelly; Mr. and Mrs. Nat Levy.

Commandant Manning spoke on the progress of the League and told the members and guests that the prospects were bright for the National incorporation of the League during the current year. "Doc" Clifford made his usual inspiring talk on his experiences with the Marines "over there," in the tropics and throughout the country, in and out of the service.

Second Vice Commandant Joseph P. Vanslet and Mrs. Vanslet were hosts to a party of twenty Spanish War veterans, including Vice Commandant and Mrs. Martin C. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Anderson entertained a party of ten traffic squad policemen with their wives. Harry is a member of the squad.

Past Commandant Tom Kilcommons and Mrs. Kilcommons were hosts to a party of ten at another table including John F. Loric, one of our old-timers, and Mrs. Loric.

Paymaster Charles N. Miller also entertained a party of ten.

Mr. and Mrs. William Folsom also were hosts to a party of twelve including Mr. and Mrs. Mark Speaker, Mr. and Mrs.

Peter Brady and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eberhard.

Harry Burgess and Mrs. Burgess were hosts at another table which included Adjutant and Mrs. Harold L. Walk.

Capt. Kenneth B. Collings, Past State Commandant of New Jersey, dropped in late in the evening to pay his respects. Ken arrived the same day from a tour of South America in search of data for his new novels.

Manning C. Taylor and Charles Duber formed the committee in charge of the affair and made a good job of it. Taylor had a table of twenty and was kept busy trying to entertain them and run the door at the same time. Charlie and Mrs. Duber were hosts at another table.

CAPT. PAUL F. HOWARD,
Chief of Staff.

OCEAN COUNTY DETACHMENT Elizabeth, N. J.

Looked like all those chiefs of staff woke up at once, judging by the March issue of THE LEATHERNECK. Let's hope that they stay awake. Never let it be said that a Marine fell down on his job.

Well, boys, we put our second card party over with a bang, despite the fact that on that evening (St. Valentine's Day) there were numerous card parties and dances in town, and that it also rained torrents (whatever those are). Anyway, much thanks to the success must be given to Ralph Vaccarro, chairman of the committee, who was ably assisted by our newest comrade, Frank Virgillio, and also Fred Scheitlin, Bill Schaeffer, Charlie Thorne

and Joe Kantrowitz. Due to our success and to repay the boys for their untiring efforts, Commandant Martone has authorized Phil Beketich, Joe Leavy and Stanley Wilusz to arrange for a dinner first and then a show in New York to be concluded with a visit to one of our notorious night clubs, on the night of March 23rd.

One of our boys has struck on a novel idea, and we thought it was so good that we decided to carry it out without any undue delay. Starting with our next meeting we will conduct our future meetings in the various towns and cities throughout this county until practically every city has been included in our drive. In this way we hope to gather in many new Marines. Paymaster Ed Taylor and Commandant Ralph Martone will arrange for the various halls, while Historian Joe Kantrowitz, assisted by yours truly, will take care of the publicity. The first of these meetings will be held in Plainfield, arrangements already having been completed for that.

Stanley Wilusz tells me he had a terrible shock the other morning. He says that Ralph Martone brought down that typewriter he promised him. And then he woke up. Thorne says he has a bad cold in his head and Schaeffer informs me he has one in his chest. We certainly extend our sympathy to both of them. Ain't it funny how this changeable weather picks out our weakest spots. The boys have been asking what our lady hater, Ralph Vaccarro, was doing out in the wee hours of the morning not so very long ago with one of the fair sex. What say you to that, Ralph?

One of the fellows tells this one on Joe Leavy. Girl Friend—"What's that ticket, Joe?" Joe—"Pawn ticket." Girl Friend—"Get two, Joe, so we can both go." (Beautiful but dumb.) Guess we'd better sign off until next month, and so, au revoir.

GEORGE SHERMAN,
Chief of Staff.

OCEAN COUNTY DETACHMENT Lakewood, N. J.

We are somewhat isolated "way down here in Lakewood" and if the bull-earths don't fail us our efforts will not be in vain. But here's our story and we're stuck with it. For a detachment so young we have had our share of money making ventures with little success in accomplishing our purpose, namely, making money. Therefore, we are open to suggestions from any or all of you other detachments so we may bring home some bacon from one of these exploits.

You've never heard that we had our installation, maybe in a round about way, but not directly. Well we did, and we were more than honored to have in our midst National Commandant John F. Manning with other National and State officers, also members of Union County, Burwell H. Clarke, Hudson County and Essex County Detachments. From all reports the affair was a success and certainly we thought so. Following this with various other affairs, the latest of which is to be a dance, on March 30th, at a German Hall, with German music and all the fixings. Time, 8:00 P. M.

We see that the Burwell H. Clarke Detachment has a new armored car. Well, boys, more power to you all; we hope to own one ourselves some of these days. By the way, if any of you fellows ever come down this way, why not drop in and

see us! You can find George Smith at the Naval Air Station, also J. Hamelton, Gregory, Heen, Byers, Waugh, and Kates. Let them show you around. Then, if your car breaks down, just call Barney Maner at Booth's Machine Shop in Lakewood, or call on Bigness at the American Oil Company, and by the way, if you use American Orange Gasoline all the way down, you won't have to worry about motor trouble.

You will find Larry Pine at the Ideal Steam Laundry, so if your shirt gets dirty on the way, stop and see him. They tell me he does a good job in his washings. If you want to see our Commandant, he might be found somewhere around, you know he is one of these guys that does the vanishing act every once in a while. Well, Leatherheads, as an old woman would say, you write all day and still you don't say anything, so we will sign off with good wishes and cheer to all the detachments of the Marine Corps League.

J. M. GREGORY,
Adjutant.

THE TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

It may be on, or around, April Fool's Day that you will read this column, but the following statement is not intended as an attempt to fool you, so if it does not prove true, don't blame us. For the past five or six months we have been trying to have one of the detachments invite the 1935 National Assembly, and while several have voted that they did not care for it this year, the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark, N. J., DID make a bid for it, so unless the majority of detachments send us word that they have voted against awarding the 1935 National Assembly to this detachment, we can start preparing to attend this year's convention at Newark, N. J. The dates have not been definitely set as yet, but they will be either August 23-24-25, or August 31st, and September 1st and 2nd. These early dates are necessary as our fiscal year ends September 30th, and time must be allowed the incoming administration to prepare for their starting their year on October 1st.

It would be advisable for all having Constitutional and by-law changes and Resolutions to submit, to get them in so notice may be given all detachments in advance so they can vote their desires, and instruct their delegates or proxies. Now is the time to do this.

We suggest that all interested members ask their adjutants to allow them to read the bulletins sent out monthly by this office, as, after hearing several detachment adjutants read them, even though we wrote them, we could not understand what they were all about. These bulletins contain important business and this business is the business of EVERY member, so be sure and read it.

The National Commandant visited New York, N. Y., on February 16th and attended the Dinner-Dance held by this detachment, and a wonderful time was had by all who attended. We wonder if Frank X. is feeling his age, and can not take it anymore? Well, never mind, Frank; maybe we will be as old as you are some day, and have to go to bed early.

A visit to Newark, N. J., was made on February 15th, and suggestions were offered this detachment by the National Commandant, with the idea of saving them the embarrassment of financial loss in en-

tertaining the National convention. We have discovered that too elaborate plans have brought sad results to the last two detachments who entertained the convention, and all the league desires from these conventions is successful administration of business coming before the delegates, and added membership for the entertaining detachment. We hope this year's affair will prove successful for all concerned, and with a progressive body of Marines, such as Newark has, we are sure it will. Let all Marines arrange their vacations now, so they can attend, and let us have the biggest attended, and most successful convention in our history.

We wish to announce to all Marines that we now have a supply of auto-windshield stickers, with the league's emblem on them, which may be had at 10c each, or 75c in dozen lots. League caps, auto-radiator emblems (globe, anchor and eagle), badges, with and without rank bars, shoulder insignia for league colors and flags are available at low prices. Ask your adjutants for prices, and then let us all show our insignia of membership in the Marines' Own Organization.

Just a word to members of the detachments at Indianapolis, Ind.; Butte, Mont., and Mansfield, Ohio. We have been writing your officers, but they ignore all letters. Let national hear from you, if you are interested in remaining in the league.

Any member hearing of a member who does not receive his LEATHERNECK should advise the National Adjutant, as we have several who should be getting it, but we have the wrong addresses, and it is no use sending and then having to pay return postage on them. Also, maybe their dues have expired, and we can not afford to send to those not paying dues. All we ask is correct addresses, and dues. * * * * * Until next month, we remain, Yours, The Two Johns—Manning and Hinckley.

PASSAIC COUNTY DETACHMENT Passaic, N. J.

Gather 'round all you Leathernecks and you shall read the news of a hot detachment and an even hotter Chief of Staff that writes for them. I give you fair warning that I have so much to tell (now don't throw the book away) but instead you had better look after your subscription and keep same going because I am afraid that I shall have to run this as a continued story. There will be no extra charge for this treat, as the Passaic County Detachment is good-hearted and likes to let every one in on their good Chief of Staff. However, that is enough about myself (believe it or not) I could go on for hours yet.

On February 26th this Detachment had a social time following their election of officers. Among others present at this time was none other than our State Senior Vice Commandant, Oliver Kelly. All of our boys were quite surprised when just before slum was passed out our good friend Kelly insisted on having a shower bath, but surprised is hardly the word when we found that he took same with his clothes on.

On Washington's Birthday the Fabian Theatre here opened with a picture that I guess we have all heard about if we have not already seen it, "Devil Dogs of the Air." This Detachment interviewed the manager of said theatre and as a result we put on a little show in conjunction with the picture and Passaic County Detachment was well advertised. We had

Marines stationed throughout the theatre during the week that the picture was run.

You can take my word for it that with stacked rifles, etc., and the boys all in dress blues, the public may request the manager of the theatre to run the picture another week, as a lot of them said that they missed a lot of the picture just looking at the "handsome Marines." A lot of the Femmes said they thought we looked much better than Cagney. However, all in all, we did not do this Detachment or the League at large any harm, as it was good advertisement and we were generous enough to tell the Mamas that there were other Marines in the U. S. that were almost as good as those in Passaic County.

We had an armored car also for this show that we borrowed from the boys in Newark, and did we have fun driving that through the streets. Also, we got a few sore spots in the same place that a poor horseman gets saddle sores.

Wednesday evening, February 27th, the manager of the theatre dedicated to the Detachment and called the same Marine Night. The boys all fell out in Dress Blues and Newark, as our guest, turned out in the same manner. When the lights came on we marched down the aisles to the strains of the "Marine Hymn" and boy, you should have been here just to hear the Femmes sigh.

As space is limited, I will announce the results of our election of officers in the next issue in case any one is interested. Do not worry, though, my vast number of readers, although I was elected to an office I will retain my position as Chief of Staff of this outfit. This Detachment, as well as you, my dear readers, know a good thing when they see one.

TED VENNARD,
Chief of Staff.

TOMPKINS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Ithaca, N. Y.

The regular meeting of this detachment was held February 21st, and out of a membership of sixteen we had ten members present, also one visitor who is a prospective member. Funny how these Marines keep popping up every now and then; you think you have contacted all of them for membership when you discover that there are still more of them in the woods.

The sympathy of this Detachment was extended to James Sheehan and family for the recent bereavement in the loss of his brother, who passed away as the result of an accident. James is a real Marine and he also has a brother who is still in the Marine Corps stationed in the Philippine Islands.

Saturday evening, February 23rd, several of the members of this Detachment journeyed to Elmira and attended the annual banquet of the Chas. Ruddick Detachment. A very enjoyable evening was spent with them, as they sure know how to entertain at these affairs. Here's hoping for another of these get-togethers of these two Detachments in the near future.

We of this Detachment have sort of got the women interested, as they showed us after our meeting. Several of the members attended a party at the home of Bill Price, where a very enjoyable time was had by all. It was discovered at this party that our good comrade, Les Johnson, is quite a lady's man, something we never dreamed of until then. Among those attending were Marine and Mrs. George Compton, Marine and Mrs. Lester John-

son, Marine and Mrs. Mortimer Gascon, and Marine and Mrs. Stanley Hagerman. Plans for another such party were made and the gang were invited by Marine and Mrs. Compton to hold the party at their home next meeting night.

It was decided to change our meeting night to the second Thursday instead of the third, as several of the members expressed the opinion that this night would be more convenient and that it wouldn't be so long between meetings.

The social activities of this detachment have been sort of lacking during the winter months you know, something like the bears and woodchucks they sort of hole up for the winter and then along toward spring out they come and play around in the sun. So maybe from now on we will have something more to talk about than such dry prattle as this epistle has been, so until next time I remain, your Ithaca Correspondent.

S. R. HAGERMAN,
Chief of Staff.

LEAGUE NEWS BRIEFS

Akron is so worked up over their new clubhouse that they forgot to send any gossip this month.

Ruddick Detachment of Elmira also fell flat.

Lakewood snapped out of it and came across.

The West Coast came through in grand style, as you can see by their splendid articles on these pages.

We missed our old pals from Albany at the dinner dance. Must have been the depression.

You're all wet, John F. It was the tight belly-band, not the liquor. We can still take it, thanks to our youth and abundance of vitality.

"Devil Dogs of the Air" certainly gave the League a big boost. For details read the Oakland, Passaic, Hudson-Mohawk and Roosevelt Detachment articles.

Louis Bergstrom: Thanks for the compliment. A word of praise now and then helps to make our burden lighter.

Why the silence from the Mid-West this month. It seems every section takes its turn in ignoring us.

And Newark and Jersey City—above all.

Many of the smaller Detachments seem to have solved their problem by meeting in the members' homes. This gets the ladies interested, which helps a lot. Others might profit from this suggestion.

New York Detachment will celebrate its twelfth birthday, which is also that of the League, with a big affair in June.

So Niagara-Frontier went over the falls, or did they slide down the Rapids. And they took Binghamton with them.

Nice work, Ted Vennard. That's the spirit that made the old Second Division famous.

F. X. L.



For a GOOD oiling

Use 3-in-One on that rifle! See how much easier it makes the job of cleaning, how much better it does the work. Specially-blended to clean, lubricate, prevent rust.

3-IN-ONE

MOTHERS' DAY

For several years, THE LEATHERNECK has sent flowers and candy to the mothers of those Marines who were situated in places where they were unable to arrange for doing this themselves.

This service has been so well appreciated that THE LEATHERNECK will be pleased to do the same thing for officers and men again this year.

Arrangements will be made with a high-class floral concern, and with a nationally known candy company, to have the flowers or candy sent by telegraph anywhere in the United States on Mothers' Day, May twelfth.

Any officer or man desiring to take advantage of this offer should send a remittance, together with the name and address of the person to whom the remembrance is to be sent. This information should reach THE LEATHERNECK not later than May 10th. Remittances for candy should be not less than one dollar and fifty cents, and for flowers not less than three dollars. Special discounts will be secured so that a very suitable remembrance can be obtained for this amount.

THE LEATHERNECK,
8th and Eye Streets, S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

Enclosed herewith \$....., for which please send (candy) (flowers) to Mrs.

as my remembrance on Mothers' Day.

SAN DIEGO SPORTS SANDWICH

(Continued from page 47)

led the Marines' attack with Burns and Moss high point men for the collegians.

Summary:

MARINES	G	F	G	T	SAN DIEGO ST.	G	F	G	T
Roy, l.f.	0	1	1		Wilson, l.f.	1	2	4	
Devins	1	0	2		Perry, l.f.	1	1	3	
Kenton, r.f.	3	0	6		Moss, r.f.	6	1	13	
Neil, c.	3	3	13		Burns, c.	7	0	14	
Beeson, l.g.	2	2	6		Clk's'n, l.g.	2	0	4	
Wetherbee	1	0	2		Tyres, l.g.	2	0	4	
Rey'ds, r.g.	3	1	7		N't'b'h, r.g.	0	0	0	
Total	15	7	37		Total	19	4	42	

MARINES UPSET BY U.S.S. DOBBIN

First Championship Game Lost By Base Five

The USS *Dobbin*, winner of the Section A title, took the measure of the Marine Base quintet in the opening game of the Naval Operating Base championship series.

The Leathernecks showed the result of a week of inactivity, their play being slow and ragged. The Marine guards had especial difficulties during the game which found the Navy team leading throughout. Neil, alone, bore the brunt of the Marines' offense, although Roy played a nice floor game.

Summary:

MARINES	G	F	G	T	DOBBIN	G	F	G	T
Roy, l.f.	1	0	2		Wood, l.f.	2	0	4	
Wh'r'e, l.f.	1	4	6		Burnett, r.f.	7	0	14	
Kenton, r.f.	1	2	4		Conrad, c.	3	1	7	
Neil, c.	6	3	15		Tyler, l.g.	3	1	5	
Rey'ds, l.g.	3	2	8		Saboe, l.g.	4	0	8	
Beeson, r.g.	1	0	2		Corlin, r.g.	4	1	9	
Total	13	11	37		West, r.g.	0	0	0	
					Total	22	3	47	

MARINE BASE VANQUISHES NAVY FIVE, 50-31

Leathernecks Show Greatest Form of Season

In a basketball game marked by all the fire that is generated when Marines and Sailors meet in any sport, the Base quintet more than gained revenge for their loss in the opening series game by trouncing the USS *Dobbin* quintet 50-31. Displaying a fast-breaking offense and a better eye for the basket than the Navy team, the Marines were in command of the situation throughout. The Marine forwards, Roy and Kenton, never have looked better and with the reliable "Cheesy" Neil teaming with them, they cut, passed and dribbled through the *Dobbin* defense with such precision that the Section "A" champs were at a loss to stop the relentless drive of the fighting Marine team. Don Beeson and "Chuck" Reynolds showed the San Diego

basketball fans how the back court positions should be played. At the end of the half the Marines were in front 26-13. Burnett of the *Dobbin* again demonstrated that he was a master of circus shots but his efforts were futile in the face of the Marines' teamwork. The series is now deadlocked and the next game will decide whether the Marines win the Naval Operating Base Championship for 8 years in a row.

Summary:

MARINES	G	F	G	T	USS DOBBIN	G	F	G	T
Roy, l.f.	6	2	14		Saboe, l.f.	1	0	2	
Kenton, r.f.	6	4	16		Burnett, r.f.	8	0	16	
Neil, c.	3	1	7		Conrad, c.	1	1	3	
Rey'ds, l.g.	2	0	4		Corlin, l.g.	3	0	6	
Beeson, r.g.	4	1	9		Tyler, r.g.	1	2	4	
Total	21	8	50		Total	14	3	31	

MARINES TRIUMPH IN CHAM- PIONSHIP GAME

Eighth Straight NOB Crown for Base Team

The San Diego Marines defeated the USS *Dobbin* in the third and deciding game of the Naval Operating Base series between the winners of the Section "A" and "B" titles, winning the loop championship for the eighth successive year. The Marines exhibited a fast breaking offense and took an early lead. Roy, reliable forward, was especially effective and he was ably assisted by "Rosy" Kenton and "Cheesy" Neil. The Base guards played a whale of a defensive game. The *Dobbin* started a slight rally in the closing period and had the Marine rooters about ready to pull their hair, but it was smothered by further scoring by the Marines. The game ended with the Marines ahead 40-34.

Summary:

MARINES	G	F	G	T	DOBBIN	G	F	G	T
Roy, l.f.	5	2	12		Burnett, l.f.	6	1	13	
Kenton, r.f.	2	1	5		Wood, r.f.	1	0	2	
Neil, c.	4	1	9		Saboe, c.	0	0	0	
Rey'ds, l.g.	3	1	7		Conrad, c.	1	4	6	
Wetherbee	0	0	0		Tyler, l.g.	2	4	8	
Beeson, r.g.	2	3	7		Corlin, r.g.	2	1	5	
Total	16	8	40		Total	12	10	34	

PEARL HARBOR

(Continued from page 17)

addition to that he is standing regular watches as Officer of the Guard. To top his accomplishments he has been taking off weight at the rate of five pounds per week for the past five weeks and he is still going strong.

Sgt. Major Clayton is also lessening the balance on the scales, but it might be suspected that it is more his exacting social obligations than a rigid diet which is causing a downward dive on the weight chart. Following an afternoon at the Young Hotel

cocktail hour, he is said to have received and accepted several invitations to parties down Wai-ki-ki way. And in the Navy Yard a vestige of the reason for his social popularity was reflected when one evening at the "Y" he added to the Marine Band's concert with a monologue entitled, "We're in the army now" or "Buleson at the bat." It was a real success and evoked the greatest laugh that has been heard at the "Y" for many months.

Sgt. "Eddie" Shaft, caretaker of the Navy Health Camp at Hilo was on this island for two weeks this month. He re-enlisted here on the 13th of February. When he was not acting as Sergeant of the Guard he was often seen on the tennis court giving lessons to all comers.

Pay Sgt. Hall either has an expensive sense of humor or he is taking his job lightly. He has labeled his waste basket, "PAY," in large red letters. More than one man about the office is waiting to see the first bill drop.

Rucker, Bagnell, and Calhoun, with Bill Palmer as chief, comprise the new signal gang. These boys are getting hot and looking forward to their busy time when the Fleet comes to P.H.

Cpl. "Lem" Woods seems to be as deliberate in his letter writing as he appears in throwing baskets. One evening in four room the following was heard:

Woody—Remind me to write some letters this week-end.

Vallandigham—You wouldn't write 'em anyhow.

Woody—I might. It took me five years to write one, but I wrote it.

According to Joe English, Woody's good nature was a bit nonplused one afternoon at the beer parlor when he was accosted by a Hindu who wished to tell his fortune. Apparently the Hindu was not pleased by Woody's refusal because he said, "You have a kind face. You will probably get it punched before night."

Such remarks as the following have gained for Cpl. "OB" Nettle a reputation as a frank critic of literary effort:

Nettle—Turner, how much does the Honolulu Star Bulletin pay you?

Turner—I don't write for the Bulletin. I write for the Advertiser.

Nettle—I know it. That is what I am talking about.

"Red" Burleson received a letter from a former Kamianna, Bert Regler, now of Philadelphia. He says the snow makes him long for Hawaii. Well, the weather is the world's best in Hawaii right now and there is still plenty of room for men.

"Red" also vouches for this one: Post Librarian McKelvy went to Honolulu in civilian clothes and was refused admittance to the Casa Loma because he was under age.

And speaking of youthful appearance—good-looking blond, Gudmundur Gudmundson was told WHILE IN UNIFORM in a certain city on the West Coast that he was

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When you move or are transferred let us know immediately. This will insure your getting each number of THE LEATHERNECK promptly.

NAME _____

OLD ADDRESS _____

NEW ADDRESS _____

not old enough to buy a package of cigarettes.

Two or three of the telephone orderlies have been taking some rides in Luke Field pursuit planes. The pilots seem to take delight in giving the Marines some thrills. They must have succeeded because one morning Fanny Brice walked into the patrol room and found Joe Phillips counting out loud and with his right arm making some outward motions from his left side. After watching the procedure for some time Fanny interrupted him long enough to find out what he was doing and found out that he was "snapping in" for a forced parachute jump.

Aloha Nui.

QUANTICO RADIO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 35)

quired to receive thirty words per minute for one minute tests and twentyfour words per minute for five minute tests. A passing grade of not less than seventy-five per cent is required for the other subjects. (The course is of fourteen (14) weeks' duration.)

School starts at eight o'clock in the morning, adjourns at eleven thirty, starts again at one in the afternoon and closes for the day at four. The morning session is divided into three periods of an hour each and one period of thirty minutes. The afternoon classes are divided into three periods of an hour each, then there is the evening study period from five thirty to seven o'clock.

It looks as though our happy family is due for a slight bust up. We are about to lose three instructors and a few students. Sgt. Brainard is being transferred to China in March and Cpls. Reedy and Sullivan are to be discharged in April and May respectively. The two latter are pulling their hair and walking the deck nights trying to make up their minds whether or not to ship over. Pts. Forsberg, Batt, Kern, and Butler have been tentatively selected for transfer to Asiatic stations. Cpl. "Red" Brasher, our inimitable material man, is also slated for China.

Gy. Sgt. Steinhauser is revising his instruction pamphlet on the MC-100 and Sgt. Brainard has finished a pamphlet on the MC-800. These pamphlets, although a little condensed, contain quite a bit of information and are very beneficial to the students.

"A" class, instructed by Cpl. Sullivan, is attempting to set an all-time record for code speed. The class has just finished its twelfth week and its average for receiving is thirty-three words per minute. "B" class, instructed by Cpl. Reedy, has just completed its sixth week and its average is twenty-three per minute. Well, "B" class has six more weeks before they reach their twelfth week—seems to me they should be able to better the mark now held by "A" class.

We are very proud if the new code table which was designed by Gy. Sgt. Steinhauser and constructed by Cpl. Welkey. It will accommodate eighteen students and its main features are wells for the typewriters and a built-in switchboard.

Major Groff seems well pleased with the new oscillators and the cabinet in which they are housed. They have a central switchboard by which they can be switched to the different code tables from the office. One of the oscillators is a six-hundred cycle motor generator type and the other is a tube oscillator. The cabinet contains the two oscillators, two power amplifiers and a receiver for receiving press and weather.

Gy-Sgt. Steinhauser made a raid on the test laboratory at Washington last week and brought back some very interesting tubes and meters. Among them are four very large transmitting tubes and some old-type receiving tubes that were in use about 1914 to 1917.

Honorable mention for this month goes to Pts. Suber and Crowe who graduated with a code speed of thirty words per minute for five minute tests.

Pvt. George Olson invested ten bucks in one of these new-fangled mac speed keys. Oley says it's a hum-dinger; we say it's a ship's anchor (well, it looks like one anyway).

VA til' next month.

SLANTS ON SHANGHAI

(Continued from page 38)

this country. These rumors kind of knock the tar out of the previous ones, which said they had found a hole in the bottom of the old ship and were going to sell her for junk. We certainly would have a tough time in this outfit if it wasn't for the rumors going around.

The trend of thought here now seems to be study in the many courses the Marine Corps Institute puts out. This outfit has come to life in a big way, and Shanghai is not lagging when it comes to signing up for the courses. It's a real surprise what you can get out of a course with this service school. Seems like we get a darn good break by being in on the deal. Outside of the sports world, in which the Fourth Marines did plenty good the past month there is nothing more of interest, so we'll call this a day. G'bye.

BILLY GOAT BLA

(Continued from page 32)

splattering at which task, as you know, the youth in our fraternity are highly proficient. We accepted the challenge (order is such a commonplace) with much gusto or, pardon me, was it custo. In either case the paint got on and we got those thrillers called scuffles. After all, walking the plank is hardly a worthy calling or worthy ending for Uncle Sam's chosen few. With the fleet paying us a visit it was only fitting that our visiting kin and especially the members of our own happy family should be treated to a bit of merriment on our behalf. With nothing but hospitality in mind Private First Class Heying (Heine) played fisticuffs with one of the visiting sea soldiers right down there on Market St., where everyone could enjoy the fun. As a fitting climax to this whoopie and wallops Heying retreated, advanced or just moved into a \$250.00 plate glass window. The window gave the boys the clue by breaking in all directions. Everyone took the hint except big hearted or shall we say club-footed Heying who preferred settling this thing in a gentlemanly way just as it had started; so, he spent the rest of the night in that place where security is emphasized to the exclusion of liberty, and discussed the matter with Judge Lazures in the morning. No, he did not have to pay the \$250.00. Moral: always be a gentleman.

This month several of our distinguished members have said adieu and ventured "outside" once again. So we say fare-the-well to Carpenter, the ladies' choice;

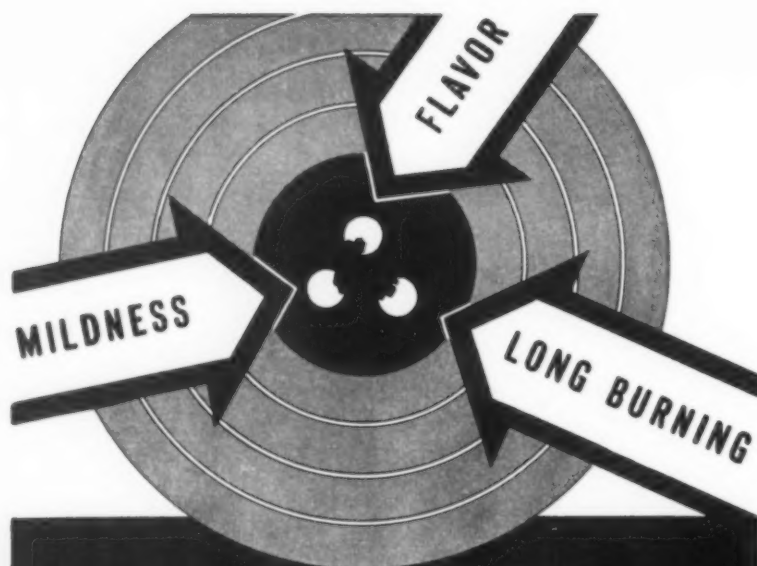
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"MORE SMOKING HOURS PER TIN"

to Luman, the Wyoming Special; to Kren, the wanderer; to Rodgers, the radio tinker, and to White, no, not the dear Stanley White. We have also lost our pride and taps, LaBossiere. The arrivals have been Trumpeter Stevens and Drummer Opittek. The only consolation in this being that together, we are sure, they can't make as much noise as old LaBa. Finally, Private First Class Luiz arrived from the U.S.S. Arizona.

"Crooner" Malone escaped from the Mare Island hospital and returned home without his tonsils. Some impertinent fellow expressed the hope that he had his tongue cut out, whereupon Malone promptly subdued this truthful spokesman for the guard by demonstrating that his braying powers had not been impaired. If Malone would only fight fair!

The 1938 World Fair will be held on the Yerba Buena site; some distinction for the World's Fair, aye what! And this should hold us for another month.

BROWN FIELD An Open Letter From Pal (Continued from page 35)

will just touch on the highlights and do better the next time.

Promotions are coming so rapidly they have had to run a teletype line direct from Washington to the local Paymaster's Office in order to keep from short changing the poor devils on pay day.

All First Lieutenants carry a set of Captain bars in their pocket to guard against being out of uniform on their way back to their homes. The pace is so rapid even the automobile salesmen have been unable to keep up with them, and I think you will agree that is some pace.

In the enlisted ranks things are moving at the proverbial molasses in January rate of speed. However, Radio's loudspeaker, R. E. A. Lillie—the initials mean Radio Engineer And Loudspeaker—and Joe Hauschel, the line 'em up man from the Erection Shop, graduated from the school of experience and were pensioned off with a Master Technical Sergeant rating and instructions to try and look as wise as their salary would indicate. Seriously, we are all glad to see them make it. This old dopester cannot think of any two men more worthy. In that respect I have something in common with the Colonel, I guess. Believe it or not (pardon me, Mr. Ripley), they do not put the names in a hat and shake 'em and then draw. They are deserving, we congratulate them. We hope, however, they are satisfied and do not start immediately aspiring for that rank at the bottom of the next series. In Washington the Supreme Court has decided last week that you would not have to turn in that gold tooth so they can put it back in the dollar.

Somehow I am not doing so good on this writing business tonight. I am getting out of practice. I used to write a little and then I got to writing less and then it got so I was writing practically nothing at all. (Do you doubt it?) I sold a few things when I started writing. First it was my overcoat and then the typewriter. But here are a few thumbnail descriptions of the local yokels: "Hokey" Scanlon—an old hack driver. Staff Sergeant Hammers: "Skippy" reaching his majority. QM Sgt. "Red" Hale—a missionary without a mission. There is a tale going the rounds that Staff Sergeant Hammers on his way to Bedford, Pennsylvania, was caught in a bad snow storm and had to stop over in Hagerstown, Maryland.

Now Hagerstown has a couple of pretty nice hotels, but that is getting ahead of our story. "I tell you I won't have this room," protested Hammers to the bellboy who was conducting him. "I ain't goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measley little foldin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country—" Disgusted, the boy cut him short. "Get in, sir, get in. This ain't your room, this is the elevator."

YOUR PAL.

DETACHMENTS Marine Corps Institute

(Continued from page 27)

vis and they have, with two civilian players, worked into 15th position, just one place withdrawn from the *Marine Corps* gang. Considerable mention is due Charlie Ingles, the congenial Gunnery Sergeant, who has just made his debut into the bridge circles in company with the other boys. This recognition is due, principally, not to his brilliant playing, but to the fact that on the night of February 15th he killed the fatted calf for his team mates and had open house at his home for the benefit, welfare and general entertainment of the guests. Beer and a buffet supper was the menu and, of course, in order to create the proper atmosphere they played off a little tournament with the cards. Gy-Sgt. "Demi-Tasse" Moeger and Corporal Shisler staggered home victorious.

Special NOTICE to Jeffrey Cardin of *Portsmouth Pot Shots*: The correspondent to whom I am addressing this brief paragraph made note in his "Pot Shots" in the March number of THE LEATHERNECK that the bridge players of his station are pretty hot, too. He even possessed the audacity to rate them ahead of the M. C. I. Professors. Now you're talking our lingo, Cardin. I, hereby, challenge, in behalf of the Washington Marines, the players of the Portsmouth Marines to a game, games, or series of games of bridge—to be played wherever and whenever it can be arranged to the convenience of both teams. It is requested that this matter be considered and any suggestion as to a means of defraying expenses of one team to the opposing city be named. Take it up with the boys, Cardin, it may prove an enjoyable venture for all of us. Thanks.

You will remember, from last report, that our boys who are entered in the *Herald* Government Bowling League were tied for first place at the crucial moment when we left them. They won the play-off O. K., just as we predicted, but since then they have dropped the lead and are tied again—this time for third place. Third is not such a far cry from first, at that—the leaders having won but two games more than the Leathernecks. It's a tight affair and before we come to press again we firmly believe that the handicap will have been brushed aside and our boys riding the pinnacle once again. The Navy Department Singles Leagues was organized on February 18th and two players from the Post threw in their lot to try for results. They got 'em: McElroy grabbed off first place in the opening session, winning five out of six sets. Roennigke, the other force, is well among the high points, too. He won four out of six. The entries in the Navy League strode backward one pace, leaving seventh berth to occupy eighth. This bunch is holding its own, though. If you have been following their actions you will remember that they have had quite a struggle in

maintaining their standing. More power to you, men!

Basketball season is fast winding away. Our team has three more games scheduled for the annual sessions, with the additional promise of play-off games in the City A. A. U. Tournament. The three squads that are to be met in combat represent the Indian Bureau, Scholls Cafe (A. A. U. game) and the Marines from the Norfolk Navy Yard. The latter team is coached by Captain Fleming, who until recently was manager and coach of our boys. The games mentioned are slated for the 7th, 8th and 9th of March, in order named. In the event that the local Marines oust the crew from Scholls Cafe they will be in line for further games in the City A. A. U. Tournament in which they are entered. Our quintet engaged in five tilts during the past four weeks and have won four of the number. The Moose Athletic Club of Hagerstown, Maryland, went down to defeat on the small end of a 59-32 score. The soldiers from Ft. Meyer dropped two engagements, the first with a score of 32-34, and a return game, on their field, with a score of 58-35. The George Washington University Freshmen were bested by the minute margin of 43-42. The one team to come out on top was the fellows representing the Aeacia Insurance Company. They ran up a final score of 45-32. This month will mark the end of the basket maneuvers and, already, we see some of the boys out on the parade ground tossing the old "pill" back and forth, getting in trim for the baseball try-outs.

Now, that we have done with details, sports and stuff, let's dally no longer. Our old "snooper," Walchell Winter, is right on hand to boost us up so's we can peep over the transoms and see what's going on ALONG THE ARCADE: Signs of the times: Then there's a certain private on the post who chartered a taxi, one day not long ago, to take him to his home in West Virginia for the week-end. Which, during this period of "shoe-string" furloughs, is really an oddity. Can it mean that the much publicized corner has been reached and that "Scotty" McElroy can resume issuing books from the storeroom without growling?

Ahern is trying to find what makes the Tower of Pisa lean so he can take some of it. (Get it?)

The nominations, this month, for the Hall of Fame are: Brewer, "King Kong" Taylor, Crouch, Droke and Bourgeois. Brewer, one of the Post painters, is something more than just one of the guys that sling "goosey" around on the walls and ceilings. Indeed, his accomplishments are such that he might well qualify in any man's Painters' Union. To some of you who doubt this and who entertain the idea that all one has to do in painting is to dip a brush in the bucket and smear, may I invite you to take a hand at it for about thirty minutes. I mention Taylor, Crouch, Droke and Bourgeois all in the same group because these four men come under the same heading. They are the firemen and if it is not enough to say that they are good ones I can prompt your memory by asking you to recall the cold mornings of not-so-long-ago when, occasionally, you had to shave with cold water. Has that happened recently? No! Orchids, then, to Brewer, Taylor, Crouch, Droke and Bourgeois.

Massena went into one of the department stores over in the city the other day (so I am told) and informed the clerk that he wanted to buy some shoes. "Number, please?" the clerk asked. "Two,

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burr head," replied the Professor from top-side. "How many feet did you think I had?"

I wonder if you knew: That Malloy tied the knot that binds, some few weeks ago? Congratulations, old son! That 1st Sgt. George Washington is not related to the original George. At least, not intimately enough to have inherited any of the estate and he has to pay his two bits to get into Mount Vernon the same as John Doe. That Corporal Thompson has relinquished his position in the Post Exchange and returned to the Business School. Deskins is now in the P.X.

Cpl. Orr tells one of the ancient yarns that has gone the rounds of the Marine Corps but which may be new to the present generation of Leathernecks. It is the story of the Officer of the Day who approached a sentry on post, and received a challenge in a tone of voice so weak it was scarcely audible. "Look here, sentry," said the officer. "That will never do. Whenever anyone approaches your post, let them know you are on the job. Use your voice. Sing out!" The officer left, made a short detour and, by way of trying the effect of his advice, again approached the sentry. This time the officer's instructions were carried out to the letter. When the O. D. got within hailing distance, the recruit literally sang out: "Um-tiddledy um-tum-halt-who's-there?"

Did you ever ask Hollingsworth what makes him walk that way? Well, it's from walking with one foot in the furrow. "How else can one plow?" asks the likable Holly.

And this, my friends, is the Story-of-the-Month section. All you old salts and all you "chickens" at this Post, come on and bring in your true (!) stories if you want to break into print. Sergeant Brown of the Industrial School crashed through with the winning yarn this time. To him goes the hickory whistle and here's the reason: Brown came to me the other day and, quite modestly, informed me that once upon a time he had borrowed some money from a bank. "People do it every day," said I. "That's not news." "No," said he, "but one day I received a notice from them that my note was past due." "And that," I interrupted, "is quite the common practice." "Yes," he attempted to explain, "but I sat down and wrote them a letter and told them that I couldn't pay it." "I really didn't expect you to tell me that you did pay it, my dear fellow," I told him. "But that still is not news." He went on as if I had not spoken. "And the bank cancelled the debt." "That," I cried, jumping to my feet and turning over a couple of G. I. cans in my haste, "is news!" I paused to repeat his statement to myself. The significance of what he had said soaked through. "Brown," I said, "You're a liar." "Oh, but I'm not," he told me and as I pulled one of the G. I. cans from over my ears where he had jammed it, he fished around in his pocket and brought to light a carbon-typed sheet of paper. "Here is a copy of the letter I wrote. You may see it if you like." I eyed the other can that lay conveniently near to him and decided it best to see what the paper said. I took it; I read it; I apologized to him for my insinuation that he had indulged in prevarications. As a means of restitution I present, herewith, an exact copy of the letter: "Gentlemen: I wish to inform you that the present condition of my financial status makes it impossible for me to send you a check in response to your request. My present

condition is due to the effect of federal laws, by-laws, brothers-in-law, and out-laws. Through these vicious laws I have been held up, held down, walked on, sat on, flattened and squeezed, until I do not know where I am, or why I am here. Their laws compel me to pay a merchants' tax, capital stock tax, water tax, gasoline tax, light tax, dog tax, park tax, school tax, syn-tax, and carpet tax. In addition to taxes I am required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind can create—relief, Navy League, Children's Home, Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A., Boy Scouts, the Community Chest, policemen's benefit, the Gold Diggers' Home, every hospital in town, the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the Double Cross and the Purple Cross. The government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, and compelled, until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every need, desire and hope of the human race; borrow, steal or find the money to give away. I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am nearly ruined." So-o-o-o-o!

See you all again in May. *Hasta luego, CHEERIO!*

BROTHERS UNDER THE TIN

(Continued from page 9)

teeth he squirmed frenziedly. His eyes felt as if they were bulging from their sockets. His breath gurgled. Then something changed loudly above him and the German relaxed, the knife slipping from his hand.

"There," the Marine panted, feeling the stock of his rifle to make sure it hadn't been broken. "I guess that finished the last of the boarding party. Did you get hurt?"

"No, I don't think so. Did you?"

"Naw. This kind of stuff is my meat. But I think we'd better shove off from here *may pronto*. Those machine guns are liable to open up when they discover their landing party ain't comin' back aboard ship. I'd hate like hell to have my shipmates find me dead alongside some army John. They'd think I've been keepin' bad company."

"Yeah? Well, I'm in worse company than you are, an' I'm just as anxious to leave."

The earth suddenly shivered under a tremendous explosion. A curtain of livid fire leaped like tongues of flame from the ground. The shell hole rocked and trembled and the detonations echoed far and wide.

"There she blows!" cried the Marine. "A barrage!"

"Our own, too," Baldwin answered grimly.

"Now you've done it," growled the Leatherneck. "If you hadn't wanted to crack down on that patrol it wouldn't have happened. The artillery thought it was an attack and are throwing out a protective barrage."

"Th' hell you say," Chuck retorted. "That gang of yours probably telephoned back for artillery support. You birds can't do anything without help."

The barrage rolled forward toward the shell hole. It increased in volume as the heavier guns farther back opened up. Chuck felt weak and helpless. It always breaks the morale to be menaced by friendly fire.

THE LEATHERNECK

"Do you suppose we could get back between the jumps?" he asked, struggling to keep his voice steady.

"Not a chance. They'd sink us with all hands. There's only one thing we can do."

"What's that?"

"Set a course for those woods. Maybe we can find an abandoned dugout. If we do, everything's a joke; if we don't, we ain't no worse off than we are here."

THE barrage leaped fifty yards closer to the two men. It thundered and crashed as the deep-throated cannon roared. Even now one or two "overs" were sending their hot fragments screaming dangerously close.

"Let's get under way," said the Marine. "We ain't got time to study charts and take soundings. Make half the distance under a speed run. Then when we get close enough that we might be sighted, flop down and crawl along the deck. If a flare goes up heaven to and don't move. Get that?"

"All right," Chuck answered; "let's go!"

Together they slipped out of the shell hole and began sprinting toward the German-infested wood. Chuck held his rifle at high port and labored to keep his footing in the slippery mud. It was slow going. He seemed to advance a pace and slide back two. His breath came in short, jerky gasps. Once his rifle clanked against his helmet and the Marine breathed a profane request for caution. Behind them the barrage leaped forward again, smothering the shell hole they had just vacated in an avalanche of steel.

"Far enough," cried the Marine. "Hit th' deck!"

Chuck flung himself down with a faint splash in the mud.

"From now on," explained the Marine, "we'll proceed under steerage way for caution. Bear toward that point where the wood meets the field. When we get there we'll tie up 'till we can make out some new sailing orders."

"Wait a minute," whispered the doughboy. "I remember seeing a map of that layout the other day. There's an old chateau in there somewhere. We'd be S.O.L. if we got there and found it was a P.C."

"Well, we can't lay to here. We can't go back through that barrage and we can't bear off to port because it's spreading that way. Off to starboard is enough machine guns to sink the Pacific Fleet. It looks like those woods is the only port left open."

Without waiting for an answer the Marine began crawling through the mud. Chuck hesitated a minute and then crawled after his consort.

"This whole mess is because you birds started something you couldn't finish," he grumbled in a whisper.

"You're crazy," the Marine replied in an equally low voice. "If you gonnofts had supported us we'd a cleaned out this place long ago. Hey! Keep that damned bayonet outta my ribs. If you don't know how to handle it leave it behind. I don't know why they ever give such things to soldiers, anyhow."

Like two strange amphibious reptiles they slithered through the mud in the direction of the woods. Once a flare burst like a ghastly comet over them. In the fleeting moment of visibility Chuck could see the woods plainer, and he could almost have sworn he caught a faint glimpse of a white building deep within them. The sickly light died away and they began

crawling again. They gained the outer fringe of the coppice and they stood up to stretch their cramped limbs.

"We're lucky the machine guns don't extend this far along their flank," Chuck whispered.

The Marine said nothing. He was examining with critical eye the red barrage that still rolled toward them like a thundering wave. "I guess we gets it in the neck either way," he said at last; "those inboard machine guns are starting to come to life."

It was true. The machine guns farthest down the line had opened up, and the others weren't long in joining in the chorus; as if fearing an American advance would be made in the wake of the barrage.

"Well, if we've got to do it, let's go," said Chuck.

"All right, Soldier, shove off!"

Like a pair of Indians they stalked through the woods. Once they avoided a squad of Germans by a scant margin. Then they stumbled onto a road that they followed through the woods for a hundred yards.

"Hey, Jar-head," said Chuck, halting abruptly, "there ain't no use in traveling any farther. That barrage isn't advancing any more; I'll bet it doesn't even reach that line of machine guns. You don't see any of the gunners falling back, do you? We'll never get out if we go any deeper inside the lines."

The barrage had apparently reached its limits and was sweeping back and forth with ineffectual ferocity in front of the echeloned machine guns.

"Damn fool soldiers," grunted the Marine. "Why don't they raise that barrage? Doesn't do any good where it is."

"The gunners probably got the data from your Leatherneck outfit and naturally it's wrong."

"Yeh, you army birds are always right. An army officer came aboard to visit us when we were in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and I'll be shot if I didn't catch him trying to set his watch by the concentration dial."

If there happened to be anything amusing in this anecdote Chuck failed to register appreciation. A faint light was beginning to streak in the eastern sky and the doughboy watched it apprehensively. If they didn't make a break to get back soon it would be too late to escape observation.

SUDDENLY the barrage leaped clear over the machine gunners and began churning up the woods behind them. For an instant the two Americans were petrified with horror. "What th' hell!" ejaculated the Marine.

"We'll be there soon enough," Chuck answered in a strained voice. "If only we had some rockets to shoot up for signals to make 'em drop back on those machine guns."

"Rockets!" snorted his companion. "Why don't you wish for a cruiser and a couple of oceans? I ain't standing by much longer, Soldier. You can use your own judgment, but I'm taking off into the woods; an' I'm goin' under full steam."

With the barrage thundering behind them the two Yanks sprinted down the shadowy road. The long legs of the Marine carried him with lithe swiftness and Chuck had difficulty in keeping up. "You Leathernecks can move pretty fast when you're runnin' away from anything," he panted.

The Marine stopped so abruptly that Chuck collided with him. His profane

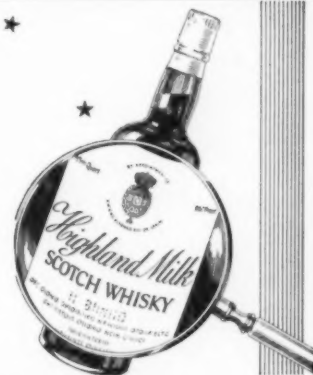
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criticism was stifled by a hand over his mouth.

"Pipe down, you," came the whispered warning. "There's that farm house you was talkin' about. It must be a headquarters because there's an admiral's flag or something flying over it and an orderly on duty in front. We've got to get shut of him before we go aboard."

"Go aboard?" repeated the mystified doughboy.

"Sure we're goin' aboard. Here's the idea: You were belly-aching so much about my outfit bustin' up your raid for a prisoner, what's the matter with you an' me takin' the admiral back with us? He ought to be as full of dope as a head-orderly. Of course, if you ain't got the guts you can stand by out here an' I'll go get him myself."

For an instant Chuck hesitated. The barrage had stopped and the early, before dawn stillness was broken only by an occasional burst of fire. The wild plan seemed feasible. If they could get the drop on the German commander they could spirit him away, with as much chance of getting safely back as if they were alone.

"Another crack about me not having any guts an' I'll bust your head wide open," he growled softly. "You stay here out of the way and I'll sneak up on that sentry an' ram about four inches of bayonet in him."

"You're all right, Soldier; but you've got a lot to learn. You go prodding that hombre with that toadsticker an' he's like to squeal right loud. You hold my rifle an' I'll show you a trick I learned from the spicks down in the banana wars."

The Marine passed his rifle to Chuck. He removed his helmet and gas mask and laid them on the ground. Then he slipped out of his pack and drew a vicious trench knife from its scabbard.

"So long, Soldier," he said, holding forth his hand. "You ain't such a bad guy for an army man. If this job goes haywire and I get nicked, you make plenty knots toward your own outfit. And don't stop to pick any flowers for my grave."

"Good luck, Leatherneck," answered

Chuck earnestly. "And I don't mind saying I've sort of changed my opinion of you birds. I'm sorry for what I've said."

"Aw, that's all right," said the Marine in a low, embarrassed laugh. "Gyrenes an' army people don't get a chance to cruise around a whole lot together. I guess it ain't so much the uniform as the guy who wears it. We're all sorta brothers under the tin."

He placed his knife between his teeth and dropped to his hands and knees. Slowly he stalked through the shadows, noiseless as a phantom. Inch by inch he wormed toward the unsuspecting sentry. No rustling of grass betrayed him, no breath of wind whispered of his presence. He reached a tree that marked the limit of the sentry's post. Clutching the trunk he pulled himself slowly erect.

THE German advanced with the aimless tread of the secure guardsman. On his first turn he retraced his steps before he came within striking distance of his concealed enemy. The second time, however, he went the full route and paused beside the tree. In a flash the Marine had leaped out. His left forearm encircled the German's throat and he snapped his knee suddenly in the small of his adversary's back. The cry of alarm was choked off with a gasp. The keen knife swept in and upward. Then the Marine softly lowered the body to the ground. He stood up and waved his arms to signal Baldwin forward. "Good work," commended the doughboy as he rejoined his companion.

"Kinda messy and it gripes me not to be able to give him an even break; but there weren't no other way."

He bent over and plucked the Luger from the fallen man's belt. "Leave the rifles behind," he advised. "We might bump 'em against somethin' and make a racket."

"What's the next move?" Chuck wanted to know.

The Marine glanced toward the house. "I take it the admiral's quarters ought to be in the after compartment, on the far side, away from shell fire. He'd be on the lower deck because they're mostly

too old to climb ladders. It ought to be duck soup, only be careful, there's a bunch of telephone wires leading into that porthole down the line. The operator on watch might be awake."

"Let's go," said Chuck. "It'll be light soon. Are we going in through the door or the window?"

"Let's try the porthole. They're all low enough to reach; an' the shutters are open."

Swiftly they moved around to the other side of the farm house. They paused beside a window in front of which was hung a gray blanket to conceal any light that might be within. Cautiously the Marine lifted one corner of the covering. The window was up and the interior of the room was dark. He held his finger to his lips in a signal for silence. Then he stooped down and removed his shoes, motioning Chuck to do likewise.

Noiselessly as two cats they slipped through the window. Chuck's heart pounded wildly as he advanced in the darkness with his hands stretched before him. The Marine whispered for him to strike a match. He fumbled in his pocket, wondering if his companion's hands were trembling as much as his own.

The first thing the sickly flame disclosed to the doughboy's blinking eyes was a table. Papers and maps were scattered about in disorder. There were two candles stuck in the tops of beer bottles, and Chuck touched his match to their wicks. Instantly the room leaped into plain view. The Marine was tip-toeing toward a bed in the far corner. Its occupant stirred restlessly but did not awaken.

"Come on, Admiral," said the Leatherneck, prodding the bed clothes with his Luger. "we're going to abandon ship. Lay aft the leave an' liberty party."

The sleeper sat up suddenly, a muffled staccato of German oaths issuing from behind a moustache bandage wrapped tightly over his mouth. His eyes blinked in the uncertain light.

"Now isn't that a fine get-up for a man to be wearing?" said the Marine disgustedly. "Admiral, I'm ashamed of you. If I could *habla* your lingo I'd tell you plenty. Hey! Keep your hand out from under that pillow. Come on, hit th' deck! We're holding up the shore boat for you now."

The German major, to give him his correct title, was more surprised than frightened. He slowly swung the covers from him and placed his feet upon the floor.

"Do you speak English?" he asked.

"What th' hell do you think I'm speakin'; Hottentot?"

"I wasn't certain. Are you Americans?"

"He is," said the Leatherneck, flipping his hand in Chuck's direction; "I'm a Marine. Come on Admiral, cut out the stalling and let's get under way. And let me warn you right now that the first peep outta you sets this gat off. Do you get me?"

The major did. He nodded his head sullenly. "I gather I am a prisoner," he said, "but why all the haste? I presume your force is occupying this building and will use it as a headquarters; it is most suitable. Where are your officers? I prefer to surrender to one of them."

"Admiral, all the force we have is right here in this room, and as far as I know the lines are just the same as they were last night."

The whole ridiculous situation burst

THE LEATHERNECK

upon the German. "Do you mean to tell me that you two men penetrated our lines to this depth and hope to return?" he gasped.

"Man," said the Marine, exasperated, "if you don't get going I'm going to slap you over the scone with this gat. You don't have to understand nothin' but your sailin' orders, an' more talk won't make 'em no plainer."

"I suppose you'll permit me to dress."

"Dress hell! Get moving."

Chuck had been stuffing his pockets with maps and papers he had taken from the table. At a word from his companion he removed the moustache bandage from the officer's mouth, knotted it into a gag and re-tied it firmly. Then he slipped through the window and stood by while the Marine forced the captive to follow.

"Lower away the Admiral's barge," whispered the Leatherneck as he climbed after the German.

They paused long enough to don their shoes, then rapidly crossed the clearing where they had left their rifles.

"I'm damned glad to get this," said the Marine, recovering his weapon. "If the Admiral had gone bolshevik I'd a had to throw that German pistol at him. I don't know how to work the fool thing."

The major snarled something under his gag.

DAWN arrived in a greasy fog. The roadway was visible now, cutting through the wood like a huge, sleeping reptile. Whatever reluctance the German major felt in accompanying the two Yanks seemed to disappear after a gentle prod from the Marine's bayonet.

"Sorry, Fritz," he apologized amicably.

The captive shivered in the cold dampness of morning. His scrawny legs showed blue beneath his nightshirt, but the look of hatred on his face should have been hot enough to keep him warm.

Down the road the trio moved, as incongruous as was the quiet morning on the battle front. They had almost reached the point where the road turned to the left toward the machine guns before the first difficulty was encountered. It was Chuck who heard the alarm.

"Listen," he said, "I hear voices."

The Marine was instantly alert. With a quick motion he seized the German's nightshirt and dragged him into the scant concealment of the bushes that lined the road. He crouched beside him, his bayonet menacing the bull-like neck.

From their hiding place the two Yanks saw a dozen German soldiers swing past them down the road. Apparently they were machine gunners, very likely returning for some duty at headquarters. The blue eyes of the major looked appealingly at his countrymen, as if he were endeavoring to attract their attention by concentration and telepathy. Otherwise he behaved as any sensible man would with a bayonet at his throat.

"We've got to hurry," explained the Marine as they took to the road once more. "That crew will find the body of that sentry I had to bump off back there and they'll set out to overhaul us *my* pronto."

They left the road and bore off through the woods to the right. It was slower going here, for a tangle of fallen trees and thick bushes impeded them. Baldwin's feet caught in a coil of old telephone wire. He tripped and fell and the clatter of his rifle against a log echoed through the woods. The air blistered while the Marine explained in no gentle terms his exact

opinion of clumsy doughboys; but somehow his attack lacked the vitriolic qualities of the night before.

"You ought to be a tight-rope walker," he finished sarcastically.

By some miracle they reached the edge of the woods unobserved. They paused and looked across the grim stretch of open field that must be traversed before they could reach their own organizations. The morning fog had lifted slightly and it hovered like a misty blanket a few yards above the earth. The field was scarred from countless shell craters of all sizes, and the odor of freshly turned soil mingled with another that was not so pleasant. To his right Chuck could see a maze of barbed wire in about the middle of the field and he shuddered as he counted the bodies of the seven men who had gone out with him the night before. The Marine, too, stood gazing across the field, but he looked to the left. There was a score of bodies scattered about there; his shipmates. One lay within twenty-five yards of the three men, marking the farthest advance the Leathernecks had made against the concealed machine guns. His mouth had sagged open and his eyes resembled two agates. He looked very dead.

The Marine's eyes hardened to flint and the blood left his tight-pressed lips. "Admiral," he said in a low, harsh voice, "it ain't sporting to hide machine guns that-away; and if this kid's outfit didn't need a prisoner bad enough to lose a squad for I'd be tempted to take some payment on account right now."

With an effort Chuck forced his eyes from the gruesome sight. "Well," he



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said, getting control of his voice, "here we are. Do you suppose this field is under observation?"

"Oh, no, not at all. They probably haven't got more than a lookout in every tree and a squad of observers at each gun."

"How in hell are we going to get across?"

"Walk, you chump, walk! As long as we hang close alongside the admiral they won't use machine guns. Their snipers will try to pick us off, of course. We wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance if they was Marines—but thank God they ain't. If they nicks us it will be through luck."

He turned to the German. "Listen, Admiral, we're taking off across that field. We ain't cutting down speed until we drop the mudhook in that fringe of trees over yonder. You're going to make more knots than you ever made before in your life, savvy? And you're going to stick close to me an' this doughboy so's your friends won't be tempted to throw no lead our way. If I get the idea you're layin' down on the job I'll split you wide open. Ready, Soldier?"

Chuck sucked a quick breath between his clenched teeth. Then nodded his head. "All right," the Marine rasped—"Up an' away!"

They burst like frightened rabbits from their concealment and began scurrying across the field. They made ten yards, fifteen, and then a bullet crackled past Chuck's head and tossed up a tiny fountain of mud in front of him. Another whistled by, and a third buried itself at the Marine's feet. The major developed a tendency to lag and the Leatherneck prodded him forward.

Chuck looked over his shoulder. A score of Germans were in full pursuit, grim and silent as huntsmen certain of their prey. More bullets were snarling uncomfortably close, but the marksmen were evidently too concerned over the safety of their officer to draw their sight too fine.

Chuck's gasp made the Marine look back. "If my outfit spots that crew we'll see some real shooting," he panted.

THEY were halfway across now, skirting the flank of the barbed wire entanglement. Slowly they were drawing away from their pursuers. Suddenly Chuck felt a sharp pain in the leg, as if someone had kicked him. It crumpled beneath him and

he pitched face down in the mud. Instinctively the Marine glanced at his fallen companion. The German, ever alert, spun about and snatched at the Leatherneck's rifle, trying to wrest it from him. But the Yank had too tight a grip and they fought desperately for the possession of the weapon. The pursuing soldiers, witnessing what had happened, gave an exultant whoop and redoubled their speed. Back and forth surged the two combatants, striving to retain their footing in the slippery mud. Once the Marine forced his enemy down, nearly twisting the rifle from his grasp. But the major was fashioned on sturdy lines and he fought his way back again. He was breathing hard, for the gag hampered him.

Chuck struggled to regain possession of himself. He knew his leg was broken, for it was doubled under him, useless, and it seemed on fire. Slowly the situation came back to his shocked mind. The Marine and the major fought in grim silence. With an agonizing effort Chuck straightened out his body and attempted to get to his feet. With a cry of pain he sank back. It was no use; he couldn't stand.

Suddenly he remembered the German soldiers. They were only thirty yards away now and advancing with an awkward, rolling motion. His hand trembled as he reached for his rifle. He'd get five of them anyhow. Then he swore fearfully. The bore was clogged with mud. On they came. Their faces, drawn with hate, blazed from beneath the scuttle-shaped helmets. Suddenly the leader stopped with a look of surprise. He dropped his rifle and placed his hands against his stomach, bending slowly over until he fell on his face. The man behind him twirled about and dropped heavily. Then Chuck heard two faint reports from the woods behind him. The remainder of the Germans faltered. Even as they did another man screamed and clamped his hands to his shoulder. They turned and ran, but the Marines had the range and elevation by now and the popping in the woods became heavy. Chuck fell back weakly, gritting his teeth in pain and anxiety as the two struggling men churned up the mud about him.

The major was tired but he clung to the rifle with grim tenacity. Once the Leatherneck swung him clear off his feet, but he managed to land cat-like and well-balanced. His face had turned red with his efforts. Suddenly the Marine let go and lashed out with his fist. The blow landed flush on the German's jaw. His knees buckled and he slumped forward. The Marine struck again before he fell.

"That a'boy!" cheered Chuck.

The Leatherneck snatched up the rifle and swept the bayonet dangerously close to his fallen foe.

"You dirty skunk; I ought to cut you to ribbons," he growled. How bad you hit, kid?" he asked over his shoulder.

"My leg . . . busted."

"Gee's, that's tough. We're in a hell of a jam, Soldier, a hell of a jam. Like being in sight of land with a leaky boat. My shipmates can keep boarding parties away, but if they try to come out to rescue us those damn' machine guns'll get them. I can't tote you in an' take care of the admiral too, an' we've got to keep him with us or the machine guns'll sink us. What's to do?"

"I can't walk," Chuck answered despondently. "I guess the only thing you can do is leave me here."

"Nothing doing!"

Suddenly Chuck brightened. "If we ain't the dumb clucks," he said. "That

THE LEATHERNECK

Kraut looks pretty strong; he ought to be able to carry me the rest of the way."

"Good boy," chuckled the Leatherneck. "You've got a lot of savvy; you'd make a swell Marine. Do you hear that, Admiral? You're done cruising in ballast, you'll make the home port with a full cargo of one caput doughboy."

Thirty minutes later Chuck, back with his outfit, was lying by the roadside, awaiting evacuation. Against the medico's orders he was trying to satisfy the curiosity of a host of buddies. The Leatherneck had bummed a can of beef from one of them and was haggling it open with his bayonet when H Company's commander arrived. He drew the Marine one side.

"Splendid work, he said enthusiastically. It's almost unbelievable. Those papers Baldwin got are invaluable and the intelligence officer is getting the German major to talk. I want your name and organization. I'm going to recommend you for proper recognition."

The Leatherneck grinned and worked a mouthful of beef around with his tongue. "Aw, that's all right, Skipper; it was just part of the job. If I ever showed up with a medal for a little stunt like that my outfit would kid me to death. But that soldier with me sure earned his dollar today. Anyway, I'd better be shovin' off or that lunthead lieutenant in charge will think I jumped ship."

He turned to Baldwin. "So long, Mate; and the next time you ship over come on in the Marines."

With a farewell gesture he started down the road, and the watching soldiers heard the words he sang:

"If the Army and the Navy ever gaze on Heaven's scenes . . ."

"Good man, that," commented the captain. "Lord A'mighty, wouldn't he have made a fine soldier!"

(Reprinted from *Battle Stories*, Permission Fawcett Publications.)

FROM FILIPINOS TO BOXERS IN 1900

(Continued from page 7)

the wheel on and moved across the road beside the other guns.

We were about one hundred yards in from the mud wall and a little to the left of the gate when the pieces were lined up and they discovered there was no ammunition. Our ammunition wagon was a little old Chinese cart drawn by a shaggy pony and it was standing outside the gate in the shelter of the mud wall. They began to call for volunteers to carry ammunition. The Chinese were directing their fire right at the gate trying to stop the troops that were pouring through. The Japs came in on the double, in columns of squads. There were many of them hit and as one would fall from the ranks the one in the rear would close the gap. It was a magnificent illustration of how trained troops should act under fire; and the Japs were real soldiers.

The writer, who was Corporal at that time, Pvt. J. D. Trout, his brother Ike and one or two others, made a dozen trips through that gate until the ammunition was exhausted. We were kept busy ducking our heads when a bullet whined too near. On one of the trips out Trout and myself were covered with brick, mortar and dry mud. We thought our time had come, but when the dust had cleared away we were all right. A shell hit the brick corner and arch right over our heads.

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One other incident illustrates the skill of the Chinese with a 6-inch gun. Between our position and the position of a Sikh Battery, about fifty yards to our right, was a small pond. We were on the left and the Sikhs (a detachment of British forces from India), on the right. Five or six of the Sikhs were manning a gun. They had fired about two shots and their powder was throwing off considerable smoke. The Chinese fired two shots. The first shot struck in the pond and splashed mud and water all over us. The second shot hit the Sikh position and blew the gun and men to pieces. When we looked, after the smoke had cleared, there was nothing left but fragments.

As the ammunition for our big guns had been exhausted we were glad to be ordered to fall back over the mud wall and move by the left flank about a half mile, then by the right flank over the wall and advance by rushes across the open space.

We deployed as skirmishers and started the advance with the 40-foot wall as our objective. We would advance about fifty or a hundred feet, lie down, fire a volley and then run ahead and fire another volley. The Chinese bullets were kicking up the dirt around our feet and whining over our heads. The man on my right was Private Kelleher, who joined our company at Cavite. He had been a member of the Marine guard of the unlucky *Charleston*. As we advanced we kidded each other about ducking our heads. Suddenly Kelleher dropped to the ground. I said "Come on, are you tired," but the dark red stain on the front of his shirt explained it all. As I opened his shirt and gave him a drink I thought his time had come and as the stretcher bearers picked him up and carried him away I felt confident that I should never see Denny again. However, a few years later, I spent a pleasant week with him in Frisco.

I think the first Marine to be hit in the fight was First Sergeant Murphy of A Company. I saw him sitting outside the mud wall swapping yarns with a Welsh Fusilier, and both were wounded in the arm. Some months later a picture of this scene appeared in the *London Illustrated News* with the caption, "Blood is thicker than water."

We reached a position about seven hundred yards from the wall and "dug in" in one of the shallow ditches. The Chinese held us there the remainder of that day.

In this trench, about twenty feet long—Sergeant Pollock was killed, Private Stokes shot in the neck, Corporal Hunt hit in the hand and Cpl. Jack McDonald was hit in the leg with shrapnel. We were lying as close as possible in the trench with McDonald's left leg touching my right leg. The shrapnel hit his leg and I escaped injury.

We were holding a line about a mile and

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a half long with the Japs and Ninth Infantry on the right, the Welsh Fusiliers on the left of the Ninth, and the two battalions of Marines on the extreme left. The Russians, Italians and French were making an attack on some other part of the old city.

We had lost heavily in killed and wounded; both the 9th and the Marines had been shot up pretty badly. Colonel Liscum of the Ninth had been killed and also Captain Davis of the Marines. Lieutenant Leonard had lost an arm. Captain Long and Smedley D. Butler had each been hit. Towards afternoon, with our ammunition running low, with the hot sun beating down, with terrific fire from the Chinese, with shrapnel bursting overhead, with nothing to eat and no water, things were looking rather tough for us, but every one seemed cheerful and there was very little grumbling. We dug holes in the ditch and got water at two or three feet, but it was brackish and salty and we couldn't drink it. The day wore on and we were cautioned to conserve our ammunition. We only fired when we saw the Chinese appear in the port holes on top of the wall.

About dusk we were ordered to abandon our position and fall back over the mud wall. D Company covered the retreat by

firing volleys at intervals. However, some of the men were hit before reaching safety outside the mud wall.

We had coffee and hard-tack. After refilling our belts with ammunition we lay down where we were and tried to get a little sleep, with the screech of shells and the whine of bullets as our lullaby.

Just before dawn we were aroused and told we were going in. It appears that the Japs held their position during the night forcing the gates by blowing them up. The city had been taken and the Chinese were in retreat; so in columns of squads we marched through the gates which we had fired at all the day before.

I never wish to see again such sights. Old men, women and little children were lying in every conceivable position. Some dead and others dying. Many begging for mercy or a drink of water. Here, behind the wall which they had defended, the dead soldiers of the Imperial Army of China and the Boxers were piled four and five feet deep. We marched ahead with orders to shoot any one bearing arms. At the street intersections Chinese were running in every direction. Many were brought down like rabbits on the run.

Company D was ordered to the arsenal. We marched in and took charge. We placed sentries and patrols. There were all manner of firearms in the arsenal, from an old blunderbuss to two six-inch disappearing rifles. The Chinese had a two-man rifle. One man held the barrel on his shoulder while the other would sight and fire it. The rifle fired a slug about the size of your thumbs. If one of them hit you it was "curtains."

The entire command worked about two weeks cleaning up the city, burying the dead and cleaning up in general. During the bombardment the mint had been set on fire and was burning when we entered the city. One of the companies of Marines was placed in charge and extinguished the blaze, but a quantity of the silver had melted and run together. I saw one piece which I judge weighed a ton or perhaps more, than had been brought over to the European concession where the Marines were quartered and laid on the bricks just inside the gates. However, it disappeared. Who got it? Don't be silly. We helped ourselves to the pieces of silver that were left in the mint. They were shaped like a shoe and weighed about four or five pounds. They were well worth sixty or seventy dollars, but we sold them for five. I have seen them shot for a dollar in a crap game.

More Japs, Russians, English, French, Italians and Americans kept arriving. Until this time two battalions of the Ninth Infantry and two Battalions of Marines were all the American troops in China. The 14th Infantry, 6th Cavalry and 5th Field Artillery now came and Gen. Adna R. Chaffee was placed in command of all American troops.

Runners were arriving daily from Peking urging us to hurry as the besieged people in Peking couldn't hold out much longer. I judge there were about eighteen or twenty thousand troops at Tientsin at this time, all getting ready for the trek to the Capital city of China. On August 4th, 1900, the long column started in the following order: Japs, Russians, English, Americans, French, Italians.

The terrible march to Peking, the skirmishes on the way, the capture of the walls, the relieving of the Legations and the entering of the Forbidden City is another story.

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on January 31	17,261
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —January 31	1,167
Separations during February	3
	1,164
Appointments during February	
Total Strength on February 28	1,164
ENLISTED —Total Strength on January 31	16,034
Separations during February	326
	15,714
Joinings during February	377
Total Strength on February 28	16,091
Total Strength Marine Corps February 28	17,255

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Harry Lee.
Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb.
Col. Charles F. B. Price.
Lt. Col. Karl I. Buse.
Maj. Lewis B. Reagan.
Capt. John E. Curry.
1st Lt. James H. Brower.

Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles C. Breckinridge.
Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb.
Col. Charles F. B. Price.
Lt. Col. Karl I. Buse.
Maj. Lewis B. Reagan.
Capt. Merlin F. Schneider.
1st Lt. Samuel D. Puller.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MARCH 4, 1935
Col. Robert B. Farquharson, detached from duty as Fleet Marine Officer, Asiatic Fleet, and assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

Lt. Col. Lowry B. Stephenson, on reporting to C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, assigned to duty as Fleet Marine Officer, Asiatic Fleet, USS "Augusta."

Capt. Henry F. Adams, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to await retirement.

Capt. Merton A. Richal, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to await retirement.

1st Lt. Frank J. Uhlig, orders to MB, Puget Sound NYd, revoked. On arrival NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via "Vega," ordered to duty with MD, AL, Peiping, China, via SS "President Hayes," sailing from San Francisco on 12 April.

1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird, orders to MB, Puget Sound NYd, revoked. On arrival NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via "Vega," ordered to duty with MD, AL, Peiping, China, via SS "President Hayes," sailing from San Francisco on 12 April.

Capt. James W. Flett, AQM, on reporting of Capt. F. W. Bennett, about 20 Mar., detached MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available conveyance.

MARCH 7, 1935

Lt. Col. John Dixon, retired as of 1 May, 1935.

Maj. Arthur J. White, on 20 March detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Capt. Henry F. Adams, retired as of 1 May, 1935.

Capt. Lewis B. Reagan, on reporting of relief, about 1 May, detached MD, USS "Mississippi," to Washington, D. C., for duty as Inspector and Instructor, 5th Battalion FMCR.

Capt. Merton J. Batchelder, orders 21

(Continued on page 68)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

FEBRUARY 1, 1935.

Sgt. Elgie G. Thompson—USS "Trenton" to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. Joe A. Tillas—MB, Washington, D. C., to Cuba.

Cpl. Julius Freedman—Norfolk to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. Jesse F. Cox—Aviation, San Diego to Aviation, Quantico.

Cpl. Hugo J. Soderlund—WC to Philadelphia MTS.

Sgt. Julius Rich—Norfolk to Asiatic.

FEBRUARY 2, 1935.

Cpl. Chas. L. Brown—Quantico to Dover.

FEBRUARY 5, 1935.

Sgt. Edward George—WC to Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 6, 1935.

Cpl. Chas. A. MacCrone—Quantico to Aviation, Quantico.

Cpl. Chas. J. Maxey—WC to Great Lakes.

Qm. Sgt. Patrick J. McDonough—Aviation, San Diego, to MCB, San Diego.

Qm. Sgt. Granville Mitchell—MCB, San Diego, to Aviation, FMF, San Diego.

FEBRUARY 7, 1935.

1st Sgt. Oscar R. Thomas—PI from Quantico.

Cpl. Jos. A. Catt—Quantico to USNH, Norfolk.

FEBRUARY 8, 1935.

1st Sgt. Frederick Belton—PI to 5th Bn., FMCR, Washington, D. C.

Sgt. Maj. Percy J. Dicjerson—5th Bn., FMCR, to USS "Houston."

Sgt. Maj. Harvey S. Newgard—USS "Houston" to EC, United States.

FEBRUARY 11, 1935.

Cpl. Samuel Solomon—WC to PI.

Gy. Sgt. Walter W. Merry—WC to Quantico.

Sgt. Jesse B. Willis—WC to Pearl Harbor.

FEBRUARY 12, 1935.

Cpl. Chas. E. Leach—Quantico to South Charleston.

Sgt. Adolph Ziegler—Hingham to San Diego.

FEBRUARY 13, 1935.

Sp. Sgt. August W. Carlson—Shanghai to Quantico.

Qm. Sgt. Walter J. Hubbard—DofS, Norfolk to Cavite.

Sp. Sgt. Preston H. Robb—Cavite to San Diego.

Qm. Sgt. Warren L. Granger—Quantico to Peiping.

Sp. Sgt. George W. Hislop—Peiping to San Diego.

Qm. Sgt. Robt. M. Caver—San Diego to Olongapo.

Qm. Sgt. James Bankier—Olongapo to San Diego.

Qm. Sgt. Ivan H. Griffin—Quantico to Portsmouth, N. H.

Qm. Sgt. Daniel E. Foran—Portsmouth, N. H., to Peiping.

Qm. Sgt. Geo. J. Hyland—Peiping to Quantico.

FEBRUARY 14, 1935.

Cpl. Patrick F. McAleavey—Newport to New York SMPTS.

Sgt. Cleaves B. Branson—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Philadelphia.

Sgt. Maj. Oliver M. Schneider—Shanghai to San Diego.

(Continued on page 68)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

MURPHY, James, 2-5-35, at San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

COMMANDER, Eugene C., 2-9-35, at MB, Quantico, for Ser. Det., Quantico.

HIGGINS, Herman H., 2-3-35, at Sunnyvale, for MB, Mare Island.

IVY, Otis E., 2-10-35, at MB, Philadelphia, for MB, Philadelphia.

JUNG, Adrian W., 2-4-35, at Bremerton, for PSNYd, Bremerton.

PATRICK, Joseph F., 2-9-35, at MB, Boston, for Coco Solo.

SNYDER, Henry R., 1-8-35, at MB, Oahu, T. H., for NAD, Oahu, T. H.

BOLZE, John H., 2-11-35, at New York, for MB, Quantico.

DUMAS, Bernard R., 2-11-35, at New York, for MB, Quantico.

EKISS, Andrew R., 2-6-35, at NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.

FREEDMAN, Julius, 2-10-35, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NOB, Norfolk.

GOEHRING, Curtis, 2-11-35, at MB, Quantico, for MB, Quantico.

JOY, Jessie W., 2-11-35, at Rec. Ship, New York, for Rec. Ship, New York.

RAYMOND, George, 2-9-35, at MB, New York, for MB, NYd, New York.

SHENK, David Y., 2-11-35, at MB, Quantico, for Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.

WEATHERS, John C., 2-7-35, at MB, Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.

DUCKWORTH, Ramond, 2-12-35, at New York, for MB, South Charleston, W. Va.

BIES, Gerardus J., 2-12-35, at MB, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

HARMANES, William O., 2-8-35, at Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.

LEEPER, Raymond H., 1-31-35, at San Juan, P. R., for AC No. 1, FMF, Quantico.

NOLAND, Selby H., 2-8-35, at Mare Island, for MB, NF, Mare Island.

EDWARDS, George T., 2-13-35, at MB, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

GORDON, Francis J., 2-12-35, at MB, Ft. Mifflin, for MB, Ft. Mifflin, Pa.

KAYSER, Arthur A., 2-13-35, at NP, Portsmouth, N. H., for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

SWIEZBIN, Felix J., 2-13-35, at MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.

WALKER, George M., 2-13-35, at MB, Norfolk, for MB, NOB, Norfolk.

LEVÉE, Charles M., 2-7-35, at Seattle, for PSNYd, Bremerton.

CHEEK, John M., 2-13-35, at Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

SMITH, Lawton H., 2-14-35, at MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

BIRDSONG, Louis, 2-15-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

SNYDER, James V., 2-10-35, at Sunnyvale, for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

DUCEY, James A., 2-16-35, at MB, Quantico, for PSNB, Quantico.

ENGLAND, Malcolm, 2-13-35, at Mare Island, for NP, Mare Island.

HOWARD, Francis H., 1-28-35, at MB, Bremerton, for PSNYd, Bremerton.

LONG, William F., 2-13-35, at MB, Mare Island, for FMF, Quantico.

MERRY, Walter W., 2-10-35, at NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.

PETERSON, Melbourne C., 2-12-35, at MB,

(Continued on page 68)

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 67)

Feb. to MD, USS "Saratoga," modified; on 15 April, detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Mississippi" to report not later than 1 May.

1st Lt. Henry T. Elrod, on completion of aviation training course, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James B. Lake, Jr., promoted to rank of First Lieutenant 6 Feb., 1935, to rank from 29 May, 1934.

2nd Lt. Harvey C. Tschirgi, on reporting to C-in-C, Asiatic Fleet, assigned to duty with 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

FEBRUARY 15, 1935

Col. Walter N. Hill, when directed by CG, Dept. of the Pacific, detached from duty as OIC, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco 13 April.

Capt. Edward G. Huefe, on or about 2 Mar. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USS "Vega," sailing from Norfolk, Va., 9 Mar. To report MB, NYd, Mare Island not later than 19 Apr.

ChfQmCk. William R. Affleck, orders dated 6 Feb., detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk 1 Mar. revoked.

QmCk John L. McCormack, on or about 21 Feb. detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk, Va., 1 Mar., and SS "President Hayes," sailing from San Francisco on 12 April.

FEBRUARY 20, 1935

Col. Benjamin S. Berry, orders detaching this officer, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as OIC, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif., revoked.

Lt. Col. Thomas E. Watson, on 15 February detached NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Maj. Shaler Ladd, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and assigned to duty as CO, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Wilbert S. Brown, about 12 March detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of the Pacific, via USAT US "Grant" sailing Guam, 12 March.

1st Lt. Charles F. Cresswell, about 12 March detached MB, NS, Guam, to Dept. of the Pacific, via USAT US "Grant," sailing Guam, 12 March.

FEBRUARY 23, 1935

Lt. Col. Edwin N. McClellan, on or about 4 March detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "President Adams," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on 15 March.

Capt. John Waller, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, TH, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Walfried H. Fromhold, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., with delay in reporting until 15 April.

1st Lt. Robert L. Griffin, on or about 28 February detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, TH, via steamer sailing from San Francisco, Calif., about 10 March.

1st Lt. Lewis R. Tyler, orders detaching this officer from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific, revoked.

ChfMarGnr. Charles A. Johnson, on or about 2 March, detached MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic Station via USS "Vega," sailing from Norfolk, Va., on 9 March, and SS "President Hayes," sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on 12 April.

ChfMarGnr. John J. Andrews, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

FEBRUARY 25, 1935

Capt. Merton J. Batchelder, on 15 April detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, USS "Saratoga," to report not later than 1 May.

Capt. William McN. Marshall, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Billy W. King, orders modified, on discharge from treatment, NH, Pearl Harbor, TH, ordered duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Richard Fagan, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif. Authorized delay 30 days in reporting.

1st Lt. Charles R. Jones, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif. Authorized delay 7 days in reporting.

1st Lt. Homer C. Murray, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay 2 months in reporting.

QmCk. Walter J. Czapp, on reporting to CG, Dept. of the Pacific, assigned to duty MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

FEBRUARY 27, 1935

Col. Walter N. Hill, orders to MB, NS, Guam, modified to detach him from duty as OIC, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif., when directed by CG, Dept. of the Pacific, about 15 June, 1935, to sail for Guam via "Chaumont" about that date.

FEBRUARY 27, 1935

Col. Benjamin S. Berry, on or about 10 March detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Southern Recruiting Division, New Orleans, La. Authorized delay 2 months enroute.

Lt. Col. John Dixon, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., and ordered to his home to await retirement.

1st Lt. Richard Fagan, orders to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., revoked. De-

Cpl. John M. Cheek—PI to Sea School.

FEBRUARY 21, 1935

Sgt. Nils A. Nilsson—Quantico to Oahu, Gy. Sgt. Zadick Collier—Quantico to PI. Cpl. Lorin C. Baker—WC to New York. Sgt. Reuban C. Ward—USS "Nevada" to Pensacola.

Cpl. Wm. E. Goodrich—USS "Nevada" to MB, Washington, D. C.

FEBRUARY 23, 1935

Cpl. Edward O. Smith—FMF to Asiatic.

FEBRUARY 25, 1935

Cpl. Jos. A. Smith—USS "Louisville" to South Charleston.

FEBRUARY 27, 1935

Cpl. Albert Sankus—MB, Washington, D. C., to Guantanamo.

Sup. Sgt. Sinclair B. Hesson—Quantico to Philadelphia for RRD Cape May, N. J.

Qm. Sgt. Noble J. Barger—San Diego to Peiping.

FEBRUARY 28, 1935

Cpl. Edward J. McMahon—FMF, San Diego to FMF, Quantico.

Qm. Sgt. Herbert England—PI to Boston for Wakefield.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 67)

Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island. RICHARDSON, Frank L., 2-15-35, at MB, Pensacola, for NAS, Pensacola.

WITHEY, Charles H., 2-11-35, at USS "Houston," for USS "Houston." SMITH, Harold D., 2-14-35, at San Francisco, for MCB, San Diego.

COLEMAN, William A., 2-17-35, at Quantico, for Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.

CONNOLLY, George B., 2-11-35, at USS "California," for USS "California."

HENDERSON W. Y., 2-17-35, at MB, Boston, for MB, Boston.

LeBLANC, Obeys, 2-12-35, at NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.

STAWARSKI, Joseph J., 2-5-35, at Culebra, P. R. (FMF, Quantico) for FMF, Quantico.

STRICKLAND, Charles H., 2-17-35, at MB, Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

BATSON, George J., Jr., 2-19-35, at New York, for MB, NYd, New York.

KEY, Robert L., 2-18-35, at Macon, for MB, Parris Island.

EARLES, Oscar Wm., 2-17-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

MOORE, Alton J., 2-16-35, at Parris Island, for MCB, San Diego.

TRAPP, Otis M., 2-19-35, at NTS, Newport, for MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

CORBETT, Gaston, 2-19-35, at Savannah, for WC via Hampton Roads.

ZAWADSKI, Chester M., 2-20-35, at Chicago, for MB, Quantico.

HOULON, Harry A., 2-17-35, at Mare Island, for MB, NAS, Pensacola.

MILLER, Albert J., 2-14-35, at Bremerton, for PSNYD, Bremerton.

GRAHAM, James I., Jr., 2-31-35, at Savannah, for Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.

PRYOR, Charles E., 2-19-35, at San Francisco, for MCB, San Diego.

O'BRYAN, Ellis C., 2-18-35, at Sunnyvale, for MB, NAS, Sunnyvale.

PARSON, Martin L., 1-31-35, at Peiping, for MD, AI, Peiping, China.

PEARCE, John P., 2-25-35, at Bremerton, for PSNYD, Bremerton.

SHAFT, Eddie, 2-13-35, at Pearl Harbor, for MB, Pearl Harbor.

SIMMONS, John W., 2-18-35, at NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.

SIMMONS, William B., 2-16-35, at MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

FOHNER, John J., 2-25-35, at Baltimore, for MB, Washington, D. C.

STEELE, Morris, 2-26-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

BRITTEN, Richard J., 2-24-35, at MB, Quantico, for Aircraft, FMF, Quantico.

DROUILLARD, Glenn D., 2-24-35, at Quantico, for PSBN, Quantico.

CADDELL, Ernest B., 2-25-35, at Savannah, for MB, Quantico.

AUSTIN, Oren C., 2-25-35, at Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

DOYLE, Joseph J., 2-28-35, at MB, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

JORDAN, Maynard, 2-25-35, at Norfolk, for MB, NOB, Norfolk.

MILLS, Thomas H., 2-28-35, at Washington, D. C., for MB, NYd, Philadelphia.

KIGHT, Eugene A., 2-28-35, at Quantico, for Quantico.

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tached Hdqrs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y. Delay reporting until 1 April.

1st Lt. Robert S. Brown, on reporting relief, about 30 March, detached MD, USS "Ranger," to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Clovis C. Coffman, on 25 March detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Ranger."

1st Lt. John V. Rosewaine, about 1 April detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 67)

FEBRUARY 16, 1935

Cpl. Oscar W. Earls—Norfolk to Philadelphia.

FEBRUARY 18, 1935

Cpl. Willie S. Harrison—FMF to Asiatic.

Cpl. Wm. E. Devine—PI to Quantico.

FEBRUARY 19, 1935

Cpl. Jesse L. Griffin—Norfolk to Yorktown.

1st Sgt. Albert C. Marts—WC to USS "Asheville."

1st Sgt. Wm. H. Tobin—USS "Asheville" to EC.

Gy. Sgt. Madison C. Whiteside—San Diego to Peiping.

Cpl. Albert Gagner—Quantico to Mare Island NP.

Cpl. Jack R. Hayes—Quantico to Hq. Signal Repair and Test S.

FEBRUARY 20, 1935

Cpl. Martin B. Connolly—WC to New York.

Cpl. Paul Larson—USS "Arkansas" to San Diego.

Cpl. Wm. H. Livingston—USS "Wyoming" to Pensacola.

ROCHEFORT, George K., 2-23-35, at Los Angeles, for MCB, San Diego.
 DAVIES, Aubrey LeB., 2-21-35, at Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.
 GAINES, Arthur G., 2-21-35, at Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.
 LOWERY, James E., 3-1-35, at Newport, R. I., for MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.
 NELSON, Joseph B., Jr., 2-21-35, at MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
 WACKLOR, Willard E., 3-1-35, at Chicago, for MB, Quantico.
 BALLETTI, Herbert C., 2-24-35, at Mare Island, for PSNYd, Bremerton.
 CURRY, Lurty H., 3-2-35, at Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.
 KING, John T., 3-1-35, at Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.
 MOBERLY, Lee, 2-25-35, at San Diego, for FMP, San Diego.
 PAPAS, Julius, 2-26-35, at San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.
 POUNDS, Gerald E., 2-25-35, at San Diego, for FMP, San Diego.
 SHARP, Richard D., 2-23-35, at Mare Island, for MB, Mare Island.
 TAGER, Louis, 2-27-35 at Mare Island, for MB, Washington, D. C.
 GALINIS, Anthony, 3-2-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 McCOLLUGH, Abb D., 3-4-35, at Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.
 MANLEY, Frank P., 3-2-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 BICKLEY, Benjamin T., 3-4-35, at Quantico, for 5th Marines, Quantico.
 DEBNAM, Vernon B., 3-5-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 MARRERO, Juan, 3-5-35, at New York, for MB, NYd, New York.
 MOTLEY, Hubert, 3-5-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 KEENER, Wendell P., 3-5-35, at Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.
 ZENDER, Harry, 3-7-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.
 EARGLE, George R., 2-28-35, at FMP, Quantico ("Wyoming") for 5th Marines, Quantico, (USS "Wyoming," Canal Zone.)
 FIRTH, Albert A., 3-7-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.
 SCHROEDER, Walter, 3-2-35 at Mare Island, for Parris Island.
 WATKINS, Harry, 3-7-35, at Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Canal Zone 2 March; arrive Guantanamo 4 March, leave 4 March; arrive Norfolk for overhaul, 7 March. Will sail for West Coast about 15 May.

HENDERSON—Leave N. O. B. Norfolk 1 March; arrive Guantanamo 6 March, leave 6 March; arrive Canal Zone 9 March, leave 12 March; arrive San Diego 23 March, leave 25 March; arrive San Francisco 29 March, leave 13 April; arrive Honolulu 21 April, leave 24 April; arrive Guam 7 May, leave 8 May; arrive Manila 14 May, leave 15 June; arrive Guam 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive Honolulu 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive San Francisco 16 July.

NITRO—Arrive Guam 4 March, leave 4 March; arrive Pearl Harbor 15 March, leave 18 March; arrive Puget Sound 26 March. Sails for East Coast via West Coast Ports about 5 days after arrival Puget Sound.

RAMAPO—Leave San Diego 8 April; arrive San Pedro 8 April, leave 10 April; arrive Manila 10 May, leave 24 May; arrive San Pedro-San Diego 24 June.

SALINAS—Leave Norfolk 25 February; arrive Guantanamo 1 March, leave 2 March; arrive Beaumont 8 March, leave 8 March; arrive Norfolk 16 March.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound 10 April; arrive Mare Island 13 April, leave 18 April; arrive San Pedro 20 April, leave 22 April; arrive San Diego 22 April, leave 23 April; arrive Canal Zone 5 May, leave 7 May; arrive Guantanamo 10 May, leave 10 May; arrive Norfolk 15 May.

VEGA—Leave N. O. B. Norfolk 9 March; arrive Guantanamo 14 March, leave 14 March; arrive Canal Zone 18 March, leave 22 March; arrive San Diego 3 April, leave 7 April; arrive San Pedro 7 April, leave 8 April; arrive Mare Island 10 April. Proceeds Puget Sound to join Alisex about April 15.

EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN MARCH 1, 1935

The Director is pleased to note the splendid activity record that has been maintained by the student body of the Marine Corps Institute for the past several months. For the month of February the number of papers received was the highest since 1930. Such interest in self-improvement reflects credit, not only upon the individuals concerned, but also to the service at large.

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 2nd Lt. James F. Climie—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Donald W. Fuller—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Perry O. Parmelee—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 2nd Lt. Paul D. Sherman—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Qm. Clk. Homer Sterling—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Qm. Sgt. Henry W. Wandt—Poultry Farming.
 Cpl. Harold C. Borth—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
 Cpl. John C. Spivey—Immigration Inspector.
 Cpl. Clarence R. Wolfe—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pfc. Walter J. Wells—Farm Business Management.

Pvt. Rodney E. Bowman—Building Contractor's Course.

Pvt. Edward A. Dickson—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Kelly L. Gay—Civil Service Combination.

Pvt. Irving R. Hayden—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Herman G. Knupke—Diesel Engines.

Pvt. Rex W. Marlin—Steam Fitter's Course.

Pvt. Arvin H. Potter—Complete Radio.

Pvt. Albert E. Prior—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Meyer Ream—Short Chemistry.

Pvt. John J. Rhodes—Business Correspondence.

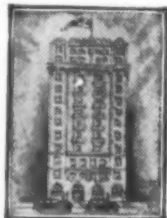
Pvt. Donald P. Rytter—Selected High School Subjects.

Pvt. Otis D. Sale—Mathematics and Mechanics for Civil Engineers.

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U. S. Marine Corps Institute Activity

Total number students enrolled February 28, 1935	4,851
Students enrolled during February, 1935	530
Students enrolled during January, 1935	518
Students disenrolled during February, 1935	525
Lesson papers received during December, 1934	3,600
Lesson papers received during January, 1935	4,000
Lesson papers received during February, 1935	4,050
Total lesson papers received since establishment	580,163
Graduates during month of February, 1935	23
Graduates since establishment	6,533
I. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment	6,318
Graduates Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting	215
Classification	
Enlisted	3,813
Commissioned	198
Navy Enlisted	53
Navy Commissioned	4
Enlisted Fleet Marine Corps Reserve	761
Commissioned Fleet Marine Corps Reserve	15
Dependents	7
TOTAL	4,851

The Following Are Eligible for Enrollment

Officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps.
Naval personnel serving with the Marine Corps.
Personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies, or serving with Fleet Reserve Aviation Squadrons and Aviation Service Companies.
Officers and enlisted men on the retired list.
Marine General Court-Martial prisoners.
Dependents of Marines upon payment for textbooks used.

GRADUATES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1935.

U. S. Marine Corps

SUNDHAUSEN, Theodore H., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
LUDYARD, Beldon, Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
NEMITZ, Leland A., Private First Class, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
U. S. Marine Corps Reserve
HAYNES, Robert M., First Lieutenant, Southern Reserve Area, Course "A."
SPUDIS, Joseph, Gunnery Sergeant, 1st Battalion, 24th Reserve Marines, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
MEREDITH, Sumner W., Supply Sergeant, 1st Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.
NIEDER, Joseph P., Sergeant, 1st Battalion, U.S.M.C.R., N. Y., Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:
Hiram H. Florea
Teressa C. Burton
TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT:
Joseph Hauschel
Robert E. A. Lillie
TO QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT:
Edgar K. Irwin

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

Maxwell K. Smith
George Washington
Don Taylor
John P. Hickey
Bernard J. Durr
Johnson B. Hill

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Oliver A. Guilmet
Walter W. Merry
William L. Staph
Louis A. Cortright
William L. Woodruff

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Wilbur Mannan
Elmer Jones
Clyde F. Hollis

TO SERGEANT (REGULAR WARRANT):

George A. Ripka
Charles E. Brown

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

Frederick L. Weatherby.
Wiley H. Smith.
Antonio Berletta.
Patrick T. Kavanaugh.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Edward J. Gerdovich.
George Hendel.
Joseph A. Smith, Jr.
William E. Goodrich.
John E. McTunish.
John J. Ward.

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

Albert S. Singleton.
Hollen B. Wilson.
Arthur P. Beatty, Jr.
Samuel L. Corbin.
Frank P. Haley.
Owen W. Craig.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

Claire B. Kjolrien.
Clay N. Hunt.
Fred B. Her.
Austin E. Marks.
James T. Gamble, Jr.
Charles D. Brandon.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

Clyde W. Shealy.
Claude W. Lumley.
Delmar R. Morton.
Frank Smith.
Cecil Garvin.
Charles R. Nicholson.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL:

John W. Cook, Jr.
Edward W. Ashmann.
Leonard I. Beatty.
William T. Palin.
William H. Lester.
William G. Turnage.
Henry G. Spencer.
William R. Astleford.
Albert N. Bailey.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Sgt. John Barton, Class II (b), February 15, 1935. Future address: General Delivery, Washington, D. C.
Qm. Sgt. Robert Lorraine, Class II (d), February 28, 1935. Future address: 1100 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
1st Sgt. Archibald Roehrig, Class II (d), March 15, 1935. Future address: General Delivery, San Diego, California.
Gy-Sgt. Lyle Strong, Class II (b), March 15, 1935. Future address: Elk's Club, Bremerton, Washington.

RETIRED

1st Sgt. Henry W. Schwab, March 1, 1935.

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION—GUNNERY SERGEANT

The Major General Commandant has approved the following roster prepared by the Noncommissioned Officers' Promotion Board for promotions to the grade of Gunnery Sergeant:

Sgt. Rufus W. McKinley—Ordnance
Sgt. Harry H. Burke—Ordnance
Sgt. James H. Nelson—Ordnance
Sgt. Rodney E. Barwick—Ordnance
Sgt. Philip B. Devine—Maintenance
Sgt. James V. Palmer—Ordnance
Sgt. James E. North—Ordnance
Sgt. Joseph Walter—Maintenance
Sgt. McKinley Goehring—Ordnance
Sgt. Edward Nixon—Ordnance

Sgt. Charles S. Freeman—Ordnance
Sgt. Walter F. Kromp—Ordnance
Sgt. Manny Berkman—Ordnance
Sgt. John A. Nolen, Jr.—Ordnance
Sgt. James C. Stafford—Ordnance
Sgt. Wilson R. Santmyre—Ordnance
Sgt. Chester W. Niblo—Ordnance
Sgt. Emmett P. Hughes—Ordnance
Sgt. Eugene J. Ruiz—Ordnance
Sgt. Oliver P. Turner—Ordnance

DATE OF PROMOTION EXAMINATION OF SELECTED OFFICERS

Tentative arrangements are now under consideration for the conduct of the promotion examinations of those officers of all grades who it is anticipated will make their numbers by 1 July, 1935. Present plans contemplate the physical examinations being conducted during the month of April and the early part of May, and the professional examinations on or about 20 May, 1935. More definite information will be published to the service as soon as practicable.

DATE OF COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION OF SECOND LIEUTENANTS HOLDING REVOCABLE COMMISSIONS

Tentative plans have been made to conduct the written competitive examination of the second lieutenants appointed 1 June, 1933, with revocable commissions, during the period 15 to 22 April, 1935. The scope of this examination will be as announced in Circular Letter No. 160, of 17 January, 1935, publishing approved changes in Article 6-4, Marine Corps Manual.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

2nd Lt. John L. Day, Jr., Portland, Oregon, to rank from February 6, 1935.

Promotions

Major Bernard S. Barron, to rank from February 6, 1935.
1st Lt. Paul S. Brunk, to rank from February 6, 1935.

Resigned

Capt. Vincent M. Carter, resignation accepted February 12, 1935.

DEATHS

Enlisted Men

COOMBER, Charles M., Pvt., died February 16, 1935, as result of being struck by an automobile at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Cora B. Coomber, mother, 2809 Eighth Avenue, Oakland, Calif.
DEPUTY, Joseph, E., Pvt., died February 4, 1935, of influenza at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Lillian S. McClelland, mother, 478 26th Place, Manhattan Beach, Calif.

GUNN, Halcott B., Pvt., died February 13, 1935, of cerebro spinal fever at Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Ruth B. Gunn, mother, 418 24th Street, South, St. Petersburg, Florida.

McCLURE, Alfred E., Pvt., killed February 7, 1935, in an automobile accident near Escondido, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. Earl McClure, father, 4015 Rhoda Ave., Oakland, Calif.

PUCKETT, William P., Pvt., died February 8, 1935, of influenza at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mr. Sidney J. Puckett, father, General Delivery, Bluefield, W. Va.

RAINEY, Alvin, Cpl., died February 21, 1935, of influenza at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Mrs. Lou H. Morton, aunt, 427 Cynisca Street, Waxahachie, Texas.

REED, Harry, Pvt., died February 16, 1935, by being struck by a train at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Arthur J. Reed, father, 1124 Northeast Crosby St., Portland, Oregon.

SHAWEN, Archie D., Sgt., died February 13, 1935, of cerebral hemorrhage at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Ruth F. Shawen, wife, 223 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

GHANTT, Raideff F., Gy. Sgt., Class II (d) FMC(R), inactive, died January 11, 1935, of uremia poisoning at West Bristol, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Raideff F. Ghatt, wife, R. R. No. 2, West Bristol, Pa.

Headquarters Bulletin

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION—FIRST SERGEANT

The Major General Commandant has approved the following roster prepared by the Noncommissioned Officers' Promotion Board for promotions to the grade of First Sergeant:

Gunnery Sergeant Bernard J. Durr.
Gunnery Sergeant John B. Hill.
Sergeant George Washington.
Sergeant Maxwell K. Smith.
Sergeant Don Taylor.
Sergeant John P. Hickey.
Sergeant Arthur G. Gaines.
Sergeant Ivy G. Galy.
Sergeant Theodore H. Sundhausen.
Gunnery Sergeant Lawrence E. O'Neal.
Sergeant Frank R. Malone.
Sergeant Bernard M. Rowold.
Sergeant Emerson D. Perry.
Gunnery Sergeant John E. Ward.
Gunnery Sergeant David E. Cruikshank.
Sergeant William H. Reese.
Sergeant Cecil C. Agee.
Sergeant Edward E. Harris.
Sergeant Newton E. Carbaugh.
Sergeant Daniel J. Donahoe.

Commendation

The Secretary of State notified the Secretary of the Navy on 15 January, 1935, that the Commander's Cross of the Crown of Yugoslavia was awarded to Captain Louis Cukela, USMC, by his Majesty the late King Alexander for service in the World War. The decoration will be held in the custody of the State Department pending action of Congress.

Marine Corps Score Book

Hereafter the Marine Corps Score Book will be supplied only to recruit depots for issue to recruits. The "Individual Score Book for the Rifle, W. D. A. G. O. form No. 82" will be issued to fill all needs except for recruits.

TARGET PRACTICE

Small Bore Matches

Small bore rifle teams in the Marine Corps were very active during the month of January, participating in 23 matches. Of the 21 matches held with outside competition the Marines won 14. The Philadelphia team led in the number of wins by

making a clean sweep of the 5 matches in which it was entered. The Portsmouth (N. H.) team won 3 out of 4 and the Boston team 3 out of 5. By defeating the Kitsap Rifle and Revolver Club in the first two stages of a scheduled three-stage small bore match held on January 8 and 15, the Bremerton team gained possession of the Sullivan Trophy. This match, which is open to any small bore rifle team, was to be fired in three stages and the team winning two stages awarded the trophy. Other posts entering teams in small bore matches during January were Parris Island, Portsmouth (Naval Prison Detachment), N. H., Charleston, S. C., and New London, Conn.

Rifle and Pistol Competitions

The following rifle and pistol competitions for the year 1935, showing the number of competitors authorized in each, will be held at the places and on the dates indicated:

DIVISION	Competitors		Place	Date
	Rifle	Pistol		
Asiatic	42	21	Peiping	to be determined
Western	45	21	San Diego	25 March, 1935
Southeastern	37	18	Parris Island	22 April, 1935
Eastern	91	34	Quantico	29 May, 1935

The distribution of medals will be as follows:

	Rifle Competition			Pistol Competition		
	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Gold	Silver	Bronze
Asiatic	1	2	5	1	1	2
Western	1	3	5	1	1	2
Southeastern	1	6	10	1	1	2
				1	2	4
Total	5	13	24	4	5	10

Marine Corps Competitions	Rifle Competition			Pistol Competition		
	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Gold	Silver	Bronze
Quantico	1	2	3	1	1	1
San Diego	1	1	1	1	1	1

Among those units from which competitors from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Wash., can be drawn for the Western Division Competitions as shown on page 3 of Circular Letter 159, will include the Marine Detachment, U. S. Naval Air Station, Seattle, Wash.

SCHOOLS FOR ENLISTED MEN

Other than Marine Corps Institute—Revised 15 February, 1935

Designation	Location	Length of Course	Term Begins	No. of Students	Necessary Qualifications
Armorer's	Phila., Pa.	4 mos.	Mar. Sept.	6	Mature age, good record equivalent of high school education, experience as rifle and pistol coach, two yrs. to serve.
Clerical	Phila., Pa.	6 mos.	Feb. Aug.	20	Mature age, good record equivalent of high school education, no dependents, must serve entire enlistment, two yrs. to serve.
Motor Transport	Phila., Pa.	5 mos.	Mar. Sept.	30	Previous mechanical training or aptitude, recommended by commanding officer, two yrs. to serve.
Naval Academy Prep. Class	Hampton Roads	6 mos. each yr.	Nov. yr.	no limit	See Footnote (a).
Optical	Wash., DC.	6 mos.	Jan. July	2	See Footnote (b). Enlisted men serving with artillery units with marked mechanical ability, well grounded in arithmetic, three yrs. to serve.
Paymaster's Clerical	Wash., DC.	3 mos.	When students available	6	Good record, equivalent high school education two yrs. to serve. Desire serve in PM. Dept.
Radio Operators	San Diego	14 wks.	con't.	no limit	Aptitude for radio, ability to pass entrance examination, 2 yrs. to serve.
Radio Material	Wash., DC.	6 mos.	Jan. July	4	Men of unusual ability.
Signal	Ft. Monmouth, N.J.	9 mos.	Early fall	6	High scholastic training and two yrs. experience in course desired. 2 yrs. to serve.

Footnote (a)—Regarding Naval Academy Preparatory Class:—

(1)—Clause in 1932 Appropriation Bill makes it obligatory for enlisted candidates for Naval Academy to have had nine months sea duty on ship in full commission before being eligible to enter Academy.

(2)—Entrance examination for Naval Academy in 1935 for those not attending the USNA. Prep. Class will be held on board ship on 3rd Wednesday in April.

(3)—See Marine Corps Manual 6-21 for further information.

Footnote (b)—Optical School:—

(1)—Be able to understand elementary diagrams and sketches; be able to read scales, dials, gauges, and verniers; have normal eyesight (20/20) or more, be free of astigmatism, and have approximately equal acuity in each eye.

(2)—An elementary knowledge of geometry is desirable but not mandatory. Should be able to read working drawings and prints.

(3)—Should be mechanically inclined and able to use a lathe, precision measuring instruments, and the surface plate.

(4)—Provide themselves set of drawing instruments and typewriter.

NOTE:—Only men with suitable qualifications should be recommended for these courses. They should have two years to serve upon completion of the course, extending enlistments where necessary. All requests should be forwarded via official channels to the Major General Commandant at least one month before the opening of the school term.

MARINE ODDITIES

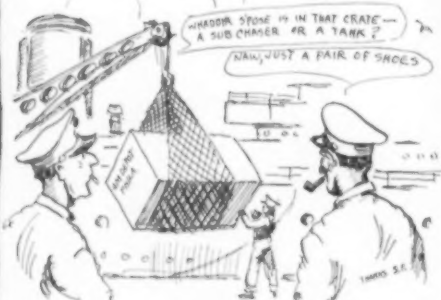


NOT UNTIL 1834 DID CONGRESS DEFINITELY SETTLE THE QUESTION AS TO WHETHER THE ARMY OR THE NAVY WOULD HAVE JURISDICTION OVER THE MARINE CORPS

COLONEL CONSTANTINE M. PERKINS, RETIRED, IS THE SOLE SURVIVING OFFICER OF THREE EXPEDITIONS: ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, 1882; PANAMA, 1885, AND THE SAMOAN EXPEDITION OF 1899.



IN 1880 A MARINE OFFICER, COLONEL WILLIAM REMY, WAS APPOINTED THE FIRST JUDGE ADVOCATE OF THE NAVY, SERVING UNTIL JUNE 1882



THE MARINE CORPS FINALLY DECIDED TO ACCEPT JOSEPH W. MARTIN JR. FOR ENLISTMENT IN SPITE OF HIS FEET. - MARTIN WEARS SIZE 13 SHOES. HIS SERVICE SHOES ARE BEING SPECIALLY MADE FOR HIM.



CORPORAL CARL F. JANISH, FORMERLY OF THE LEGATION GUARD IN PEIPING, CHINA, WAS COMMISSIONED BRIGADIER GENERAL IN THE CHINESE ARMY UPON COMPLETION OF HIS CRUISE WITH THE U.S. MARINES. HE SERVED ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL FANG-CHENWU FOR SEVEN YEARS AND TAUGHT THE CHINESE THE USE OF FRENCH 75'S.



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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Electric Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining Engineer |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanic | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating <input type="checkbox"/> Ventilation | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> Pipefitter <input type="checkbox"/> Tinsmith | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | | | <input type="checkbox"/> Train Operation | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming |
| | | | | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer |

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
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